THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

Volume 201, Number 22

DEC. 1, 1928

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George Agnew Chamberlain—Peggy Wood—Frederick Hazlitt Brennan
Alexander Gardiner—Hal G. Evarts—Thomas McMorrow—Day Edgar

How about a big, juicy Peach Shortcake tonight?

No trouble at all~ when you buy DEL MONTE PEACHES *Sliced*

That's one of the finest things about DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches—the many simple ways in which they add enjoyment to everyday meals. Not only shortcakes, but puddings, gelatines and salads are brand new menu discoveries, made with this luscious fruit. Also packed as Halves. Both the pick of this California crop.

FRUITS FOR SALAD

Here, too, is a start toward better meals—and fewer kitchen cares! Like opening five fine fruits—when you open a single can. Yet inexpensive, too—compared with equally tempting combinations made at home.

ASPARAGUS

Or who wouldn't enjoy asparagus—with its delicate, fresh flavor, its touch of distinction in even the simplest meal? The kind you're proud to serve—the quality DEL MONTE always guarantees.

BERRIES

The best of berries, too! Not just a treat for a few short weeks but canned with all their natural juice and flavor, for full enjoyment the whole year 'round.

APRICOTS

And for a fruit dish—what more tempting than DEL MONTE Apricots? Sun-ripened to golden, tart-sweet perfection, they're delicious in custards and puddings, with cereals, meats and other heavy foods—or just by themselves, in their own rich syrup.

Recipe Suggestions—Free

For more information about the variety DEL MONTE offers—and over 200 suggestions for serving these tempting foods—send for our new recipe collection. Address Department 52, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

MORE THAN A HUNDRED Del Monte DELICIOUS VARIETIES

Just be sure you say **DEL MONTE**

Dominating the sky-line of New York's Grand Central Zone, the new 56-story $12,000,000 Chanin Building brings another Barrett Roof to a neighborhood in which *these* roofs are conspicuously numerous. This picture shows many of the best known structures in this famous area—roofed and protected by *Barrett:*

GRAYBAR BUILDING · PERSHING SQUARE BUILDING · NEW YORK CENTRAL BUILDING · FRENCH BUILDING
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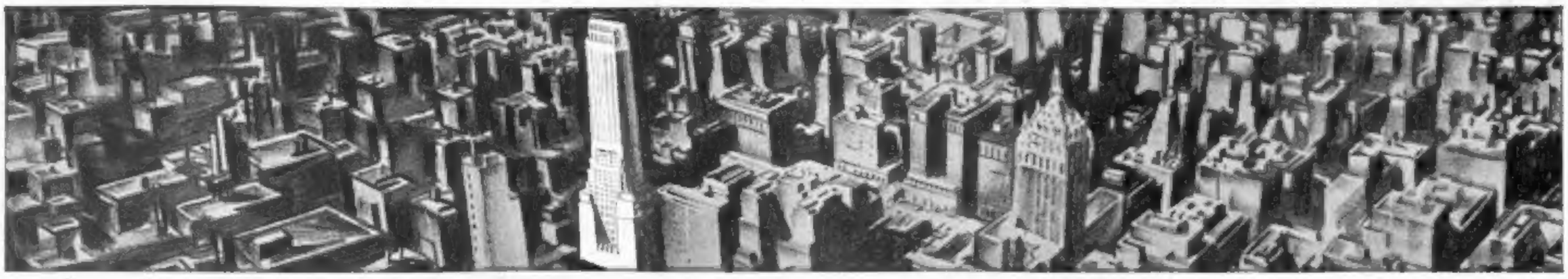

Another towering tribute to Barrett Specification Roofs

NOSING 670 feet upward into the thinner atmospheres, the great shaft-like Chanin Building, topped with a Barrett Specification Roof, takes its rank as New York's third loftiest skyscraper—and the Chanin Brothers' most outstanding achievement.

Standards in architecture have changed. But *one* standard, a roofing practice of leading architects for many years, continues to *carry on.*

Just as the other two members of the "big three"—the 792-foot Woolworth Building (1913) and the Metropolitan Life Building (1890), with its 700-foot tower—are protected by Barrett Roofs, so too will this *newest* comer depend on Barrett Coal-Tar Pitch and Felt and Gravel—*a Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof.* A roof that guarantees the owner against repair and upkeep expense for a full 20 years.*

The owners and architects chose a Barrett Specification Roof, which was approved by the investment bankers, S. W. Straus & Co. For they *knew* the records of this roof—they knew that Barrett Specification Roofs, though bonded only for 20 years, are still serving hundreds of old-timers, buildings erected way back in the *70's* and *80's*—still "licking" the weather and defeating expense.

This knowledge, together with the high reputation of Barrett Approved Roofers, coöperating on every job with Barrett inspectors, checking every step of the work, is responsible for this newest Barrett application, in a neighborhood of *many* Barrett Roofs.

*The Barrett Company also offers a Specification Type "A" Roof which is bonded for 10 years. This type of roof is adaptable to a certain class of buildings. The same high-grade materials are used, the only difference being in the quantities.

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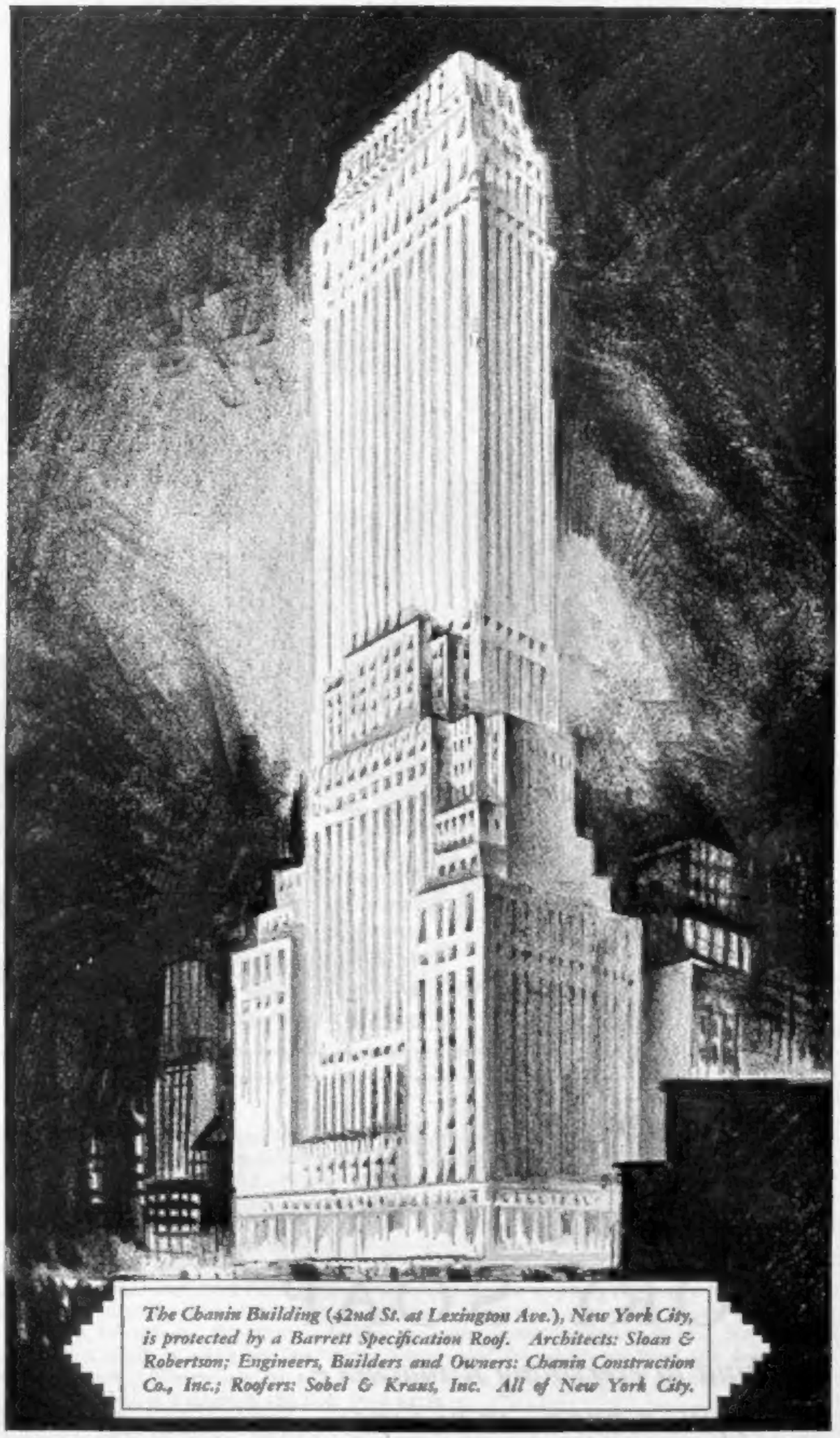

The Chanin Building (42nd St. at Lexington Ave.), New York City, is protected by a Barrett Specification Roof. Architects: Sloan & Robertson; Engineers, Builders and Owners: Chanin Construction Co., Inc.; Roofers: Sobel & Kraus, Inc. All of New York City.

Help your skin *to keep itself* lovely ·· it can ·· with this simple care

"Tell the women who want lovely skins, to keep their faces clean," the physician says.

Simple advice? Yes, but to follow it effectively, you should know what it means.

Your complexion is not just a smooth, permanent surface like the marble cheek of a statue . . . it is a living, growing tissue which contains its own tiny beautifiers—secret little glands that give off oil and moisture in a constant effort to keep the surface young and smooth.

When these tiny glands are blocked by dirt or powder and creams, the oil which should spread lightly, imperceptibly, upon the surface, hardens in the pores and forms those unlovely little white spots . . . or it may catch a point of soot here and there and form blackheads.

So—to do their work properly, these tiny glands must have deep cleansing every day.

Ivory can give your skin the thorough cleansing it needs, because Ivory lather is smooth, yet clear—like a foamy cloud, without the slightest "greasy feel." It bubbles down into the tiny pores and relieves them of all the deep-in soil and excess oil that surface-rubbing can never reach. It frees the tiny glands! And yet, Ivory-cleansing is gentle enough even for a baby's delicate skin.

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Do you realize that your skin has tiny beautifiers of its own—little oil and moisture glands to keep the surface flowerlike and smooth? Ivory-cleansing will free them to do their work to make your complexion truly lovely.

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99 44/100% PURE · IT FLOATS

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass.

Volume 201 *5c. THE COPY* *PHILADELPHIA, PA., DECEMBER 1, 1928* *$2.00 By Subscription (52 issues)* *Number 22*

BULL TAVERN

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"It's a Beauty Contest, Laurie," Said Young Eagerly. "What's the Use of You Staying at Bull Tavern All Your Life?"

LAURIE lay flat on her back on a knoll in the depths of the Barrens. Spots of sun struck through the scrub oaks and stunted pines above her, burning half her face, a thinly clad shoulder and the bare flesh above one knee, but she did not care. She was Laurentha Bull, nineteen years old today, and she was happy because she was alone.

She could sing, laugh, whistle or shout at the top of her lungs and nobody would hear—nobody but the engulfing Barrens themselves. North, west, east and south they stretched. They were a huge blanket of wilderness. They were like a vast tent spread for her sole enjoyment. She could play around under its cover, take off her linen frock if she felt like it, be naked as the trees or the sandy earth, and nobody would know.

She threw her hands wide and let them lie, palms up. She rolled her heels lazily, watching the arcs described by the toes of her worn sandals. Beyond her feet were trees—thousands, perhaps millions, of trees—runt pines and oaks, with here and there the bridal veil of a dogwood in bloom or the impenetrably dark blotch of a holly. All about her was a network of roads—pairs of ruts curving this way and that, but never going straight for more than a few yards at a time. Who used them? Nobody. Some of them really led to a definite locality like the Crossroads Schoolhouse, Maskell Mill, Berry Chapel, or even Peck's Corner on the Turnpike, but that was on the outside. Most of them stayed in or wandered to a vague close at the edge of the woods.

Anyway, no cars came along their embowered tunnels; or if they did, somebody with a husky team was sure to make five dollars and sometimes more. The old-fashioned flivver could manage, of course, but that was more of a water spider than a car. It gave warning like a rattlesnake—you could hear one churning the sand a mile away.

No such sound broke the stillness today; as a matter of fact, the silence was getting on her nerves. She stopped rocking her heels, opened her mouth to sing, but changed her mind. Closing her lips tightly, she covered them with one hand and drew in her breath. The rasping call of a catbird cut like a knife through the air, heavy with heat. She waited a moment and then tried again.

A smile brightened her eyes as she heard an answer from far away. She repeated the smothered screech again and again, waiting each time to hear the reply to her summons.

"You're a Queer Kid," He Said Finally. "Yes," She Murmured. "Everybody Notices It. They Say I'm So Different Because I Mind My Own Business and Never Meddle"

It came nearer and nearer. Presently the bird would be perched above her head, but that did not suit her purpose. She relaxed her hands once more, let them lie wide and free, filled her lungs and began to whistle. What earthly sound is more celestial than the singing voice of the catbird—the bird of repertoire? There was something eerie, almost nonhuman, in the music which poured from Laurie's lips. It rose and fell in unbelievable cadenzas; it sobbed, laughed, jeered and sobbed again. It called to everything in life—to joy, humor, grief and pain, but most of all to love. Love, the unknown, the untasted, the unseen yet certain presence.

Soon would come the minute rush of wings, the startled halt of amazement, the drunken perch on some near-by twig, and then the disconsolate slump of the shoulders of the biter bitten, the joker fooled. She stopped on a high commanding note and her lips were ready for a burst of laughter, when a shadow took the place of the sun spot on her cheek.

She looked upward and back and saw two eyes staring down at her—not the beady eyes of a catbird but the eyes of a man. A chill rippled down her spine as she remembered the complete abandon of her position. The isolation which had spelled safety crashed in bits about her and the loneliness of the forest became a numbing threat. Shame swept through her body in a wave, but for an instant she could not move.

Horrible things had happened not so very far away and beside open traveled roads. They flashed through her mind, impelled to vertiginous speed by the strange expression in the eyes staring down at her. Her senses grasped a number of facts—that the man carried a sort of iron spear, that he was hatless, dressed in shirt sleeves, belted trousers and waders—but in spite of this detailed observation she could not stop to think that any face, seen upside down, is bound to look sinister. Her teeth struck together with a tiny shuddering sound as he spoke.

"Don't move. I want ——"

The words, though uttered quietly, brought her to life. She rolled forward like a ball to her feet and ran, her heart pounding in her throat, choking her. She was frightened as only one can be who had never been frightened before. She heard a short rush behind her as she plunged headlong through the rough underbrush and a voice calling sharply, "Stop, you little fool! I want to talk to you!"

The words meant nothing at the moment. Though they remained stored in her brain, their only immediate effect was to make her run faster than ever. She hurtled down a steep incline and was saved from tumbling to the bottom of the near-cliff only by the stiff oak branches that tore at her clothes and skin. So great was her impetus that she took Horse Run cleanly at a single leap—an ambition she had harbored in vain since the age of five. Safe under the shadow of her home hill, she stopped abruptly and turned to listen.

Not a sound came from the Barrens. They were so still, so familiar, so just as they had always been, that she began to wonder if she had fallen asleep to be wakened by a nightmare. She could imagine the shout of laughter from her brothers, Young and George; from her uncles, Alfred, Jap and Warren, and even from rubicund Grandfather Jasper Bull, if she should tell of meeting up on the highest rise in the Barrens with a man wearing waders and carrying an iron spear! She could see the worried mothering look on the face of her Aunt Laura, after whom she had been named, with a slight difference for convenience's sake, and shrank from its inevitable penetration.

How absurd to have run so fast from anybody in hip boots! Her hot cheeks flushed to a deeper red at the thought and she frowned at herself angrily. Anyway, the man had been real. She had not been asleep; she had been calling a catbird, and it must have been he who answered. Thinking to deceive Nature, she had been fooled by artifice and now felt rather silly. From far away came a single purposeful sound—a jeering screech so perfect in its imitation that she quivered with rage.

The Laurie who recrossed Horse Run by the aid of a hummock was a totally different person from the girl, winged with terror, who had leaped it clean. She had become stealthy and yet swift by dashes. She climbed the damp cliff and stopped to listen; then she advanced again with frequent pauses, until at last she heard the breaking of a twig and immediately afterward the crunch of a careless footstep.

She knew the formation of the Barrens by instinct as well as experience, for it was ingrained in her being. Most people thought of them as flat, or at least as set on an evenly inclined plane, but to Laurie they were made up of two ranges of little hills, hidden under the unending blanket of trees and stretching from below Macanippuck on the south to well above the Turnpike on the north. These rises ran roughly from southeast to northwest, and between them was an irregular hollow which began as Sarah Run, developed brokenly into Horse Run, and finally widened into Stow Creek, which to her was a river.

Since the interloper wore waders and was apparently heading in a southerly direction, it followed as night the day he must be making for open water. Using her head, she crossed Horse Run for the third time, climbed to a level where the walking was good and traveled south, then due east, until she emerged from the Barrens and left the last friendly tree behind. She reached the extremity of a long point, surrounded on three sides by a fringe of marsh, but presenting a full view of Stow Creek. There she crouched in the reeds and waited.

The young and alive are never patient; any occupation, even the lazy swinging of a hammock, may content them, but total inaction is beyond the bounds of their accepted scheme. To Laurie, sitting on her heels, ten minutes was like ten hours, and she was on the point of giving up and starting for home when the scene before her changed as if by magic.

It had been empty with the ultimate emptiness of endless marsh merging into endless sky, but now all that vast background swept inward to a single point, to be filled completely by the figure of a lone man, poling a tiny shallop of insignificant draft. She had neither heard nor seen him come, and there are few shocks in life equal to that of the expected turned unexpected. Held motionless, not by volition but as a hunter is paralyzed in the grip of buck fever, she stared fixedly at the apparition.

Seen right side up, the man seemed so unconnected with anything gone before that she had a sensation of separation from all her past, even from herself, as if she had forgotten what brought her to this far-away spot. No sense of fright assailed her, and released from the fear of discovery, she was free to study the stranger dispassionately as a welcome phenomenon amid the pleasing monotony of the everyday wilderness.

He was tall and thin, but with strong arms and well-balanced shoulders that dipped with a slow powerful drive as his body leaned to the pole. Evidently in no hurry, after each impulse he would stand erect, steering with a mere twist of the wrist as long as the shallow boat held its headway. Wherever she could see his skin, below the rolled-up sleeves, above the triangle of his open shirt, it was burned and burnished like bronze.

The craft slipped nearer to the shore, preparing to shoot wide to clear the point on which she crouched. She caught a slanting glimpse of his gray eyes and half expected them to turn and fix themselves upon her, but they were intent on nothing visible, for he was frowning as one frowns who looks within himself. His face was clean-shaven and shadowed only by the irregularity of his features. She lacked the experience to read its strength; all that interested her was its age. Older than her brother George, she decided, but not much. The black glint of his brown hair, moist with sweat, gave him a boyish air; but he was not a boy; he was a man.

With his back turned to her, she could give her attention to the boat and the strange implement laid across its thwarts. It was not a spear, after all, but a long iron rod with a looped handle at one end and a rounded hook at the other. Puzzled, and feeling a vague disappointment at not having been rediscovered when she knew herself secure, she waited until he was well around the bend and already half diminished in size before she sent the jeer of a catbird shrilling across the marsh.

The glide of the boat ceased abruptly in obedience to the suddenly plunged pole, but that was all. The man did not answer or look around. He hung motionless between still

sky and quiet water for a long moment, as if suspended between his somber mood and a half-forgotten whim. The mood won out. He drove the pole deep and sent the shallop careening forward with a bone beneath its bows.

Laurie stood erect among the reeds and watched him go. She did not worry about being seen; she knew he would not look around, not if she called. Even if she should shout for help, he would pretend he did not hear and would keep on traveling away from her. That was the trouble with people; when you didn't want them, they wanted you; and by the time you wouldn't mind saying hello, they were ready to answer with, "Go to hell!"

A rueful expression took possession of her scratched face as she realized how far she was from home—two miles to the Cumberland Causeway and two more in a straight line to Bull Tavern. She glanced at the sun and saw she could not possibly get back by suppertime, but started resolutely on the long journey. Small chance of a lift along that lonely way! Beyond the causeway she dodged around a corner and found herself in the Buckhorn.

What a road! Two miles without a house, a turn or an intersection! Two miles of up and down in a leafy tunnel where the summer sun was never seen by day or the harvest moon by night. She slogged along doggedly, thinking of the battle which would rage upon her arrival, but in which she would have no part. Half the men would contend that, being late again, she should go without her supper, while the other half would insist as vociferously that she be fed.

At last the clearing and then home itself. Bull Tavern was a survival in words but not in fact. To no force so vulnerable as prohibition had its taproom surrendered an immemorial tradition, for laws of no man's making had padlocked its moderately profitable door long years before the dawn of the heyday of the bootlegger. Changes in fashion, in modes of locomotion and in the shortest distance between two points had spelled its doom.

The century-old house stood amid towering tulip trees and silver maples at the head of a steep lawn of self-sown grass as fine and flat as moss. The building itself was low, long and rakish, with a pillared portico extending across two-thirds of its front. The remaining gable of the structure had harbored those who had liked to take their liquor standing as well as all those minions who once were placed below the salt and would have been happy in no other surroundings. But the main building behind the portico had known a sturdier as well as a more fragrant past.

Here Grandfather Jasper Bull, to go no further back than the living, had raised his brood of nine—four sons and five daughters. Here he had stood listening for the jangle of the coach from Salem and stepped out to receive young Philadelphia ladies of fashion on their way to school at Bridgeton. No courtlier bow than his before the flower of prinkdom, with its mincing yet disturbing ways, its tiny bonnets, tight bodices, billowing crinolines and snow-white cotton stockings, ever greeted fair woman.

There is vulgarity today in the very name of "tavern," but in that simple though florescent age, when kerchiefs were perfumed at small expense with an apple porcupined with cloves, Bull Tavern spelled Propriety with a large P and fastidious mothers asked no greater security than to know their daughters safe beneath its hospitable and elastic wings. One might distrust Mr. Jasper Bull's rubicund solidity by reason of the twinkle in his eye, but never his wife's adamant sense of what was fitting.

She was gone these many years, and Laurie's mother, Elinor Wickshaft Bull, had followed her to an untimely grave. Of the paternal aunts, Mary, Beulah, Martha, Jane and Laura, Mary had founded a branch of a small religion, Beulah had joined a sisterhood, Martha had won national fame as an educator and Jane had been divorced four times. Only Laura, the gentlest of the five, had stuck by the homestead through thick and thin, held by the puzzling magnet of her namesake more than by the need of the menfolk.

Of her brothers, Warren, Jap and Alfred had married and had been provided with near-by farms, but Elmer, Laurie's father, had stayed on to become the echo and replica of old Jasper Bull. Ostensibly he ran the home farm, but in reality it was his son George who carried that burden, while Young Bull, Laurie's other brother, rocketed about the country, working at one job and another, but frequently managing to gather moss in the shape of coin of the realm. It was he who in moments of largesse would meet the deficits of a year with the nonchalance of a nobleman dispensing alms—only to return later to live for weeks at a time on home-grown eggs, corn, cream and berries.

Long before Laurie reached the gate she knew that Young was home, for she could see his ancient flivver parked at the top of the lawn and flanked by a glistening new roadster of far prouder lineage. Who could the visitor be? Surely this was destined to be a memorable day if single-handed it could drag more than one stranger within the limits of the Barrens! She glanced down with mild regret at her muddied sandals and torn frock, but forgot her muddied and torn face.

The main room of Bull Tavern had retained much of an old-time baronial air. It was used morning, noon and night as a living room, but nobody had ever thought to call it by so modern a name. It opened to the right from the central hall, and thus its long length had served as a barrier between taproom and sleeping quarters. It had three windows opening on the front and three on the back, while at the end was a huge fireplace flanked by two settles and two doors. One of the latter led to the kitchen and the other had offered easy access to the bar.

Additional settles filled all the spaces between the windows, and in the middle of the floor stood a long oak table which could be set for any number of guests up to thirty. Scattered about were staunch chairs of hickory, oak, gum, cherry and poplar, equally varied as to fashion, size and age; and thriving within the front windows were geraniums whose red blossoms struck the note of cheer by day which was given out by lamps at night.

The very nature of this room may account for the fact that scarcely an evening passed when Uncles Warren, Jap and Alfred did not put in an appearance, generally without their wives, though occasionally tagged by some of their offspring. They could not easily forgo the habit of the ancient family gathering place or of their father's nightly dissertations on a gay, prosperous, seemly, defunct and lamented past.

Jasper Bull was more than a character—he was a monument, a crag subject to change only by the slow process of erosion. At eighty-two, though handicapped by huge proportions, he was as much of a power in his own house as on the day his wife had died, and more—far more—than at

(Continued on Page 103)

"You're More Than Pretty, My Dear. You're Lovely. Say the Word and Charlie Donovan Will Back Your Sweet Beauty Against the World, Including Ireland"

NEW GATEWAYS TO TRADE

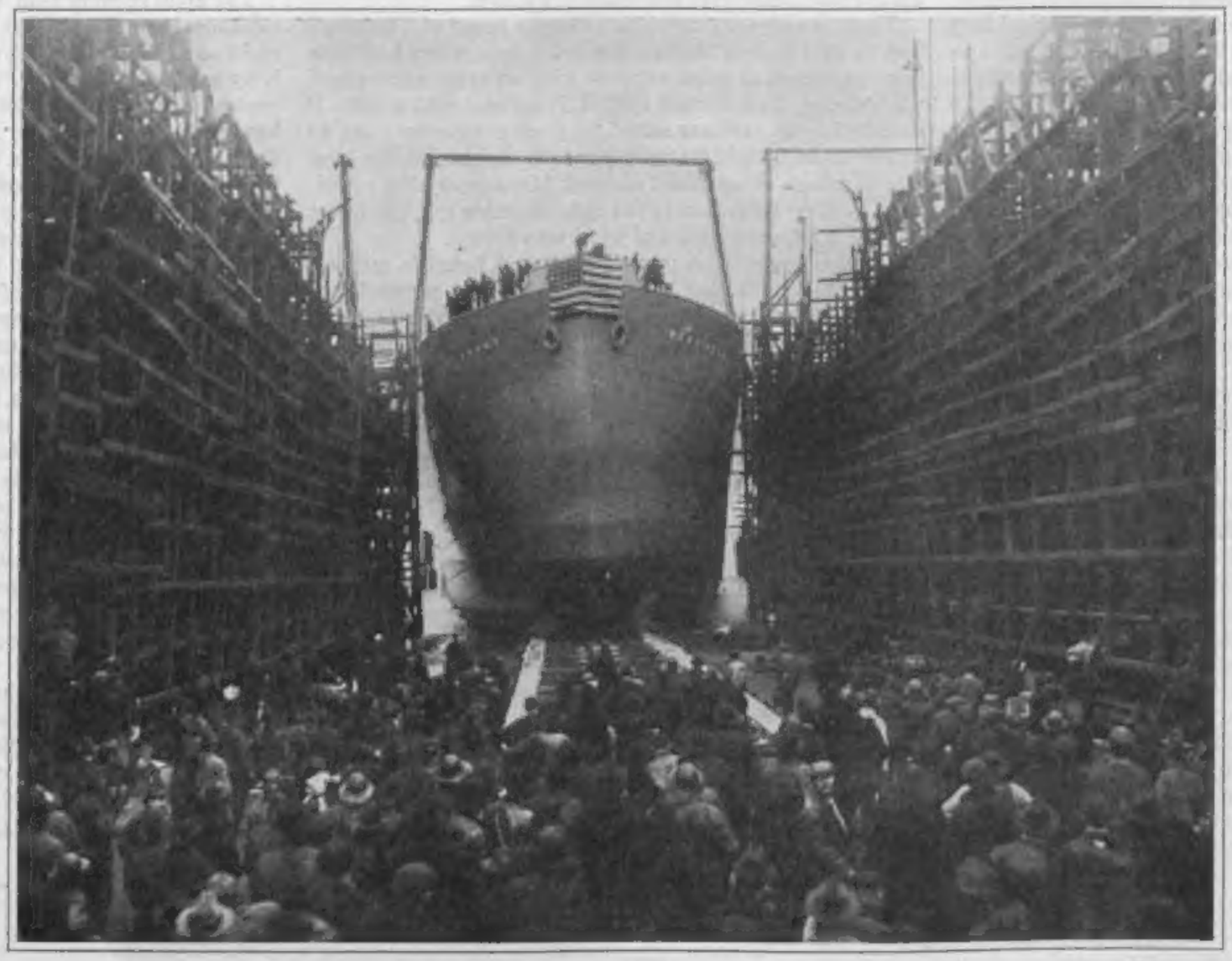
By HARRY S. NEW

Postmaster General of the United States

NO NATION with great natural and industrial resources can maintain its appropriate position in world affairs if it lacks an adequate merchant marine. No nation dependent in part on foreign commerce for its economic welfare can remain prosperous without ocean carriers. No nation which stretches along a wide seaboard dotted with established ports, can feel secure from military aggression without such auxiliaries to its naval forces. These facts are recognized by all Americans concerned with the progress, the prosperity and the defense of their country. They explain the significance of recent demands for modern ships and ship lines, built, owned, controlled and operated by American capital and served by American seamen.

Such demands have been difficult to satisfy. American shipping has struggled for years against a character and volume of competition paralleled in probably no other industry. It has faced not a natural but a subsidized competition. "The disadvantages under which the American shipowner labors," once explained Elihu Root, "are artificial; they are created by governmental action—one by our Government in raising the standards of living and wages by the protective tariff; the other by foreign governments, in paying subsidies to their ships for the promotion of their own trade. For the American shipper it is not a contest of intelligence, skill, industry and thrift against similar qualities in his competitor; it is a contest against his competitors and his competitors' government and his own Government also." In the face of such handicaps it is not unnatural that the United States, which once constructed an appreciable share of the world's tonnage, now builds a meager 3 per cent, and that American ships, which once carried more than nine-tenths of their nation's foreign trade, now carry only one-third.

Within recent months, however, the United States has taken definite action toward lessening the handicaps thus imposed on American shipping. By enacting into law the Jones-White Merchant Marine Act, whose provisions include generous compensation to fast, modern vessels that carry the mail, and liberal construction loans at low interest rates, it has offered a stimulus to ship lines and shipbuilders whose effects will soon become apparent.



A Cargo Vessel Leaving the Ways at a Pacific Coast Shipyard

Ocean Lines and Air Lines

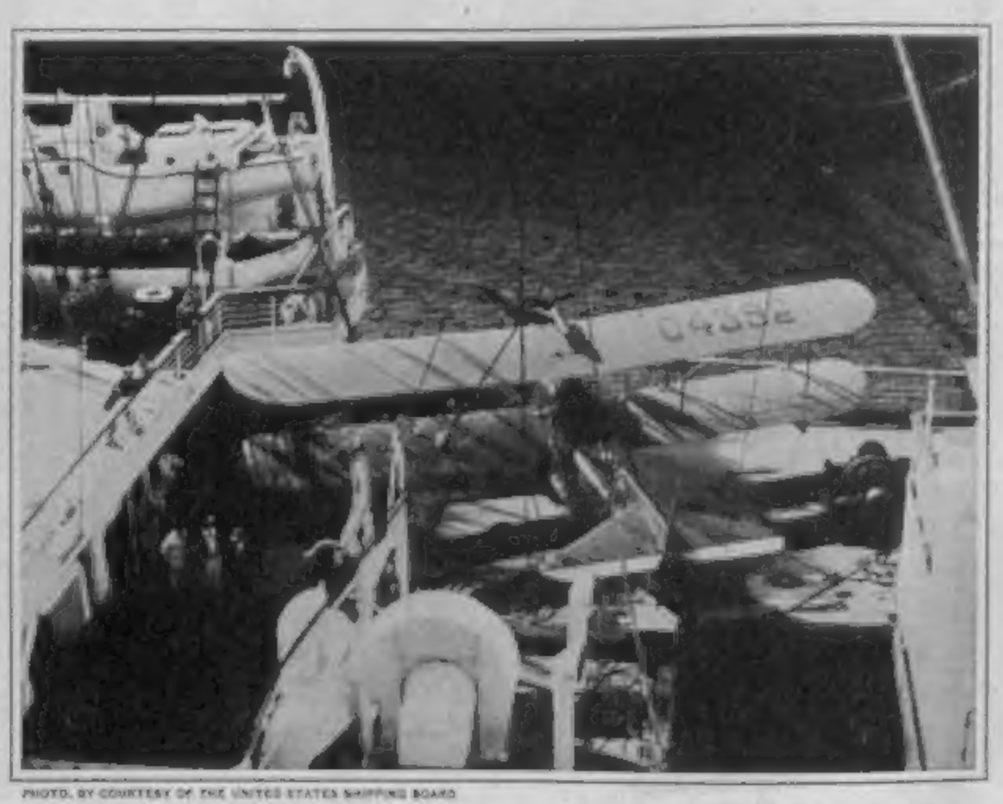
OTHER outstanding features of the act provide for new methods in the sale and reconditioning of government-owned ships, for economical insurance, for Naval Reserve development and for the requisition of vessels for the national defense, but the provisions providing for mail pay and construction remain, in my opinion, the most important. That is because they promise:

1. That shipping companies now in existence can be put on a profitable and permanent basis, and

2. That new lines can be established, new ships built, conforming to the rigid demands for speed, capacity, dependability, and regularity upon which the Post Office Department and the Shipping Board will insist in awarding all ocean-carrying mail contracts.

The advantages of such development to American marine interests and, with them, to all American industries which now suffer from the lack of swift, modern ocean carriers, are obvious.

"But how," it may be asked, "can the authorization to pay American ships adequately for carrying our mails abroad enable the Post Office Department to help build up a merchant marine commensurate with our $8,000,000,000 foreign trade?" Before discussing the details of the act which made this possible, it might be informative to draw an analogy between the merchant marine and the air mail. At the outbreak of the World War, it will be remembered, the United States was virtually without airplanes and, what was more serious, without an industry engaged in their manufacture. Then, in 1917, the nation realized that this epoch-making American invention was essential to military success. Immediately it plunged into airplane production with the feverish energy which attends most new American enterprises, and spent approximately a billion dollars in creating, overnight, a great industry. The abrupt close of the war left on its hands a surplus of war planes, of little value in peace, and a productive industry for whose output there was no demand.



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD

Clarence Chamberlin's Plane Being Loaded Aboard the "Leviathan" in Preparation for a Ship-to-Shore Flight

An Investment

THIS industry could not continue profitably to make military aircraft for which there were no purchasers, and at that time there was in this country no such thing as civil aviation to require new air carriers. A demand for commercial aircraft had to be created. Private capital hesitated to venture into the untried field of aerial transport. Only one agency could assume the burden. That was the Post Office Department. What it accomplished is now known. When desultory experiments with lines between New York and Washington and on other limited routes proved unsatisfactory because they were too short to permit any appreciable saving of time, a large-scale service was established, spanning the continent, from New York on the East Coast to San Francisco on the West. Within an amazingly short time it was demonstrated to capital that scheduled, safe and regular communication could be maintained by aircraft. This accomplished, the Post Office Department, in 1927, turned its lines over to privately organized companies and gave them contracts for carrying the mail, exactly as contracts are awarded to the railroads for similar service on the ground. What has been the result?

Today twenty-two different contractors are carrying the air mail and others will soon begin operation. They serve, in all, twenty-four routes, three to foreign countries, and have contracted for six more. Established routes now total approximately 12,000 miles, requiring a daily schedule covering 26,000 miles. To supply these operators, and others encouraged by their success to establish commercial services, aircraft factories have multiplied not only their output but their numbers. Today more than 140 establishments are engaged in aircraft manufacture, and are producing approximately 5000 planes a year, and even this high total fails to meet the demand. Apart from their contribution to a new agency of transportation, the aircraft factories, with their trained personnel, assure the Government an industry capable of meeting all demands which may arise in the event of national emergency.

To accomplish these things the Post Office Department spent a little more than $17,000,000. This paid for all lighted airways built under its supervision, for hangars, airdromes, emergency landing fields and terminals, for salaries to pilots, mechanics and supervisory officers, for gasoline, oils and materials. It represented, in short, the grand total of expenditures. When the service was turned over to private operators it had on hand physical assets worth between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000. Landing fields were given to municipalities. Some of the airplanes were sold at prices fair to the Government. Others were presented to Federal departments. The

outstanding fact of the experiment was, however, that with an expenditure of $17,000,000 the Post Office Department revived a dying industry and developed it, within five years, to a point where it now has an annual turnover of at least $100,000,000.

The recent history of our American merchant marine resembles in many aspects, though not in all, the history of American aviation. During the World War the nation which had once boasted the fastest ships on the seas found itself lacking in vessels needed not only to move its own commerce but to meet urgent military demands. It was carrying, for example, far less than 20 per cent of its commerce in American bottoms. Of the 2,000,000 American troops sent to France in 1917 and 1918, only 911,047, or 45 per cent, were carried in American-controlled ships, and 558,000 of these crossed in the twenty ex-German liners taken over by our Government.

As it had with airplanes, the nation plunged feverishly into marine construction and spent no less than $3,000,000,000 in constructing shipping to meet an emergency need. At the close of the war it had on its hands a great fleet of ships, too slow and too antiquated to meet modern ocean-carrying competition, and a large number of idle shipyards. Unlike its experience with aviation, it has not yet recovered from this condition. The Potomac River, thirty miles below Washington, is full of those war-built ships, and in many other places hulks lie, divested of machinery and abandoned to rust and decay. Those ships that were of a character to be put to use as commerce carriers have, however, been kept in condition and in use by the Shipping Board. Some have been sold to privately owned companies and all are for sale, but the larger number were worthless except for emergency purposes and were put out of commission as useless. Along our Atlantic and Pacific coasts no less than twelve of the twenty-three great shipyards which were active in 1916 are closed, and many of those still open are engaged only in ship repairs.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD

Loading American Surplus in an American Ship for Overseas Markets

Mail Rates

A REPORT submitted to Congress during the last session showed that of the sixty shipways in the East Coast shipyards now engaged in new construction, only ten were occupied, and that a similar condition prevailed on the West Coast. Obviously, then, it is necessary to create a demand for American built and operated ships, as it was necessary to create the demand for American airplanes. Here, however, a difference in the problems confronting the two industries must be noted.

The American airplane industry languished a few years ago because there were no operating companies to buy its products. The American marine industry has been in a slump, not because shipping isn't needed but because it costs more to build a vessel in an American than in a foreign yard, and because it costs more to operate the ship under American than under foreign registry. These conditions, as has been pointed out, are imposed on American ships and shipbuilders by legislation, in some instances our own, which maintains higher wage scales here than abroad, in some instances by legislation of other nations which subsidize their ocean carriers. There is no escape from them. What the United States can do, however, is to pay the higher mail rates established by the Jones-White Merchant Marine Act and to liberalize loans for the new construction which a stimulated merchant marine will undoubtedly require.

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Postmaster General New

The mail-carrying provisions of the present Merchant Marine Act are new not so much in principle as in liberality and in method of application. Under the Ocean Mail Act of 1891, the Post Office Department was permitted to make payments to four classes of ships carrying mail to foreign ports. These payments ranged from 66⅔ cents a mile for twelve-knot ships of 1500 tons, to $4 a mile for twenty-knot ships of 8000 tons or more. The act of 1920 authorized contracts with owners of American vessels on the basis of rates agreed upon by the Postmaster General and the Shipping Board. In some instances compensation was based on the mileage traveled, in some on weight of mail carried. Each contract was limited to a period of not more than twelve months. The new law, in contrast, extends the length of contracts for ships carrying foreign mail to ten years, and provides for many more classes of vessels and rates of payment than were considered under earlier legislation. By its provisions the Postmaster General designates the routes and the Shipping Board specifies the types of vessels required for use on each line. Payment is based on both the speed and gross registered tonnage of vessels and the nautical mileage between the ports they serve. The ships are classified in the act according to the following scale:

CLASS	SPEED (KNOTS)	MINIMUM GROSS TONNAGE	COMPENSATION PER NAUTICAL MILE
No. 7	10	2,500	$1.50
No. 6	10	4,000	2.50
No. 5	13	8,000	4.00
No. 4	16	10,000	6.00
No. 3	18	12,000	8.00
No. 2	20	16,000	10.00
No. 1	24	20,000	12.00

Proportionately higher compensation may be paid vessels swifter and larger than those listed in Class 1, and still greater awards will be allowed if aircraft are used to speed delivery to and from ships, as has been attempted in several recent experiments. If the Postmaster General believes that swiftness is especially necessary on some particular route he may classify a vessel on the basis of its speed, regardless of tonnage.

Although the Merchant Marine bill became a law as recently as May twenty-second of this year, contracts have already been awarded to many shipping companies engaged in foreign trade.

Covering the World With a Postage Stamp

FROM New York the lines under contract, as this is written, carry the mails to Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Casablanca, Genoa, Marseilles, Naples, Alexandria, Beirut, Constantinople, Constantza, Valparaiso, Copenhagen, Helsingfors, Maracaibo, Havana, Vera Cruz, Capetown, Beira and West African ports. From San Francisco they run to Manila, Sydney and Colombo, via Japanese and Chinese ports; from Portland, Oregon, to Manila and Dairen; from Seattle to Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong-Kong and Manila; from Boston to Yarmouth; from Galveston to Santo Domingo City; from Los Angeles to Auckland and Melbourne. Advertisements have been issued on routes from New York to Puerto Colombia and to the Canal Zone; from New Orleans to Progreso; and from Savannah to

(Continued on Page 161)

American Shipways, Showing a Future Ocean-Going Commerce Carrier Under Construction

CUPID HAS A PIE FACE

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

THE argument in the caddie house had been lengthy and vociferous. It began when Southworth Brown asserted that his guy, Mr. Meyers, was a better golfer than Bum Hildreth's guy, Mr. Holcomb. Bum Hildreth being loyal to Mr. Holcomb, debate had reached this point:

"Put up or shut up, Pie Face. Put up or shut up."

"All right, whatcha wanta bet, Bum? Whatcha wanta bet? I'll betcha a thousand dollars my guy wins the tournament."

"You ain't got a thousand dollars," said Bum, who was of a more practical turn of mind.

"Aw, you kids is jest talkin' to hear yourselves talk," put in Dave Treese, the caddie master. "You don't want to bet."

"Don't I? Don't I?" Southworth yelled, to drown out a rising sound of snickers from the dozen-odd caddies present. "Whatcha want to bet I don't want to bet? Whatcha want to bet?"

"Well, bet something then," said Dave.

Old Margaret Dandridge Looked at Mr. Meyers in a Way That Continued to Make Southworth Sick at His Stomach and Said, "How Do You Do, Mr. Meyers?"

"Yeah, bet something, bet something!" yelled Bum. "Bet something you really got, Pie Face."

"All right, I'll betcha my putter against anything you want to bet—no, I won't either—but ——"

"You heard him!" cried Bum, appealing to the gallery. "He said he'd bet his putter! He said he'd bet his putter!"

"That's right, Pie Face," ruled Dave. "You got to put it up."

"Not this putter," said Southworth; "not this ol' putter. I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for this ol' putter. Think I'd bet a putter that Bobby Jones used to win the champeenship with at Braeburn?"

"Bobby Jones? Aw, whatcha tryin' to hand us?" scoffed Dave, and there was a chorus of unbelieving aw's from the gallery.

"Don't you believe me? Don't you believe me? All right, ask Bum—ask Bum. He'll tell you this used to be Bobby Jones' putter."

Thus appealed to, Bum squirmed. A hatchet-faced, skinny, unimaginative youngster of thirteen, Bum had fallen under the spell of Southworth's yarns many times. Bum had never quite believed the one about the putter. According to Southworth, the said putter, warm from the magic hands of Bobby Jones, had become the property of a certain Bill Stevens, who caddied for Bobby at Braeburn. Who should Bill Stevens be but a close friend of Warren Thompson, second cousin to Southworth Brown. So it seems that Bill Stevens had traded the putter to Warren Thompson for a motorcycle and other valuable considerations and Warren Thompson had sent the putter to Southworth Brown by air mail. He did this because—here the record grows dim and confused—well, he sort of owed Southworth a lot of money and the putter was tendered as part payment. Besides, Warren Thompson didn't know anything about golf and Southworth was his favorite second cousin.

Cogitating upon this story now, Bum considered it tenuous, coincidental and improbable to a degree. Nevertheless it was a charming tale and invested the putter with a glamour Bum wanted very much to enjoy. He had high hopes of winning the putter. Bum decided not to diminish the glory of a relic which might some day be his.

"It don't make any difference if it did use to belong to Bobby Jones," said Bum. "You offered to bet it. You gotta put it up, Pie Face."

This speech created a sensation among the gallery:

"Let's see 'at putter, Pie Face."

"How didja get it? You related to Bobby Jones?"

"Is Bobby Jones a friend of your old man or something?"

The club was passed around while Southworth expanded.

"Huh! Guess I wouldn't put up 'at ol' putter. Guess I'd be crazy to bet 'at."

"I'll put my brassy up against it, Pie Face," said Bum eagerly.

"Yeah, I guess you will."

Bum produced the brassy—his choicest possession. The bland blue eyes of Southworth glistened covetously, although his chubby face otherwise expressed extreme disgust.

"I guess it's worth more'n 'at ol' putter. It's a fifteen-dollar Walter Hagen. Lookit, Pie Face, Walter Hagen, it says, right on the head. And you can get swell distance with it, too, Pie Face. Remember 'at time I let you try it on Number 8 and you got two hundred yards with it?"

"Two hundred yards? Him?" said Dave, the caddie master.

"Yes, he did," lied Bum, "with this here brassy."

"Sure I did," said Southworth. "I c'n sock 'em with 'at ol' brassy."

Southworth grasped the brassy and swung practice strokes with it.

"All right, we've agreed," said Bum quickly. "If my guy wins the tournament I get your putter, and if your guy wins you get my brassy."

Reluctantly and with many qualifications, Southworth permitted his putter to be posted against the brassy. Dave must hold the stakes. Bum was not to be allowed to use the brassy unless Southworth was present and gave his consent, and the same stipulation applied to Southworth and the putter.

A final matter of much delicacy was adjusted. Bum's brassy did not carry with it a clear title. The club had been thrown into the lake at Number 11 by Old Man Griggs after topping five shots with it in succession. Bum had retrieved the brassy after dusk and in peril of pneumonia. Accordingly, it was agreed that should Old Man Griggs recognize his brassy and demand its return at any time before the end of the tournament, Bum must post another stake—to wit, his driver, his mid-iron and five balls. The bettors were still haggling over the item of the balls—make and condition of cover—when a caddie yelled:

"Hey, Bum and Pie Face, your guys want you at the tee-off right away."

Southworth and Bum raced each other to the first tee.

"You kids must think we've got all day to wait for you," said Bum's guy, Mr. Holcomb.

Mr. Meyers didn't say anything. He just grinned at Southworth.

"We didn't know you was out here, Mr. Holcomb," said Bum.

"Ha! Alibi Ike," said Mr. Holcomb. "Stand back and quit rattling those clubs and get your eye on this drive."

He smacked it straight down the fairway for two hundred and fifty yards.

"Peaches, Mr. Holcomb," said Bum. "It's still rolling."

"Oh, you saw it, did you, caddie?" said Mr. Holcomb. Then to Mr. Meyers: "I didn't get the old heft behind that one."

"It sounded fine to me," murmured Mr. Meyers.

As Mr. Meyers prepared to drive, Southworth scowled at Mr. Holcomb. Southworth had his own character sketch of Mr. Holcomb, thus: "Aw, he's a big red-faced mutt. All the time crabbin' an' wise-crackin'. Gosh, if you lose a measly old ball for him he pretty near dies. He bawls you out one minute and says you're a good kid the next. Heck, I wouldn't carry for that guy on a bet!"

Mr. Meyers sliced a high one.

"Tough luck," said Mr. Holcomb. "The trouble with your game is you're too timid. You ought to step into them more."

Southworth's guy didn't say anything. He handed the driver to Southworth and started for his ball.

Mr. Holcomb said, "Come on, caddie, look alive. You got my ball spotted?"

Bum said, "It's right out in the middle of the fairway, past the direction flag, Mr. Holcomb."

"Bright lad," said Mr. Holcomb.

Southworth fell into step with Mr. Meyers. "I'd just as lief have your lie as his," said Southworth. "A good brassy will reach the green all right."

"A good one will," Mr. Meyers agreed.

He was a shy man. If you lost a ball in the sun and it went off somewhere into the rough, Mr. Meyers just looked embarrassed while he was helping you hunt for it. Then he'd say: "They ought to keep the grass down better in this confounded rough. Nobody could find a ball in here. Come on, we'll drop another." Other guys like Mr. Holcomb bellyached, standing around and saying: "What's the matter, caddie? Didn't you have your eye on it?" Mr. Meyers acted as if a ball wasn't very much, anyway.

Mr. Meyers wasn't so tall or heavy as Mr. Holcomb. He never got as much distance on his drives and he couldn't sock them with a spoon so spectacularly as Mr. Holcomb. But Southworth swore by Mr. Meyers. He would rather carry for him than any other member of the Sunset Heights Country Club. Mr. Meyers was his guy.

"I'm betting on you to win the tournament," Southworth said, after Mr. Meyers had dropped his brassy second near the green.

"Are you, Southworth? Thanks. But I wouldn't bet money on it if I were you."

"I bet more'n money," said Southworth. "I bet my putter. I guess it's worth a hundred dollars."

"That much?"

"Yes, sir. Bobby Jones used to own it. I've been offered seventy-five for 'at ol' putter, but I wouldn't take it."

Mr. Meyers didn't say, "Aw, come off." He acted as if he believed it—or, anyway, as if he thought you had just as much right to tell a lie and be treated respectfully as grown-ups did.

"You shouldn't have risked such a valuable trophy, Southworth. I'm afraid my game doesn't deserve your confidence."

"Aw, you can beat that guy Holcomb any day in the week," said Southworth.

This statement disturbed Mr. Meyers so that he was too strong with his mashie approach and took two putts to get into the cup. Mr. Holcomb had a birdie four.

Mr. Holcomb said, as they were going to Number 2 tee: "Well, Meyers, I've got to beat you in the tournament. Ochman Louie here has bet Pie Face his brassy against a putter fabled to have been owned by Bobby Jones. With so much at stake, God helping me, I cannot fail."

Mr. Meyers said, "I fear Southworth made a rash bet."

"You heard him, didn't you?" said Bum, nudging Southworth. "Your own guy thinks you made a rash bet. That ol' putter's just the same as mine right now."

"Aw, that's just the way my guy talks. He don't go around bragging like your guy does."

Mr. Meyers and Mr. Holcomb halved the second hole, a short one, with threes. They seesawed back and forth on the first nine, but when they reached Number 10 tee Mr. Holcomb was two down. Southworth rubbed it into Bum with wide grins and much fondling of Mr. Meyers' brassy to indicate how Southworth would cherish the brassy he soon would win from Bum.

The ninth hole had brought them back to the clubhouse. At Number 10 tee a young woman was sitting on the bench. She was a very pretty blonde, wearing the sort of sports outfit that is not worn for the actual playing of golf. Mr. Holcomb knew her. So did Southworth.

"Why, hello, Margaret!" said Mr. Holcomb. "Since when have you taken up golf?"

"I'm just looking on, Peter. I came out for bridge and the party's over."

"Wa-Was There a Fight, Southworth?"

Mr. Holcomb took both her hands in his and looked at her, real mushy. It made Southwork sick at his stomach. She saw Southworth and said, "Hello, Southworth," and Southworth said, "'Lo, Miss Dandridge." It was just old Margaret Dandridge. She lived three doors from Southworth on Sunset Boulevard. Southworth did not approve of her. She made him sick at his stomach. Always had a lot of men coming to her house and mushing around. They brought her big boxes of candy. Why, Southworth could not understand. It was an outrageous waste of candy. Southworth looked upon her as the natural enemy of her sex—a creature who took away the dignity of men, who reduced them to gawky, groveling pleaders.

"Miss Dandridge, do you know Bob Meyers?"

Old Margaret Dandridge looked at Mr. Meyers in a way that continued to make Southworth sick at his stomach and said, "I believe not. . . . How do you do, Mr. Meyers?"

Southworth was stunned by the agitation of Mr. Meyers as he shook hands. Mr. Meyers looked as if he, too, was afraid of old Margaret. Huh! What was there to be afraid of? The way guys acted around this woman creature—it got Southworth. It was all right for Mr. Holcomb, the big mutt, to act that way. He was sweet on old Margaret. But Mr. Meyers! His guy! Goah!

Mr. Holcomb had won the last hole, so he drove off first. Mr. Holcomb waggled his club more than usual and posed during his back swing. Southworth prayed that he would hit nothing but the air. The prayer went unanswered. Mr. Holcomb socked it on the nose.

"O-o-o-oh!" said old Margaret. "Splendid!"

Mr. Meyers teed up his ball. It fell off the tee twice. Mr. Meyers got red in the face. Southworth, with a thrill of horror, noticed that his guy's hands were shaking.

Mr. Meyers took his usual stance and without waggling at all he whacked it. But he topped and hooked at the same time, dribbling a ludicrous drive thirty yards to the left.

"Tough break, old man," said Mr. Holcomb, not very sorrowfully.

Old Margaret didn't say anything this time. She hadn't better. Southworth had sassed old Margaret many times ere this during neighborhood clashes. Just let her dare say something about Mr. Meyers!

Mr. Meyers, in an agony of mortification, walked off hastily after his ball. Mr. Holcomb stayed talking to the girl a minute.

Southworth's guy dubbed his brassy second, sliced with his mid-iron and was in the rough. He slashed out with a weak niblick and bounced his mashie approach twenty yards beyond the green. He took an eight for the hole. Mr. Holcomb was down in five and Bum Hildreth danced a jig.

"What's the matter, Meyers?" inquired Mr. Holcomb. "Did her eyes upset you?"

"I just blew up," said Mr. Meyers. "I'm off my game today. I've felt unsteady all along."

(Continued on Page 117)

"Not This Putter," Said Southworth. "I Wouldn't Take a Hundred Dollars for This Ol' Putter. Think I'd Bet a Putter That Bobby Jones Used to Win the Championship With at Braeburn?"

"Ladies and Ticket Buyers —"

By PEGGY WOOD

Marguerite Clark in "Snow-White"

OH, MY dear, I'm so sorry you saw the show tonight!" wails the star. "The audience was so unresponsive I couldn't get going at all. Simply couldn't do a thing. Didn't you notice how cold they were?"

And the friend who has come back after the play, if he or she happens not to be of the theater, says, "I didn't notice." Or else the star exclaims, "Oh, my dear, I'm so glad you saw the play tonight. The audience was simply too marvelous. I have never felt such close contact with them. Did you hear them laugh? And did you ever hear such silence during my big speech? Not a cough in the carload. I never played better in my life."

And the friend says, "I didn't notice."

Why should he, after all? His attention is supposed to be on the stage, not on the people around him. Unless, of course, those people intrude upon him. But the actor on the stage senses, the moment he comes on the scene, just what is the personality of that group of people in front of him. They may look like white blobs in the darkened house, just as the audience the night before looked like white blobs, but they are as different as people are different. Before the actor says a word he feels what they are like. That sounds far-fetched, doesn't it? But it is true, nevertheless. And he knows, if they laugh at a certain line, they are going to be quick and appreciative; if they don't laugh at that line, he is going to have a tough time interesting them that night.

What makes this sort of single personality grow out of, say, a thousand different personalities, I don't know. Nobody knows. But there it is every night. You would think that a thousand human beings sitting in the same chairs, listening to the same lines, seeing the same actors, reading the same programs between the acts, hearing the same music, would react in the same way at the same places every night. You'd think so, but they don't. It is as if any audience was a giant, and a different giant came to see the play every night. Sometimes the giant is merry and laughs at everything; sometimes it is sullen and glares at the stage, daring anybody or anything to amuse it; sometimes it is bewildered and doesn't know the etiquette of the proper place to demonstrate what it feels; sometimes it has bronchitis; sometimes it is a stupid giant who doesn't know what it is all about; and sometimes it is a wise giant who says, "I know exactly who the culprit is in this opera; you can't fool me." Sometimes it applauds and won't laugh, or laughs and won't applaud, or both or neither.

Damning With Faint Snores

I THINK it derives its personality from one strong-willed person or group of persons in the crowd. Is it too fantastic to imagine that these persons dominate without the use of words to sway their fellow auditors? I know that if someone with an infectious laugh is in the audience, or one who sports a horny pair of palms which, when beaten together, make a mighty noise, he can leaven the whole lump, no matter how doughy they have been in the beginning. I remember seeing William Collier lean over the footlights one matinée and say to a man whose delightful laugh had brightened up a particularly sodden bunch, "Come in tonight, will you? I can use you in my business." Conversely, why shouldn't a thoroughly sour face and disposition have as definite effect? I grant that the laugh is vocal and as infectious as a yawn, but isn't the lack of even a titter at a funny situation as strong a comment as falling out of a chair? You recall George Bernard Shaw's famous line when the young dramatist read him a play and chided him after the first act for sleeping through most of it.

"My dear lad," said Shaw, "you asked me for a comment on your play. Sleep is a comment."

We all have theories as to why audiences act the way they do, and any one is as good as the next. One manager I know, says, "Watch your hydrometer. Not the thermometer but the hydrometer. If the humidity is high your audience will not respond. If it is low—success." Maybe so, I'll try that out sometime. Or you can.

But with all their differences, audiences do come under some classifications, just as people do. If they didn't and an actor had to face something totally different every single night, he would go just as crazy as if he had to face the very same one each night. Variation in moderation is what keeps him sane and keeps his performance from becoming wooden.

It isn't so much that one audience will be all blonds and another all brunets or one all the Four Thousand and another the Submerged Tenth; it is a sort of *mélange* with a sweet, or *frappé*, or hot, or prickly, or flat taste predominating. The stars in their courses seem to have something to do with it, too, for one thing is certain: The days of the week have their kinds of audiences as regularly as the weekly bill of fare runs the gamut from beef to hash, and what are the days of the week but the stars in their courses? "If Venus is in aspic," as May Vokes used to say, who knows but that the love scenes go better? As a matter of fact, Valeska Suratt never took a vaudeville booking unless the planets were auspicious. I hear James Gleason is going to open a show of his on a Wednesday this season, because that is the one day when all the stars of all concerned are doing their prettiest. So there may be more than meets the eye in actors saying to one another backstage, "Well, Monday and sitting on their hands," or "Friday and marvelous"; although I confess it seems odd that all Mondays should be so much alike; perhaps the stars sing dissonances only on Mondays.

Valeska Suratt in 1907

Whatever it is, a rainy night and no place to put their rubbers, or beautiful weather, the temperature of the theater, or the news that the cook says she's quitting, or a terrible play which helps to pigeonhole audiences into the slots marked Cold, Warm, Rotten, Swell, Weepy, from the actor's point of view—whatever it is, I say, there it is. And you, Mr. Giant, never notice. The actor's point of view may not be important, but doesn't it interest you to know you do things you didn't know you did? Some folks pay expensive psychoanalysts for that privilege.

Fourteen Minutes

THERE are other fascinating things you do, which, if they were concerned with how much milk per capita is consumed in America or some such data, you would know, as a matter of Sunday magazine news, all about. But did you know that it takes you fourteen minutes to seat yourself in a theater when you go to see a play, which you do every night there is a theater open? I am speaking of theaters where only plays and musical comedies perform, not movie houses or continuous vaudeville. Yes, sir, with the exception of a few stragglers and early birds, the majority of you time it so as to arrive seven minutes before the curtain rises and seven minutes after it has gone up. And this, no matter from what distance you may have come—around the corner, Harlem or Canarsie.

And another thing: Did you know that if the decorators of a theater should make the mistake of placing a mirror anywhere near the main entrance of the lobby, you wouldn't get seated for at least ten minutes longer than the regular fourteen minutes? Maybe you can guess what the fire chief would have to say about the beehive which would buzz about that mirror when the play was over. Of course this rule doesn't hold at all on first nights, because usually everybody there knows everybody else and stops for a *Kaffee Klatch* on the sidewalk or in the lobby before going to their seats, and it is hours before the girl with the elegant new dress just over from Paris can be persuaded to be seated, for the longer she waits the more people will see her go down the aisle.

The candy and cigar stores, by the way, do very well on first nights—that is, those near the theater where the première is being presented. I hear, too, that as the play runs on and on, fewer and fewer people come out between the acts to buy candy or cigarettes at the near-by shops. And "Death to Hits!" is now their motto. "The more first nights, the more in the cash register!"

And if you should have been so observant as to notice all these things, will you tell me what is your explanation of the most mysterious thing of all that audiences do? By that I mean that when a hit is playing at a theater—a hit so big that it

will take a year to accommodate the crowds who want to see the play—why is it that no more than a hundred people a night are turned away from the box office? Why don't they all come at once, several thousand of them? What is it that makes just that small number over the capacity of the house—no matter whether it is a small house or a large one—try to see that play that night? What grapevine telegraph informs the thousands that plan to see the play that one hundred have been told there were no more seats, better wait for another night? I believe that as many as two hundred were turned away on one amazing Saturday at one show, but that is the absolute limit, and extraordinary to boot.

The Lower the Fewer

WE OF backstage have no theories about that; we only hold forth about audiences after they get into the theater and begin to listen to the play; but the psychology of the theatergoing public is none the less fascinating from the box-office point of view, from what they tell us. Indeed, to the manager it is what he lies awake nights trying to figure out.

Should he advertise in great splurges; or would the public think he had to advertise because the show wasn't drawing as well as it might? Should he put up the price of the tickets or should he reduce them and make a play for those who had quit going to the theater because it was too expensive? Should he sell to the speculators or advertise good seats at the box office?

Peggy Wood in a Scene From "The Clinging Vine"

The answer to the last might be found in the experience of a manager of my acquaintance who was sitting, one night, in the box office of his theater, listening to the heavenly cadences of his treasurer as he repeated to each inquiring head that presented itself at the wicket, "No, nothing left for tonight. Completely sold out. Nothing at all till a week from next Tuesday. Not a thing. Sorry," when suddenly the phone rang and someone who had had two in the fifth row on the aisle had to go to Buffalo then and there and turned his seats in for the treasurer to sell.

"Let me take the line," said the manager. "I'd like to give those seats to somebody I feel would really appreciate them."

He repeated the formula for several heads until at last a young man, whose girl was hanging on his arm, appeared at the opening. They seemed just engaged.

"I certainly can give you two seats," beamed the manager. "Here, you are; two in the fifth row on the aisle."

"Fifth row on the aisle at eight-twenty-five? Can't be much of a hit. Come on, Sally, let's get out of here." And they did.

That seems to be pretty generally the way the minds of the average ticket buyers work. George White announces that he will charge fifty dollars a seat for his opening night, and those who have fifty dollars say to themselves, "This must be good if it costs all that money." Besides, underneath there is that still, small voice whispering that everybody there will know the other fellow paid fifty dollars for his seat, and mere presence at that opening will be good advertising. A good deal of the psychology of such an overcoming of the buying resistance can be explained in Krapotkin's phrase, "The honorific nature of conspicuous waste." In other words, if you have more than enough to live on, you give your wife diamonds or fur coats or buy the most expensive seats at the theater, in order to show people you have money to waste if you like.

Ethel Barrymore

His phrase is just a highfaluting way of saying that it is human nature to show off before the neighbors, and that that showing-off is an honorable method of procedure in society.

It seems too bad that so simple an emotion should mold so many of our ways of thinking. But there are a lot of extremely astute gentlemen in the show business and they don't forget this elementary fact in marketing their wares. One manager, perhaps more astute than all the others in most ways, forgot that axiom once to the tune of many thousands of dollars. That was Col. Henry W. Savage. Being a highly civilized person, he convinced himself that there were a great number of other folks just as civilized who were not to be fooled about this high-price bunk, and who, moreover, had been writing to the papers about how they could no longer go to the theater because the prices were prohibitive. "I will advertise to those persons," said he; "I will tell them that they can have seats at a reasonable price at my theater and they won't have to go to any speculators, either, for I will refuse the speculators' buy, and sell all the seats at the box office."

This seemed, on the face of it, like good showmanship. And it would have been in the early days of the colonel's career, but alas, times had changed and from all sides we—I can say "we," for it was a play called The Clinging Vine, which I did under his management, that he chose for experimentation—heard the question: "What's the matter with that show? Did they reduce prices because nobody would come?" As a matter of fact, the public did come because they found out it was amusing, but they were the same public who paid $5.50 the night before for the Follies, and would have paid $5.50 for us. But those who wrote to the papers went on writing: Colonel Savage never got them back as a theatergoing public. The experiment cost us all rather too much money to let us ever doubt Mr. Barnum's famous line.

A few seasons ago a man who understood this particular quirk of herd psychology engaged a famous Spanish music-hall singer to come over for a few performances in New York. He announced that the seats for the opening night would be twenty-five dollars each, later they would be ten dollars each. What was the result? Did the wise ones in New York wait to get the same thing for ten dollars? Not at all. They fought like mad to get in at twenty-five dollars per!

Reasonable Folks Like Reasonable Prices

WITH the aid of Otto Kahn and a subscription campaign, Eva Le Gallienne has made a success of her theater at $1.50 top, because she also appeals to the foreign element of downtown who are accustomed to reasonably priced presentations of their classics. Then, as soon as the "people who matter" began to find their way to Fourteenth Street, the rest of the herd followed. But they never would have gone simply because the seats were cheaper than uptown; that would have lost them prestige—the prestige that comes from the honorific nature of conspicuous waste.

Of course the whole premise can be completely disproved, just as when Roi Cooper Megrue undertook to discuss whether it paid to advertise or not, in his play It Pays to Advertise, where he had one character maintain that one naturally bought a certain kind of garter because we were all so used to seeing the picture of the man's leg, while another contended that if a product is really fine it doesn't need to be advertised at all, and cited the Montgomery and Stone show then playing, which didn't have a single billboard out and used but four lines in the daily papers, simply to show the theater and what time the curtain went up. So the notion that a thing must be expensive to attract the theatergoing public can be exploded by one triumphant gesture in the direction of the cut-rates and Joe Leblang.

(Continued on Page 153)

Maude Adams as "Peter Pan"

BEAUTY IRRESISTIBLE

By DAY EDGAR

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

WHILE his eyes, in sudden fascination, stared across the old lobby, Arnold Taite furtively raised his hand and pulled the telltale freshman cap from his head. Cautiously, breathlessly, he moved forward.

"Lord!" he breathed. "Isn't she pretty?"

In the shadowy corner by the telephone booths stood a girl dressed in yellow. She was idly examining one smoothly gloved palm, and there seemed to be an expression of faint discontent on her clear blond face, until, with a small shrug, she turned and discovered Arnold Taite's gaze.

Taite did not falter; instead, he stared into the large soft-gray eyes. Her glance flickered past his shoulder, and he, pretending a quick interest in the nearest telephone book, wondered whose presence behind him had brought that wary look into her face. A new possibility swiftly crushed him. Was she married? Was she engaged?

Without turning, he anxiously scrutinized her left hand. At first it remained perversely hidden, but rose, a minute later, to touch the yellow hat brim. With explosive relief—with the sensation of a man escaping genuine disaster—he saw that the significant finger, through its tan kid, presented a surface of delightful smoothness. Nonchalantly he turned and glanced across the lobby. There, in one of the chairs along the wall, sat a stout woman with nickel spectacles. "Probably her mother," he said, disliking the woman's aggressive face. Obviously she was about to leave the inn; the girl in yellow would go, too—would vanish, unknown and untraceable.

At this prospect, Arnold Taite, in his second week as a college man, suffered the first attack of a malady that was to develop with the years into a scourge. He was suddenly afraid that this girl would go out of his life; that she had not yet entered his life did not allay the fever; he was aware of nothing but a keen dismay at the prospect of inconsolable loss.

"How am I going to meet her?" he kept asking himself feverishly.

He Closed His Eyes Luxuriously, Letting His Head Wag Where it Listed, and Was Sorry When This Part of the Treatment Came to an End

A bell hummed and the girl looked toward the telephone booths. She did not move, however, and now Taite heard the sound of a booth door being jerked shut; then a man's irritated voice floated out into the lobby.

"Hello, Lucy! This is Mr. Muller," the muffled voice said. "We had engine trouble, but we will be home in time for supper."

A jealous curiosity about the man seized Taite. He listened eagerly for some reference that would help him to identify the girl in yellow. The conversation, without providing a clew, drew toward an end, and Taite's mind flitted despairingly from one project to another. Should he follow them and get the license number of their car? Suppose he scribbled his name on a card, slipped it into her hand? Could he send her a note by the porter? What happened if a fellow simply walked up and spoke to a girl?

In a kind of frenzy he looked wildly at the girl in yellow. She still faced toward the booths, oblivious to the imminent separation. As Taite stared it came over him that she had a kind, gentle face—a sweet, understanding face. He was engulfed by an impulse to rush over and humbly ask who she was, to explain that he simply could not bear the thought of never seeing her again. The plan seemed wholly sane and commendable until he realized that he had waited too long.

There came the wooden rattle of the booth door being pushed open. The next moment, however, fate intervened. The man's voice gave another number, was almost immediately questioning an invisible garage man about the crippled engine.

The reprieve had a spurring effect upon Arnold Taite. He abandoned the telephone book, faced resolutely toward the girl.

Her head turned casually and the large gray eyes met his. For the space of five erratic pulse beats she kept her gaze on him. In her frank appraisal he read interest, admiration; and at that moment, unseen and unmarked, occurred the birth of another ego.

"Why, she's as anxious as I am!" he cried exultantly to his astounded heart. Only after he was confronting her inquiring face did some benevolent power supply him, complete and ready for use, with the first lie he ever told a girl.

"I beg your pardon," he began deferentially, "but I could see that you don't remember me, so I decided"—he laughed nervously, trying to determine just what it was he had decided—"well, I decided to come right up frankly and make myself known."

Her red lips slightly parted, she looked up in calm expectancy. "Yes?" she said.

"I met you at one of our proms last year," continued Taite, whose first collegiate prom still lay in the future. "I confess I don't recall your name—you know how it is at proms—but I certainly remember you, all right! My name's Arnold Taite."

When the girl spoke he discovered that her voice held a gentle, charming huskiness. "I don't remember," she began, "but if ——"

"Oh, I hardly expected you to remember me," he interrupted, "but I knew you the minute I saw you—anybody would. I'd like to call sometime if you don't live too far away—I mean, if you live anywhere in this part of the country at all."

Her glance darted momentarily toward the booths. "My name is Marcia Hottelbach," she said quietly, and spelled out the last name. "I live in East Orange." From the booths came a warning click, a scraping of invisible feet. "Look me up in the phone book," she added quickly. "It's the only Hottelbach in East Orange." As she withdrew half a step in a gesture of dismissal, her brief smile made them fellow conspirators.

"You and I know it's perfectly all right," her manner said, "but other people might misunderstand."

Obediently Taite again became absorbed in the telephone book and with sidewise scrutiny watched Mr. Muller emerge from the booth. He saw a short heavy young man with an apple-shaped face. In one hand he carried a felt hat of uncollegiate outline, and Taite, with a pleasant feeling of superiority, inwardly scoffed at the ocher pompadour, erect and bristling, which would have invoked social ostracism on the campus.

There was nothing loverlike in Mr. Muller's attitude as he crossed the lobby with Marcia. She seemed a little ill at ease in face of his visible impatience, and even the elderly woman, when she stood up, radiated an anxiety to please him.

"Aunt Elsa," he said briskly, "the car is all fixed, but we will have to walk down to the garage. Well, are you ready, Marcia?"

As Marcia Hottelbach walked toward the door quick desolation descended upon Arnold Taite. He felt abandoned, slighted; for she seemed to have forgotten his very existence, as though she were now repudiating her earlier friendliness.

At the door she turned her head slightly. Their eyes met and she flashed him a guarded smile, her face beaming with secret camaraderie. She managed, just as she vanished through the door, to add a little gesture of her gloved hand—an excited, intimate wave that was less a farewell than a reminder.

New and thrilling harmonies sang within Arnold Taite. Suddenly it had become a world of glamorous excitement, of romantic, clandestine meetings. There was something now to make him eager for tomorrow and the days to follow. At last he would be admitted to those enchanting scenes he had known only through meager daydreams; at last he would intimately meet with soft laughter, smooth

white cheeks and red enticing lips; trim ankles, even shapely calves, that gleamed softly through glossy silk. He would encounter slender waists that yielded to a masterful arm; mysterious veiled glances that ardently lured him on to enrapturing uncertainties, to breathless adventures in company with those most fascinating and mysterious creatures—girls.

With a jolt he descended to the tile floor of the old lobby. He turned and eagerly thumbed the pages of a telephone book, this time in genuine search.

II

THE big room resembled a bustling workshop with many tall windows. A variety of odors rose from a hundred benches, mingling chemically as they floated toward the high white ceiling. Beneath those drifting gases a hundred young men moved around in shirt sleeves, covered from chin to knee with glistening aprons of black acid-proof rubber.

A select few obviously enjoyed chemistry, whistling as they adjusted a test tube, peering happily into a small porcelain crucible from which rose tiny fluttering banners of steam. The normal majority, however, studied their watches and deftly avoided the instructors; and among the most normal was a tall golden-haired freshman at Desk Number 11.

In spite of a strong distaste for chemistry, a pleasant exhilaration hummed within Arnold Taite's heart—hummed steadily and warmly like the flame of the Bunsen burner on his desk. Every time he thought of tonight a faint panic went shivering through him. He had felt this same delightful, stirred-up sensation in a telephone booth that morning at the sound of a husky voice coming over the wire. Twenty hours had passed since he had first listened to those thrilling tones in the old lobby, and those twenty hours had witnessed a gradual lowering of his new self-confidence. The warm enthusiasm in Marcia Hottelbach's voice, however, had revived that self-confidence, had stimulated the day-old ego to a flourishing growth.

Faced by details of preparation, he had unhesitatingly cut his 9:30 class. In the stolen hour he had cashed a check for twenty-five dollars, paid a call at the tailor's with his new but wrinkled suit, bought a shirt at the university store and made a desperate sprint to the railroad station for a time-table. And during the following hour, while the Latin class toiled with Hannibal across the frozen Alps, Arnold Taite, poring over the schedule, had discovered that the 6:51 was the latest possible train that would deliver him in East Orange at a conventional courting hour.

His watch, consulted for the tenth time, informed him that it was now ten minutes after three. While he arranged a burette over a trough of water, in a feeble effort to determine the composition of air, he examined once more the possible ways of saving a few precious minutes.

He considered neglecting the barber, but promptly vetoed the suggestion. He could not bear the thought of greeting Miss Marcia Hottelbach with his thick yellow hair in obvious need of trimming. The question of supper was trivial. As there was no diner on the 6:51, he would buy a chocolate bar on his way to the train. Neglect of football practice, however, involved more serious consequences. He was due at the field house immediately after this laboratory period, and scrimmage would last until six o'clock or later.

Like a person cautiously fingering an explosive, he considered asking the coach to excuse him. Release from the two-hour practice would give him ample time to dress and catch the train, but the prospect of success was dismal. Perhaps he could limp and plead a torn ligament as a result of the Mercersburg game. Again experience told him that it would be useless. The young freshman coach, himself an all-American of yesterday, was wise in the devious ways of future varsity material.

"I've got to go see my girl."

Remotely he contemplated this frank statement, but the truth, he knew, would not set him free. He wished now that he had cut this laboratory period instead; but fear of the coach had also blocked that move, for the coach was known to have a copy of the class schedule of each candidate, and for every unnecessary cut there had to be an explanation. Once more Arnold pulled out the rumpled time-table and scowled at the familiar figures.

"A peach of a railroad," he murmured disgustedly. "A wonder they wouldn't run a train now and then."

He crammed the time-table into his pocket and aimlessly pushed things around on his desk, creating for any passing instructor an effect of virtuous activity. With a sigh he turned again toward the glass burette. Just as his hand touched it he jumped in sudden fright, while a crackling explosion echoed through the big room. He swung around and saw, across the aisle, a white mass of smoke that sailed peacefully toward the ceiling. Students crowded nearer the disturbance; cheers and happy hoots of derision rose from all parts of the laboratory.

At a desk on his left Taite observed Stumpy Frothingham, a stout popular sophomore, a fellow of infinite jest. Frothingham remained quite unmoved by the explosion. He was leaning against his desk, languidly writing notes in his manual. He raised his eyes now, glanced cynically toward the smoke, then resumed writing.

"Stand back, men!" he said in a loud, bored voice. "Women and children first!"

A gangling freshman, white-faced but still intact, emerged from the smoke and grinned nervously at the increasing spectators.

"It was the ammonium hydroxide," he gasped. "The book's right, all right."

One instructor, then another, hurried by, looking anxiously toward the trouble. Inspiration came to Arnold Taite. He stripped off his black apron, stuffed it into the locker above his desk.

"Say, Stumpy," he hissed, snatching his coat, "lock up for me when you leave, will you?"

Frothingham looked at the desk, saw the scattered instruments and the active Bunsen burner. To any inquisitive instructor the setting announced that the proprietor of the desk was away on some brief and legitimate errand to the reagent shelf or the stock room.

"Right-o," said Stumpy. "Taking a run-out powder?"

"Yeah, I got a date."

"Why, you nasty old snake!" said Frothingham approvingly. "Well, kiss her once for me."

By a circuitous route, watching sharply for instructors, Taite reached the door.

Restraining his eagerness, he sauntered through, went down the long wooden stairway and fled lightly into the October afternoon.

(Continued on Page 69)

"Now Here's One of Me in a Bathing Suit. Somehow it Seems I Just Got Bewitchinger and Bewitchinger"

THE CACTUS EATERS

"I Said Don't Talk! And Don't Move, Any of You!"

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

THE road crept up an interminable slope toward a range of scalded hills, turned to the left into a wash and promptly became a thing of sand and bowlders. Now and then the sand gave way to a riffle of bed rock on which the footing was firmer. But again it turned incredibly soft, more like dry wood ashes than sand or like baking powder fresh from the can. The softer places were apt to be level; but at times the grade became severe, even where the footing was sandy.

Donovan held his little car to its course for more than two miles, measured by the speedometer from the left turn. Then he shut off the gas.

"We're boiling over like taffy in a teakettle," he remarked wearily into the heat. "This is stiff stuff."

"They warned you against taking this road," O'Day gasped, when he could find the breath.

Donovan's dry lips expanded into an alkaline grin. "I know. They wanted us to detour north into the Midland. Not for me. I'm too good a cactus eater to care much for processions. I like the feel of raw sand on my wheels."

"You're getting it."

"So are you—and that's another reason. I've had it before, but you haven't. Then, of course, there's that other matter of insurance. We don't have to worry about thieves on this road."

"Thieves to steal your three diamonds?"

"Three, colonel? I'm shotted down with them. I bulge out at the ribs like a treasury truck. You ought to know—you saw the things. I lift my hat to the sand—it keeps off thieves. This road hasn't had a holdup in forty years. You can sleep of nights on this road."

The two lean Irishmen—Donovan, jewel expert for Redelos Indemnity, and O'Day, his immediate chief—were returning from a trip into Nevada. Ostensibly they had been looking over some mines, but the mines were an excuse. O'Day had expressed a wish to drive into the desert. Donovan, who knew the Mojave a little, had engaged to show him around.

The diamonds were present by accident. They belonged to a wealthy but eccentric woman named Long whom Donovan had met in Detroit when appraising the stones for insurance. Later she had been seized with the whim of dragging them about with her. As if this folly were not enough, she had undertaken not long before to drive to the Pacific Coast with her son. Donovan had found her in a desert ranch house fifty miles off the road, confused, frightened, ill from heat and bad water, but still hugging her diamonds. His offer to relieve her of them almost made her well.

"You're going to drop a bearing," said O'Day, "standing here in this murderous sunlight."

"Have to let the engine down gradually."

"Your rubber's smoking," said O'Day to that.

"That was the speed. . . . Hot, colonel?"

"Cooked. No red meat in me left."

Donovan nodded toward a smaller wash that joined them from the south.

"The reason I stopped at this point instead of at some other is because we spend the night here. There used to be a spring up that left fork."

O'Day groaned. "Hot water! Think of that!"

"You may scoff, but we shan't smell water again for thirty-five miles, and perhaps not for fifty or sixty. Don't forget that a drilling outfit is camped at Gooseberry Wells."

"How about that other spring you spoke of?" asked O'Day.

"This is it," said Donovan.

"Eight miles this side of the Gooseberry, you said."

"More than eight."

O'Day made a grimace. "Three times, at a guess, as far as we've traveled up this wash."

"Nearer four," said Donovan, "but the road isn't so bad as this all the way."

"How far up the left fork is this spring?" asked O'Day.

"About a third of a mile."

"Kismet! It is our fate."

The spring proved to contain water, but it was so foul it could not be drunk. Since they did not wish to waste it, they brought it back for the radiator.

After that they made a virtue of accepting their discomforts. The blinding flare that was the sun slowly swung down into the west, but the wash still throbbed with heat like an oven. Its bowlder-strewn, rock-bound hillsides cast no shade. Further heat seemed unendurable. They therefore did not try to make coffee or cook, but instead drank cold tea from a vacuum jug and spaded their supper from tin cans purchased in town.

"If you call this heat bad, colonel ——"

"—— wait until tomorrow?" asked O'Day.

"Tomorrow—yes. Tomorrow the sand will be finer. Tomorrow we shall have brighter sunlight, more drought, heavier grades, more wind, more powdered borax to breathe, more turkey buzzards looking down at us from overhead. Tomorrow will offer us more mistakes we can make that we have to pay for—and not at the end of the month, either."

"Try a mustard sardine," said O'Day.

"If we break down ——"

"Or these canned tomatoes. Best tomatoes I ever ate."

The setting of the sun stopped the heat at its source, but the rocks and bowlders about them remained hot long afterward, as did also the ironwork of the car. But later the air became freezing cold. They went to sleep wrapped in blankets, beneath a ceiling white with the frost of stars.

They were awakened soon after midnight by a sound up the wash in the distance.

"Some prospector traveling by night," said Donovan.

They would have had to rise in any event, for they had made their bed in the road. The sound of the laboring car grew louder. It made slow progress, even down grade, but before long they saw its glow on the side of the wash above, and then, as it rounded a point of rock, saw its headlights.

The car approached and stopped. Its driver, a thickset, smooth-cheeked dusty youth scarce out of his teens, climbed down and advanced to greet them.

"Hello ahead, there!" he called.

"Looking for anybody?" Donovan asked.

"Yes, I am. I'm looking for a man named Osteopathy," replied the other, breaking into a frank grin at his own humor. "I can see that you're not him. Can I get a room for the night in your hotel here?"

"Any baggage?" asked Donovan gravely.

"I have, but the tread don't match, and the left rear has a patch on its chin. My name's Elkhart—Bob White for short. I'm runner for the K. & Z. outfit, over in the Amargos'."

Donovan spoke O'Day's name and then his own. Bob White shook the sand from his shoulders, removed his hat from his shock head and emptied out the sand in its folds, then slapped his hands against each other until the color of the skin appeared. The action gave him time to think what to reply.

"Pleased to meet you" was the best he could do. He added disarmingly: "This sand slows up a man something awful. You can pan it out of your sugar, but when it gets up your nose you're gone. Ain't it the truth?"

"When it gets up your nose you sneeze," said Donovan.

"You're talking to a cactus eater," said O'Day. "Ask me. I don't sneeze. I curl up and die."

"About my room, now?"

"You might take the back parlor," said Donovan.

"Fair enough. And the garage?"

"You can park in the street where you are."

"Slow but sure for me. That's fine. I'm a cactus eater myself, some ways, but I do like to have good garage service, with a stone under my tire pump and everything. It lengthens the life of the little streamline a full ten years."

The newcomer turned to glance at his lights, but decided to let them burn for the moment. The movement revealed further details of his appearance. In his hip pocket he carried what looked to be a pistol. His left coat sleeve had on it what looked to be a stain. This would have attracted anyone's attention, caked with dust though it was. Donovan did not stare at it, but his eyes sought it again and again.

He did not, however, speak of it just then. "Slow, did you say?" he asked instead. "I took you for Paul-in-a-Hurry."

"Hurry? I don't know that car. My bus is an Up-and-Dawdle. You see, I expected to stay at Gooseberry Wells, over the hill back there, but they had visitors sitting in for supper and when I tried to register it was to laugh. No water for either of us—not a sprinkle. You'll find it the same if you're headed back. So I had to keep on."

Donovan wondered if O'Day had noticed the discrepancy. The schedule was one for a snail. If the young man calling himself Bob White had reached Gooseberry Wells at suppertime, and had kept on, he had spent from four to six hours on the road, although the distance was only eight miles. Mere sand would hardly account for that slowness. But apparently O'Day had not; nor did he seem to have had his attention drawn to the stain, if he could be judged by his actions, although later he showed that he had seen it at once.

"When did you leave the Gooseberry?" asked Donovan.

Again Bob White grinned disarmingly. "I forgot to tell you. The bozos there were hogging all the water, but they were long on acreage. So I made camp anyhow—for company—expecting to light out at daybreak. But that bunch and me didn't mix a-tall, so I turned in. Then, when I couldn't go to sleep, I got to thinking things over and decided to make a break for this town tonight. That way I could clean out the spring if she was choked. She'd just about fill by morning. Now it don't look so good, with you here first."

O'Day

The statement explained the delay, but it did not explain the stain. Donovan debated asking directly about it, but before he could phrase his question O'Day had begun asking questions of his own.

"You used a word that's new to me," O'Day boomed out. "You said you were a runner for the K. & Z. outfit."

"That's a drilling outfit," replied Bob White.

"Runner? What's a runner?"

"A runner is me when I'm sitting on a drill. A drilling outfit is made up of a runner and his helpers. A helper is just anybody, but a runner has to know his job. He runs the drill. When he's off she stops. He's the boss. He has a boss over him, too, but he only looks in once in a while."

"How long have you been off your drill?" asked Donovan, who had seen a good deal of drilling in his time.

"Since day before yesterday. We struck a cave-in and I had to fill in with cement. While she was setting I ran over to the city. I can start again tomorrow noon."

"Aren't you crowding your plug?" asked Donovan.

"She'll be ready. I used a little soda."

"Cement?" asked O'Day.

"It's this way," replied Bob White: "Maybe you don't know drilling a-tall. I'm running a diamond drill, see? That's a core drill we use in prospecting sometimes. A diamond drill is nothing but a piece of iron pipe with diamonds stuck around the bottom edge. When you stand the pipe on end and turn it, the diamonds cut a ring through the rock and the core comes up into the pipe. That's why we use that kind of a drill—we want the core to show us what's down there. The core gives us the dope—what's there, how deep and everything, and no guesswork."

"I can see that," said O'Day.

"We lay out the core and save it, just as it comes up. All right. We're pressing down on the pipe and turning it, see? Fast—five times a second. The pipe would burn out pronto if we didn't use water to cool it. We have rigamajigs to pump down water and rigamajigs to lift out the core, and we're boring straight down into solid rock, see? No trouble a-tall, because carbons—they're the diamonds—will cut through anything.

"But suppose, now, we hit a streak of mashed rock or sand or something that don't cut clean but caves in on us. If we keep on sinking, the walls of our hole cave in on our bit and wedge it fast. We can't turn it and we can't pull it out. We can't keep on until we first stop the caving, see? We could stop it by reaming the hole and running down casing, but that would be slow and cost real money. Instead of that, we pull the drill and fill the hole with cement past the soft place. Then we wait until she sets, and drill through the cement plug."

"He asked if you weren't crowding your plug," said O'Day.

"Sometimes people get in a hurry. Old-timer meant drilling it too soon, before the cement was hard enough."

"You spoke of using soda," said Donovan, testing his knowledge.

"A little soda in neat cement makes it set faster."

"How much soda is a little?"

"I use a pound to three bags of cement."

(Continued on Page 124)

The Question Seemed Unexpected. The Prisoner Glanced at Donovan With Pained Eyes, as if Stunned by It; But He Brought Up His Head Sharply and Replied, "Yes, I Told You That"

A TINTYPE OF THE FLASH AGE

By Alexander Gardiner

Two Celebrities of the Flash Age, Canfield and John L. Sullivan, Against an Idyllic Saratoga Background

XV

IN CANFIELD'S salad days as a gambler in Providence he had become acquainted with one Thomas Sprague, proprietor of a faro establishment on the top floor of a building at Eddy and Union streets, not far from the center of the city. It was in a house run by Sprague that Canfield had won part of the money that took him to Europe in 1876, before he became night clerk at the Union Square Hotel.

A month or so after his marriage, paying a visit to his mother in Providence, Canfield stopped in to see Sprague and talk over a proposition Sprague had broached the preceding spring—that Canfield come in with him in the management of the house. The poker club in Pawtucket was all right as a stop-gap, an expedient to insure him and his wife enough to support them, but it held no promise of large returns. Now Providence, with its population of 125,000, was more than six times as big as Pawtucket; and though there was danger of running afoul of the police, the takings of a good faro house made the risk of arrest worth while—and Sprague had never been troubled in the ten years or more he had run a house, though not always at this location.

Sprague had always admired Canfield. He liked the assurance of the younger man, his poise, his ability to attract men to himself. And since Canfield had $5000 that he had saved from his Spring Lake and Pawtucket poker-club ventures, and was acquainted with sports from all over Southern New England, as well as New York and Boston drummers, he was an excellent asset. They shook hands in an informal agreement that was more binding than any papers could be. And the Canfields a couple of weeks later were living in Sutton Street, Providence.

The decision to go into the gambling business in a more ambitious way than the Pawtucket poker club offered had not been taken hastily. Richard Canfield was certain now that he could make a good living in the hotel business and probably eventually own a hotel. But it would be an up-hill fight and the money would probably not come until he had lost all the zest of life. Now gambling was a different proposition. The house always won—and handsomely if there was steady play. Faro bank was better than poker—more action to it. How prosperous those New York gamblers had been—Morrissey, who had cashed in his checks a year after Canfield arrived in New York; Ransom, Chamberlin, Reed and Spencer.

The new partner was a philosopher in a superficial way. After he was out of the gambling business, he was to continue to criticize those who closed gambling houses. Now he put the hotel business behind him. Gambling was definitely his profession. What he needed now was cash—plenty of it. There was no better advertisement for a gambling house than the prompt payment of a big sum to a winner.

There was no such thing as buying absolute protection in Providence as Canfield was to buy it in New York years later, but certain patrolmen were given money every so often to forget about the Canfield and Sprague place. They were unable to guarantee anything except that they themselves would not raid it without giving the partners a chance to get their patrons and paraphernalia out of it.

The police force in Providence numbered nearly 200 at this time, and though the night patrolmen lost valuable time turning on and off the gaslights in the streets, a circumstance which aroused a protest annually from the chief of the department, the crime situation was not alarming.

There was an average of one murder a year between 1880 and 1886, and burglaries and robberies were far less than an average American city of 125,000 today has. The arrests for gambling over a ten-year period that included Canfield's operations were: 1878, 4; 1879, 9; 1880, 4; 1881, 2; 1882, 22; 1883, 20; 1884, 5; 1885, 0; 1886, 8; 1887, 0.

Then suddenly, on Saturday night, April 26, 1884, a special detail of police came down on the Sprague and Canfield place, arrested the two partners and Clark, an employe, and hauled them off to a station house. Sprague had been dealing, with Canfield his lookout. Sprague put up the money needed for bail and on Monday the three pleaded not guilty to the general charge of gambling. They were held for action by the grand jury, which indicted all of them that September. The Canfield indictment charged that:

> Richard Canfield of Providence, yeoman, . . . with force and arms at Providence did act as lookout for a certain game of faro, a banking game wherein money and other property, to wit, twelve chips, each of the value of twenty-five cents, were dependent on the result of said game.

There is a tradition in Providence that the court room was crowded when the judge pronounced sentence on the three gamblers on July 17, 1885, and that the decision to send the men to jail produced a sensation. The matter-of-fact way in which the Providence Evening Bulletin recorded the court's action under a small headline would indicate that, aside from the prisoners and a few of their friends and enemies, nobody took much interest in the affair.

The Evening Bulletin account ran:

> The three men, Canfield, Sprague and Clark, charged with gambling, pleaded guilty in the Common Pleas Court this morning and were sentenced to six months in jail and to pay the costs. There was a strong effort made to have the sentence of costs only passed, but Attorney General Colt vigorously demanded a severer sentence.

The Providence Journal the next morning had nothing about the case in its columns.

One of the Gaming Rooms in the Saratoga Casino

XVI

CANFIELD was thirty years old when he went to jail. Though he once told an interviewer that those months in jail were the happiest period of his life, because through his reading he there acquired a taste for literature that opened up to him an understanding and appreciation of all art, he was bitter about the circumstances that caused him to be sent there. He believed that he was railroaded to jail.

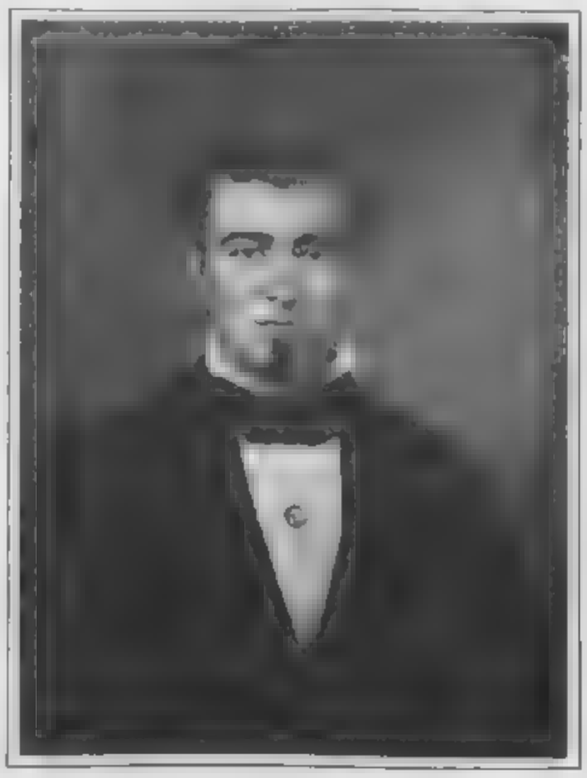
For six months, ending January 16, 1886, Canfield and his fellow gamblers were inmates of the Providence County Jail at Cranston, a town adjacent to Providence. The old jail and state prison have long since been torn down and today jail and prison inmates are confined in another town. Nobody who was attached to the old institution is alive today, I am assured by Warden Charles E. Linscott, of the Providence County Jail and State Prison at Howard, Rhode Island.

The old prison had few comforts. But Canfield and his companions didn't have time to worry. Since

they were to be in for only six months, it was not worth while to teach them the trades of shoemaker and hatmaker. Instead, they were engaged in the easy and not altogether uninteresting job of making cane baskets and caning chairs.

In his leisure hours Canfield read books from the prison library—fiction, history, poetry. He became especially interested in a history of religions and an old art book someone had given to the prison. These books he read several times.

When they got out in January, Sprague and Canfield decided that they had better not set up another gambling house in Providence. Sprague had enough to keep him comfortably for a time without work, but most of Canfield's reserve had melted away through the expenses of the trial. Clark drifted away and the two partners did not hear from him again. When, in June, 1886, Canfield set out for New York a second time it was with a promise from Sprague of assistance in setting up a house in New York once things were favorable. Two years later Sprague came on to New York to become a dealer in Canfield's house, to be pensioned when his friend and employer quit the gambling business. Sprague died a year before Canfield, who had provided in his will that if Sprague should survive him he would get $30,000 from his estate.



The Hon. John Morrissey, Pugilist, Tammany Congressman, and Canfield's Predecessor in New York and Saratoga

Mrs. Canfield did not go with her husband to New York. She was to make her home in Providence all through his New York adventures and for four years after his death. There, mainly on the unfashionable west side of the city, she maintained their modest home, bringing up their daughter and son in middle-class respectability while her husband made and spent thousands upon thousands of dollars every year. Canfield, from the early '90's, went to Europe nearly every year, sometimes twice a year. His wife never accompanied him, though he many times urged her to go—probably she remembered that good times for gamblers don't always last. Mrs. Canfield's mother came from Pawtucket to live with her in the early '90's and stayed until her death some sixteen years later.

Canfield visited his family in Providence on an average of once a month throughout the years, and Mrs. Canfield and the children went less frequently to New York, and never to Saratoga or Newport. Their daughter married in 1910, when she was seventeen, and went to New York City to live, but when the marriage proved a failure she came back to live in Providence with her young son.

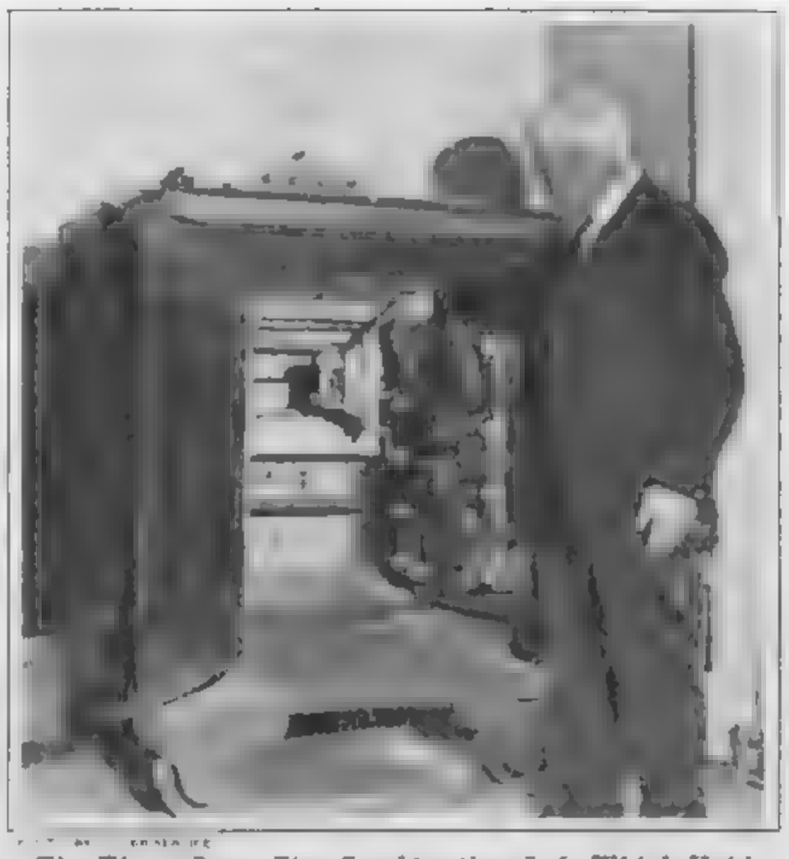
XVII

THE New York to which Richard Canfield returned in the early summer of 1886, five months after his release from the Providence County Jail, was considerably changed physically from that which he had left in 1878. The Brooklyn Bridge was a commonplace now, as were the Elevated roads, which in the earlier day had been a cause for wonder. Jake Sharp's horse cars drawn on rails, made possible by the Boodle Aldermen of 1884, had replaced the picturesque Broadway stages. The choicest bit of the Tenderloin was now definitely above Madison Square, with hotels strung along Broadway right up to Forty-second Street. Theaters and restaurants and oyster bars, gambling houses and dancing and drinking halls that were, in effect, disorderly houses, combined to make the night life of the district a byword to the entire country.

Henceforth Canfield was to look upon New York as his home, the center of his every interest outside of his family, which he repeatedly wished to come on and stay with him.

Honest John Kelly of Tammany had just died and the selection of Croker as his successor was still in the future. The mayoralty campaign that fall was to see all factions of the Democratic Party united in support of Abram S. Hewitt, son-in-law of Peter Cooper, against Henry George, the noted single-tax exponent, and Theodore Roosevelt, just beginning to make his influence felt in Republican politics. Hewitt won easily, but two years later, after he had repeatedly refused to take orders from Croker, Tammany turned against him and put up Sheriff Hugh J. Grant, whose chief merit as a candidate appeared to be that as an alderman in 1884 he had said no when his colleagues were saying yes to Jake Sharp. Grant defeated Hewitt and proved in his single term to be the most docile officeholder Croker managed in the more than sixteen years he steered things for Tammany.

Canfield took a horse car up Broadway to Union Square and his cousin's hotel. He confided to Andrew Dam that he was through with hotel work and wanted to get into No. 818 Broadway as a dealer. The old brownstone house near Twelfth Street had slipped from the high estate of the Morrissey days, but it was still one of the important gambling houses. Ferdinand (Gus) Abell and Lucien O. Appleby were controlling its destinies. They took Canfield's name and told him they would get in touch with him if anything turned up.



The Three-Door, Five-Combination Safe Which Held as Much as $5,000,000 at Saratoga

In 1877 a number of prominent men, vexed that the laws regulating the sale of liquor were openly flouted, had organized the Society for the Prevention of Crime. It was this organization that, under the leadership of the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, was in later years to prove such a thorn in the flesh to the police and Tammany Hall. By 1879 it was trying a new idea in fighting gambling houses. Its detectives visited the houses, learned names and addresses of the players and reported to D. J. Whitney, secretary of the society's law-enforcement committee, who then made up a list which was available to employers in need of clerks. When the newspapers pointed out that the cure, with its invitation to blackmail, might well be worse than the disease, Mr. Whitney protested that he alone had access to complete information about the erring players. The society's detectives, he explained, did not even know one another, and no person's name went on the list on the uncorroborated statement of one man.

"It may be found useful hereafter to consult this record as to an employe's character as a merchant refers to his Bradstreet for the ratings of his patrons," he smilingly told reporters.

The list was never used extensively, because it was feared the gamblers would bribe the society's detectives to pack it with the names of respectable youths and thus bring upon the society a flood of lawsuits.

Whitney, on a Saturday night in January, 1880, led forty policemen in a raid on No. 818 Broadway. The tip had gone ahead of the raiders, and when neither paraphernalia nor players could be found in the place, Whitney put the warrants in his pocket, saying that he would use them another time. The lawyer for the gamblers appeared on the following Monday before Justice Kilbreth and protested that the warrants should be returned to the court and not held over the heads of his clients as a threat. On his agreeing to bring the clients to court, the warrants were surrendered.

What happened subsequently was described thus in the Times:

"At 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon the door of Justice Kilbreth's private office in the rear of the Tombs Police Court opened

(Continued on Page 141)

The Canfield Casino at Saratoga as It Looked About 1900

SAGE

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

A WILD contralto squall pierced the gathering twilight and floated far across the vast expanse of olive sage. Falling upon human ears unschooled in such matters, it would have seemed merely a cry, wild and meaningless, among all the other sounds that ushered in the descending night. Had it fallen upon ears for which it was intended, however, it would have conveyed a message of vast import.

Apparently there were no such ears within the radius of that call, for there was no answer. For two months, in fact, even while cruising his own home range, no voice of his kind had been lifted in answer to Swift's nightly call. He was the sole surviving member of his immediate family. One by one his parents and his brothers and sisters had fallen victim to the wiles of men.

Some had stepped in the coyote traps put out by wolfers. The others had succumbed to poison baits spread for coyotes later in the winter by the sheepmen whose flocks ranged there. The coyotes, the jolly miscreants against whom these deadly devices had been aimed, had experienced a depletion of their ranks, yet had survived in sufficient numbers to carry on the race in defiance of the relentless campaign of extermination. Swift's clan, however, not so numerous or so wise as the coyote tribe, had been swept from this part of its former range.

Swift was the last living member of his kind thereabout. He was that rare and tiny fox of the sage-clad flats and benches. Much smaller and more lightly built than the jack rabbit, with a tail almost equaling the size of his body, he was possessed of tremendous speed and an unbelievable grace of movement. Among the early settlers in the sage country, those who had been privileged to catch an occasional glimpse of one of these lovely little creatures and to watch it vanish in the sage with incredible speed, had called the tiny foxes swifts, by which name they are still known throughout their former range, though listed on the fur markets as kit foxes.

Swift, heretofore satisfied to confine his activities to his familiar range, had been increasingly restless for the past few days. Although this was his first winter on earth, racial instinct apprised him of the fact that this was the mating moon of his clan. On this night, his yearning summons still unanswered, the urge to hear an answering hail rose above fear and induced him to travel beyond the boundaries of his usual habitat, to invade strange territory.

He knew man as his inveterate enemy, ever devising new and mysterious means to take his life. Therefore, whenever possible, he avoided the vicinity of men and every spot where his nose informed him that men had been. This aversion precluded the possibility of his moving down country to the westward; for there, at the foot of his native sage-clad mesas, the broad valley was populated by men and the creatures of men.

On every excursion that Swift made to the lower benches his ears were assailed by the sounds that rose from the haunts of men—the creaking and rattling of belated wagons on some ranch road, the bawling of cows, the maddening blat of sheep, the barking of dogs. The black pool of the valley was dotted by the twinkling lights of ranch-house windows, as if it were a lake that mirrored the stars above.

That way Swift, filled with a dreadful fear of man, refused to travel. He turned upcountry, therefore, and crossed through a high pass beyond which he never before had ventured.

Having braved that pass, his old home range was to hear his voice no more, nor that of any other of his kind. Already there were vast areas, once populated by his tribe, where now the sandy floors of washes and the dust of coulee bottoms would remain forevermore unmarked by the tiny tracks of Swift's people. His was a vanishing breed.

The country pitched down from the pass to the floor of a gulch, then rose still higher with the next upward roll of the hills. A series of such rolls led him eventually to broad plateaus that topped that particular range of hills; not very lofty, that range, but of sufficient elevation to be crowned with a forest of scrub pines.

Swift had no liking for such country. Handed down through countless generations was his love for the open range, vast flats of sparse vegetation, great sloping mesas and broad sage-clad benches. Only that desperate loneliness, the all-compelling urge to seek female companionship at this certain season of the year, could overcome his dread of entering the dark aisles of the forest. But there was no man scent thereabout, no sounds of the creatures that Swift associated with man. It was February, the old snowdrifts deep in the timber and even in sheltered gulches of the open country. The first shoots of green grass had not yet put in an appearance and the flocks and herds of the settlers had not yet been thrown out upon this higher range. But even the complete absence of his archenemy could not still the racial dread of dark forests that was his heritage from a thousand generations that had inhabited the open country.

Before braving the forest, therefore, Swift cruised at its edge, hoping to find an aisle of open country leading through it. His every sense was alert, his sharp nose quivering as he sampled every stray current of air, his big, expressive eyes scanning every object in his path, his ears attuned to catch the slightest sound. So swift and graceful were his movements that when some sound or some movement in the brush ahead alarmed him, he halted so abruptly that if one or the other of his forepaws happened to be lifted at the moment he froze at attention with the member still held aloft. And he went into action again with the same startling rapidity. From a dead stop he started on high and simply faded into the surrounding landscape. For Swift, both in size and in activity, was the humming bird, so to speak, of the canine tribe.

At last he ventured into the black shadows of the forest, advancing with a flash of speed for some twenty yards, then coming to an abrupt halt, every faculty keyed to alertness. Nothing happened. After the space of half a minute another dash carried him for an additional fifty yards into the somber depths. A second pause, then he definitely committed himself to the terrors of timber, and, once committed, his passage through that two miles of forest resembled the meteorlike flight of a humming bird between two widely separated arbors of honeysuckle. As he came out again into an open park a mile across, his heart was pounding with the rapidity of a machine gun. The accumulated fears of his ancestors had pursued him every foot of the way in that first venture into the unknown terrors of the forest.

Now the spicy tang of the sage, replacing the highly scented aroma of pine, reassured him. He sneezed to clear his nose of the last lingering remnants of that alien odor and inhaled deeply of the blessed sage that was home to him.

His fears now allayed, another primal impulse of all flesh swayed him momentarily from the great purpose that had led him forth to brave strange country. He stopped dead in mid-stride as a faint scent of live meat assailed his nostrils. Then he moved on carelessly, for that one faint whiff had apprised him of the fact that the scent was that of a ground squirrel, and he knew that that animal would not be abroad at night. Nevertheless, he advanced to the mouth of the rodent's tiny burrow and indulged in a tentative sniff.

As he veered into the wind that all-powerful nose informed him of the variety of meat ahead as unerringly as the eyes of man decipher the contents of a restaurant window. A prairie-dog colony in the center of the high sage-grown park was passed up save for a casual sniff or two. Its occupants would not be abroad at night. Pocket mice, a gopher, a roosting sage hen, perhaps a kangaroo rat or some other small night prowler must furnish Swift's repast.

Presently his nose led him to a dead sheep and he paused some distance down wind from it. Hunger urged him to advance and appease his quavering appetite. Fear of death held him back. For several minutes, gripped between these contending forces, he paced a beat of some fifteen yards on the down-wind side, pausing here and there along the course of it to sample the

Swift Made His Pounce and Fastened on the Neck of His Prey

From the Sheltering Brush at its Far Side the Bright Eyes of Tiny, the She-Fox, Peered Back. Daintiest of All the Canines, Beauty Marked Her Body and Grace Her Every Movement

scent of the meat from every angle. There was not the slightest trace of the dreaded man scent and Swift placed implicit confidence in his nose. Its messages were infallible. But it was this same belief in the infallibility of the nose that had brought Swift's clan to the verge of extinction.

He had seen one of his brothers approach a quarter of horse meat round which Swift's own nose had assured him that there was not the slightest taint of man; and it had been a mere matter of luck that the unfortunate brother, not himself, had been first to plant a foot on the pan of the buried trap. He had seen a sister similarly taken at the half-dried carcass of a range cow. His mother, a wary little fox, had been the last to leave him. One night when the snows had blanketed the range for almost a month the mother's distant call had announced the find—a rallying call inviting her only surviving offspring to share the meat. Swift had been very hungry after experiencing a near famine on the snow-buried range. No man had been near the spot to mar that white surface with his tracks since the last fall of snow of some weeks past. Therefore, the little mother had reasoned, it would be perfectly safe to feed upon the frozen sheep that reposed beneath the snow.

Swift had answered her summons and hastened to the spot, to find his mother staggering about, her tiny frame shaken with convulsions, a horrible, hacking rattle in her throat. Then she had stiffened in death. Vaguely, as he rambled his lonesome way about the range, he had sensed what the intelligent coyote had learned long since—that though the messages received by way of the nose were infallible, there were, nevertheless, certain mysteries that the nose could not unravel. Natural enemies could deal harm only when present in the flesh. Man had possessed mysterious powers of inflicting injury and death while he himself was absent. Long after the archenemy had departed and his scent had been obliterated by heat, frost or wind, the danger still lurked at the scenes of his former presence. Absence of man scent, therefore, was not always an insurance against danger.

Dimly Swift had assorted such facts derived from his experience; and dead meat now occasioned fear and distrust even when his nose assured him that no man had been near the spot. From the night of his mother's death his distrust of all meat found on the range had risen above the urge of appetite, even when hunger pressed, and he had killed his own meat or had gone hungry. Thus his survival, though merely a matter of luck at first, of late was attributable to the fact that he had profited by experiences, thereby proving himself, perhaps, a bit superior in adaptability to those of his own clan who had failed to profit from similar experience and so had learned only as they died.

That caution bred of experience fortified Swift now. Reluctantly he gave the dead sheep a wide berth and passed on. This restraint was soon rewarded. The matted dead grass in an upland meadow afforded good cover for mice and their runways formed a network beneath its sheltering mat. Led to the spot by his unerring nose, Swift entered this mouse haven cautiously, stationed himself and remained motionless. A tiny rustling presently revealed the passage of a mouse along a runway. A single graceful leap carried Swift's lithe body to the spot. He descended with forepaws wide apart and pressed them firmly upon the grass roof of the runway on either side of the traveling mouse, thus closing both avenues of retreat. His sharp nose, thrust down between those pressing paws, burrowed through the matted dead grass, and when he lifted his head it was with a squeaking victim in his teeth. A half hour of hunting sufficed to appease his hunger.

Again his yearning summons floated through the night. Tensely, head cocked sidewise, he listened intently for the answer that did not come. A succession of forested plateaus and open dipping meadows lay before him. Having passed safely through one such dismal stretch, he tackled the next strip of timber with less absolute terror, but with many misgivings nevertheless. Midway of the forest a great bobcat, prowling in search of food, focused his eyes on the advancing figure, crouched to spring and launched himself upon the speeding form that seemed driving straight to the destruction of his merciless claws. But so instantaneous were Swift's reactions to danger, so lightning-like his movements when apprised of it, that even though he did not see the form of the great cat until it was propelled through the air with unsheathed claws, he executed a flashing side shift without apparently so much as slackening his forward momentum. The cat might as well have struck at the shadow of some winging bird. Whirling almost in midair, the big cat glared stupidly about; but already the tiny fox had vanished, so light on his feet that the dainty paws made scarcely more sound than floating thistledown to apprise the foe of his whereabouts.

Round him sounded the conversation of various denizens of the night—the hoarse rasping voices of bull bats winging overhead, the gruff hooting of great horned owls, the falsetto quaver of screech owls, everywhere the soprano chorus of the coyotes, and once the eerie call of the rare little pygmy owl. But Swift's call remained unanswered. Then, on the fourth night of his travels, he uttered again his yearning summons and waited tensely for an answer. At last it came, faint from distance, but sufficiently distinct to set his every nerve tingling with delight. It was the voice of a female of his kind, her tones eager and inviting.

Swift turned abruptly from his course and headed to the right in the direction from which that delightful summons had floated, covering the next mile as a darting shadow, then executing one of his abrupt halts to voice his invitation again. It was answered from close at hand. He advanced to the edge of a wide opening in the sage. From the sheltering brush at its far side the bright eyes of Tiny, the she-fox, peered back at him. Daintiest of all the canines, beauty marked her body and grace her every movement. The yellow-gray fur of her back shaded into yellow sides and underparts, her tail a wondrous plume floating to balance her every turn as she whisked from the brush and advanced into the open.

As the human lover appraises his prospective love by feasting his eyes upon her beauty, so the canine suitor appraises the charms of his intended mate by means of his nose. Swift, pausing a few feet down wind when warned against closer approach by a sharp snarl from the throat of his intended, filled his sensitive nostrils with the delightful aroma of her. Then, the movement executed so swiftly as to be almost undiscernible, Tiny had flashed past and stationed herself a few feet down wind in order that her own appraising nose might be brought into play. After half an hour of such ripening acquaintance, during which

(Continued on Page 134)

ALL MESSED UP

By William Slavens McNutt

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

CROWD 'im, kid! Keep in close! Don't leave him get set! Never mind that left! 'At's nothin' but a powder puff! He can't hurt you with it! Remember now—in close an' slug!"

The whistle blew, sounding the ten-second warning. Ted Kiernan's seconds whispered profane words of encouragement and ducked out between the ropes. The hammer fell savagely on the brass bell, announcing the beginning of the ninth round of the lightweight boxing contest between Ted Kiernan and Socker Jackanski.

Kiernan rose from his stool and rushed across the ring toward his opponent. A straight left spanked his bruised features and reopened hastily patched cuts.

It was a light left. At least it had seemed light in the beginning. For five rounds Kiernan had taken the blow with no more reaction than a blink. Now it shook him to his heels. Each time it landed, a flame of pain blazed in him from crown to sole. One smart, stiff tap with a gloved fist does little damage to a well-trained fighter. Upward of a hundred of the same, landed on the identical spot in the space of less than a half hour, are nothing to laugh off.

Kiernan's legs were trembling from weariness and the accumulated shock of those straight lefts. The five-ounce gloves on his hands felt like lead weights. His shoulder muscles ached horribly when he tried to lift his arms. Fighting heat was an anæsthetic that made him unaware of pain from the cuts and bruises on his face, but the blows shook his legs, jarred his spine and added drag to the fearful weight on his arms.

He plunged forward once more, lashing out with both hands at the blur of a face bobbing in the mist in front of him. Jackanski stepped back to let the blows go by. Then, as Kiernan half fell forward from the swing of his wasted punches, his opponent stepped in and smashed a right uppercut flush to the jaw.

Kiernan straightened and shuddered violently. His legs wilted and he sank forward. As he dropped, Jackanski nailed him again with a right to the jaw and spilled him backward on the canvas.

The sting of smelling salts in his nostrils, the slosh of water on his body, a roar of cheering that sounded like far-off surf in his jarred ears, excited voices near by, forms crowding him, Jackanski pumping his gloved hand and saying, "Game kid! You put up a good fight." These were the things that registered first on Kiernan's consciousness when it returned to him.

"Never mind, kid," Pop Nason said consolingly. "I'll get him again for you. You know his stuff now, an' next time out you can lay him like a carpet."

Kiernan rose on unsteady legs, climbed from the ring and made his way along an aisle toward the exit to the dressing rooms. The fans stood to stare greedily as he passed. Some called words of praise, some jeered. A young girl shrieked laughter and clutched her escort's arm. "Oh, look!" she cried, pointing. "His eye! Isn't that too funny?"

A little further along he saw another girl's face. Her lips were quivering. There was pity in her eyes. Kitty Malarkey! Kiernan did his best at a grin with his messed-up features and waved to her. Nice kid, Kitty. She and Kiernan lived in the same hotel, the Maselin, a place patronized by theatrical folk and night-club workers. She was the cigarette girl at the Green Eagle Night Club. Kiernan was sorry she had seen him licked—ashamed.

The dressing room—seconds squabbling over details of the defeat—iodine, collodion and adhesive tape—wincings and exclamations as they patched Kiernan up.

He was standing in front of the mirror arranging his tie when Pop Nason came in, drew forth a sheaf of bills and began checking up the split. He was explaining expenses. So much for this and so much for that. Kiernan was not paying close attention. He was studying his reflection in the mirror. There was a split ear that was already beginning to puff. Nothing to be done about that. It was the first time he had had an ear scrambled. It would thicken and heal rough—a touch of cauliflower. He would carry that mark to his grave.

"That leaves eight hundred an' forty to cut," Pop was saying, arranging the bills in separate piles. "Four-twenty to you an' the same to me. You did a dumb job tonight, kid."

"Yeh?"

"Sure. You fought his fight for him all the way through. You should 'a' done like I said an' stayed in close right from the beginning. 'Stead o' that, you stood off an' boxed him."

"I Just Got By," Kitty Said. "I Only Took the Job 'Cause I Was Flat"

"I stood off!" Kiernan said bitterly, still studying the reflection of his puffed face. "I wish you was in there tryin' to get inside o' that left hand o' his! That guy's got a left like a jail-house fence! I tried to get through to him, didn't I?"

There was a rap on the dressing-room door. Pop Nason hastily handed Kiernan his split of the purse and pocketed the remainder before calling "Come in!"

Pudge Noonan opened the door and came in, grinning foolishly.

Pudge had been a fighter in his day. His face looked as though it had been made of wax and heated until it had melted just a bit.

"C'n yuh fix me up wit' a fin, Pop?" he begged. "I'm a little short tonight."

"Out!" Pop growled. "Every time I make a pay-off station, there you are with your mitt out. Gimme! Gimme! Gimme! If you don't stop your panhandlin' around here, I'll see Casey an' have you took off the free list at this club."

Kiernan took a twenty from his roll and handed it to Noonan.

"Thanks, kid," Noonan whined gratefully. "I'll slip you this in a couple o' days. I'm just short for tonight, see? I ——"

"Out!" Pop repeated sharply. Noonan cringed and ducked. Pop slammed the door. "You're a sucker to stand a touch from that gilly," he scolded Kiernan. "Why, say, if he'd just done what I told him ——"

"How long did you have him?" Kiernan asked.

"Five years," said Pop. "If he'd just done ——"

Kiernan laughed. "You prob'ly told him to stay in close," he scoffed. "Sometimes I think them's all the words you know."

"Listen," said Pop, bridling, "don't get sassy with me, young fella. "I'll ——"

"You'll hunt you up a new meal ticket, that's what you'll do!" Kiernan informed him. "I'm through!"

"Yeh?" Pop sneered. "Is that so? I got a contract with you that's got two years to run yet, an' ——"

"Frame it," Kiernan advised him. "Hang it on the wall. It's all it's good for. There ain't any law in this country to keep me from quittin'."

"You won't fight for nobody else!" Pop shouted.

"I'll promise you!" Kiernan said solemnly. "You're never goin' to get me where Pudge Noonan is. Panhandlin' around, broke an' punch-foolish! My mug all messed up like a scrambled egg! Look at that face o' mine now! The sprout of a cauliflower on that left ear I'll never get rid of. It don't mean nothin' to you. Why should it? You don't have to wear it around! It ain't your brains get shook crooked when them punches land! Get yourself another bum, Pop—I'm done."

"You was drivin' a taxicab when I picked you up," Pop reminded him.

"I been around since then," Kiernan said darkly. "I got a way to get mine without goin' back to hackin'."

"Yah!" Pop sneered. "I always knew you was yellow! Takin' a powder on me after all I done for you!"

Kiernan put on his hat. "I want to do somethin' for you before I leave, Pop," he said earnestly—"somethin' to show I ain't forgot all you done me for. Here!" He lashed out viciously with his left, landing it on Pop's nose and tumbling the manager in the corner of the dressing room. "Stay in close to that one, sucker!" he said. "Keep that smack in the beezer to remember one bum that ducked away from you while he could still add up two an' two an' make four out of it!"

Kiernan's little room was bright with morning sun when a knock on his door roused him. He rose, grumbling, slipped on his bath robe and opened the door. Kitty Malarkey stood in the hall.

"Were you sleeping?" she asked apologetically.

Kiernan nodded and brushed back his tousled hair.

"Come on in," he said, opening the door wider.

"Just for a minute," she said, stepping in. "I thought maybe you was up. A gang of us went to breakfast at Joe's after the last show. We been sitting around up there punchin' the bag. It's near ten o'clock." She sat down looking compassionately at Kiernan's bruised face. "I seen you at the fight last night," he said sheepishly.

She nodded. "I was there with Mareno," she said.

"Oh, yeh?" Kiernan said, interested. "I didn't see him." He laughed ruefully. "I bet he thought I was a terrible bum, huh?"

Kitty shook her head. "He said you were a good game kid," she said. "He said the only trouble with you was you wasn't handled right."

"Never Mind, Kid," Pop Nason Said Consolingly. "I'll Get Him Again for You. You Know His Stuff Now, an' Next Time Out You Can Lay Him Like a Carpet"

"Yeh?" said Kiernan, pleased. "Maybe that was part of it. The rest of it is that I just simply ain't good enough for the fight racket—not good enough to ever get to the top, anyhow. There's somethin' more to that than just bein' game, you know. This town's lousy with punch-drunk old bums, panhandlin' around, 'cause they stayed in there with nothin' but guts. Not me! I'm through! That thing las' night was my wash-up."

"You got sense," Kitty approved. "How do you feel?"

"A little sore," Kiernan admitted. "I'll be all right in a day or two."

"What are you going in for?" she asked.

Kiernan took a cigarette from a package on the dresser top and lit it. After a puff or two, he shrugged and made a face.

"You know," he said, "a guy like me can pick up plenty around if he's willin' to play. Why not? Hell! They're all doin' it."

"Oh!" said Kitty. She sighed and nodded.

"It beats the fight racket," Kiernan argued, "for a guy like me, anyway. I'd rather take a chance on a slug right square in the old pump sometime than go on stoppin' leather till I'm goofy. There's a big shot here in town willin' to start me right. Why not?"

"I don't know," said Kitty. "They all get it in the end."

"Yeh?" Kiernan scoffed. "You ain't seen Mareno gettin' it, have you?"

"He has it pretty soft," Kitty agreed enviously.

"All it takes is guts," Kiernan argued. "Get in right an' play along. They'll take care of you."

Kitty nodded. "I guess so," she agreed. "I'm thinking of quitting too, Ted."

"Yeh?"

"I got a chance."

"Hop to it!"

"I think I will. I never did—yet."

"No?"

"Not like this. This proposition is—you know—an apartment—all that business."

"Big shot?" Kitty nodded. "Why not?" said Kiernan. "Be smart while it's rollin' your way—that's all. Get the dough an' stick it in the bank where they can't get it off you. You'll never get rich at the racket you're in now."

"I just get by," Kitty said. "I only took the job 'cause I was flat."

Kiernan looked at her curiously. "What did you do before you come to the Green Eagle?" he asked.

"I was one of the world's greatest dancers," Kitty said earnestly. Kiernan stared. "Up here," Kitty explained, tapping her forehead. She laughed. "You sure can get fooled on yourself, can't you?"

Kiernan nodded.—"I know," he said gloomily. "When I won my first fight in the amateurs the guy didn't live could o' made me believe I wasn't goin' to be the lightweight champion o' the world in two years!"

Kitty laughed. "Same here. I won some dancin' contests up home and it went to my head."

"Where do you come from?"

"You never heard of the place. A little town away up in Northern Michigan. Did I think I had the world with a ring in its nose? Oh, didn't I? I got down to Chicago first and hooked on with a girl act in vaudeville. Thirty a week, try an' get it! It took me three years to get wise. It's an awful bump to go on, thinking you're going to be a big-stem star just as soon as George White or somebody gets a look at you, and then find out all of a sudden you're just a cheap heel-beater and never going to be anything better."

"People are always kiddin' themselves," Kiernan said.

"I certainly kidded myself plenty," Kitty declared. "I near went nuts when I made sure I was never goin' to amount to anything dancin'. I been half nuts ever since, wonderin' what's goin' to happen. A girl's got to do something. I ain't going to let myself drift along and turn into one of these old women you see scrubbing up around."

"Get it while the gettin's good," Kiernan urged. "Be smart."

"I don't like this fellow," Kitty said regretfully—"not much."

"What do you care?" Kiernan argued. "If he's got the sugar an' he's willin' to spread it—that's all."

"He's got plenty," Kitty assured him. "He ain't stingy, either. I been holdin' him off now for weeks. I ain't stood for any rough stuff, I don't care how big a shot he is. I—I don't like him much."

"A girl's got to look out for herself," Kiernan reminded her. "You said so yourself."

"Sure," said Kitty. "I know. Ain't it a scream when you stop to think? We go along, scared of getting killed and looking out for automobiles, and all that, and, honest, it'd be better for people like us if we did get knocked off Wouldn't it? You know—people that get all messed up an' have to get out the best they can."

"Aw, well," Kiernan said, "you never can tell what might happen."

Kitty stood up. "I got to be getting along to bed," she said. She touched his bruised face with sympathetic fingers. "Poor kid!" she said tenderly.

Kiernan slipped his arm about her, drew her close. "Be your age!" she said wearily. "Don't you think I get mauled enough by the saps down at the flea bag without you handling me?"

Kiernan took his arm away and laughed apologetically. "I didn't mean anything," he assured her.

She smiled and ruffled his hair. "Sure you didn't!" she said. "So long, kid. See you later."

She went out and closed the door. Kiernan slipped back into bed and drew the covers about him.

"Nice kid," he mumbled to himself. "Too bad!"

Tony Mareno greeted Kiernan with a smile. "Tough luck, kid," he said sympathetically. "You put up a nice fight. That long hunky just had too many left hands for you, that's all."

Tony was seated at a restaurant table, busy with ham and eggs. It was eight o'clock in the evening—Tony's customary breakfast hour. Kiernan sat down across from him and ordered coffee.

"I'm off o' that fight racket," he said.

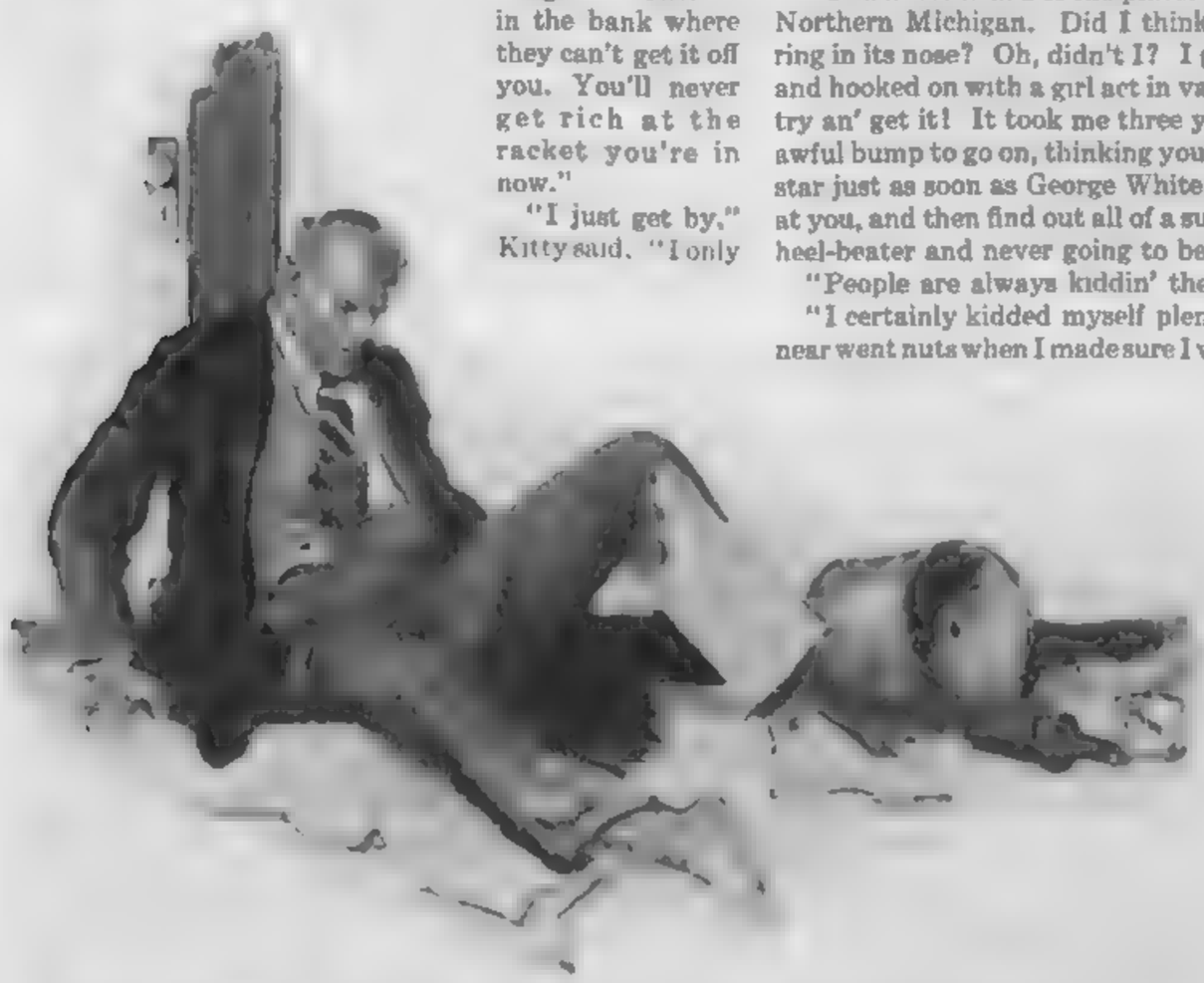
"Yeh?" said Tony.

"It's a nickel-an'-dime game for me," Kiernan went on. "I'll never get up to the ripe apples."

Mareno nodded. "It's a rough ride," he agreed.

Kiernan leaned close. "'Member what you were talkin' to me about the other day?" he asked guardedly. Mareno gave no sign that he heard. Kiernan waited for a little. Then: "Any time," he said. "I'm ready."

(Continued on Page 81)



"Stay in Close to That One, Sucker!" He Said. "Keep That Smack in the Beezer to Remember One Bum That Ducked Away From You While He Could Still Add Up Two an' Two an' Make Four Out of It!"

The Trustification of Europe

By Isaac F. Marcosson

THE World War doomed the political imperialist, but it also paved the way for the industrial oligarchist. Out of the ashes of old empires, notably the German, have risen monarchies of production. The Locarno agreement would be well-nigh futile without the growing economic coördination which, for all practical purposes, is bringing about an unofficial United States of Europe. It is linked by trusts instead of treaties. The way to the new accord lies across directorate tables and not by way of diplomatic chancelleries.

The biggest fact, therefore, in any European survey today is the widespread trustification. Beginning with the national cartel, it has developed into an international combine movement expressing the last word in highly organized direction. Competition is regulated, production allocated, and prices fixed. A considerable part of the Continent has become merger-mad. Even traditional British trade individualism is losing its character in the growing wave of consolidation which now embraces nearly every commodity from glue and glass bottles to enamel and steel.

There are not less than 2000 cartels in Germany alone, while the list of major international groups has reached twenty-six. In addition 100 pooling arrangements tie up the most important European productive agencies in some way. It is tribute to the vitality of their economy that the Germans have not only initiated every intercountry group but are members of all of them.

Industrial combination is only one phase. The latest manifestation is a war-debt bloc. Our debtors are aligning themselves in a solid front to try to bring about a reconsideration of the whole question coincident with fixation of German reparations.

American Enterprise is Putting Down Underground Telephone Cables at Barcelona

An Orgy of Combines

THE orgy of combines has peculiar interest for the United States. Although primarily provoked by the necessity for reconstruction growing out of war and postwar dislocation, the offensive—for such it is—has for its chief objective the restoration of business lost to us since 1914. It would not be fair to say that all the international trusts are aimed directly at the American product. In copper we are members of the same club, so to speak. It reveals, let me add, our only recent participation in such activities. The amalgamations do reflect the mood for federative effort to cramp Uncle Sam's commercial style wherever possible.

Trusts are merely a single expression of this purpose. Take a look at the long array of tariff, quota, import and other restrictions and you see that every possible barrier is being reared to shut out our exports. Whether with motion pictures or automobile parts—I cite only two instances—the fundamentals remain the same. Governments and manufacturers are leagued to force the sales of inferior native products at the expense of a superior foreign-made article. In many cases the will of the people is frustrated by the procedure. This is particularly true of motion pictures.

The irony of the situation is obvious when I say that all European nations now engaged in some form of discrimination against the United States agreed to the elimination of commercial handicaps at the Geneva Conference in 1927. They indulged, however, in one of the most persistent of contemporary European forms of passing the buck. With great enthusiasm they assented to the leveling of barriers "in principle." A string is always attached to this gesture whether in business or politics. When it came to actual performance they evaded the issue. The French, German and British film contingents which became effective this year show how freely the word "principle" may be translated.

With restrictions must be linked the institution of control. Here you reach the uneconomic side of the picture, because it defies the law of demand and supply and makes for ill will. Happily, the most dangerous control—the one in rubber—is finished business. It was doomed by its own unsoundness. Several other essential European products, notably potash, are under more or less government supervision, but no formal ban is placed on exports.

Controls are having a bad time, because they have evoked destructive publicity. In addition, the synthetic product is beginning to supplant the real thing. Nitrates are a striking illustration.

A Move for Self-Preservation

ANY appraisal of European trustification must fall into two sections. One is the story of the astounding rise of combines, their interrelation and the effect. The other is the Americanization of Europe. They are closely associated, because the adoption of our industrial processes, chiefly specialization and mass production, has made big industry not only efficient but more mobile. Americanization has spread in other directions.

In England, Germany, France and Belgium the trust provocation was identical. It lay in depreciated currency, overproduction due to war needs, loss of foreign markets, tariff walls, uncertainty of raw-material supplies, price demoralization, the rearing of 5000 miles of new frontiers by the Versailles Treaty, and intensive competition. In the case of Germany there was a special incentive growing out of the loss of colonies and valuable patent rights, notably in chemicals.

It means that the postwar economic environment lent itself more readily to the merger movement than did conditions during the long period prior to the outbreak of hostilities. To begin with, the Allied nations and Germany had the agencies for large-scale production available. Equally important was the fact that throughout the great struggle industry in all belligerent countries was under rigid control. In consequence, production was amenable to supervision. It only needed the stimulus of self-preservation to foster amalgamation.

As we all know, the war shifted world economic hegemony. Before 1914, Britain and Germany had led along their specialized lines; the former with a coal supremacy that bulwarked shipping and constituted a vital bargaining asset; the latter with a combination of organized

A Brown Coal Mine Owned by the I. G., the Famous Interessengemeinschaft Farbenindustrie

production and distribution that planted the Teutonic output everywhere.

These years of agony did more than slaughter millions of lives and ravage wide areas. They changed the trade map. When the Armistice was signed the United States emerged as the dominant creditor power. Europe had become the debtor. In nearly every market place Yankee goods had to a large degree supplanted both the British and the German. We had to be reckoned with because we had begun to learn the world selling game. We were also solvent. The appreciation of these truths helped to inspire the international-trust movement.

One of the first big postwar errors—it bears directly upon subsequent trust events—was the French determination that Germany should be crushed. The physical-fear complex temporarily obscured the economic factor. Hate and fear are not constructive ingredients, as the French discovered. Before long they realized that they had natural commercial associations with the Germans which demanded reciprocity. Lorraine steel, for example, required Ruhr coke. Alsace potash needed Teutonic skill and experience to make it marketable. The result was the Anglo-French economic *entente*, the cornerstone of which was laid in the potash trust. Subsequently developed a variety of joint undertakings that include steel, chemicals and a dozen other important articles. Here you have the beginning of the new international-combine era.

Do not get the idea that the international trust is an outgrowth of the World War. Though the last four years have witnessed expansion on a hitherto unprecedented scale, the institution goes back to the 80's. The first was the International Rail Makers Association, founded in 1883, which included Britain, Germany and Belgium. It was always referred to as IRMA. The word is formed by a combination of the first letter of each of the four words in the title. It is peculiarly appropriate that the mother of international trusts should have had a feminine name. This group was reorganized in 1926 as the European Rail Manufacturers Association, and became ERMA. It now comprises Great Britain, Belgium, Luxemburg, France and Germany.

Vertical and Horizontal

AMONG the prewar international trusts were the borax combine, organized in 1899, with Germany, France, Austria, Great Britain and the United States as members; the wood-screw trust of the early 90's, formed by German, British and French producers; the Franco-Belgian plate-glass *entente* of 1904; the tube trust launched in 1905 by Great Britain, Germany, Austria and the United States; the glass-bottle cartel, set up in 1907, including most of Central Europe and Scandinavia; and the carbide-of-calcium trust instituted in 1908, with Germany, France, Switzerland and Austria as partners.

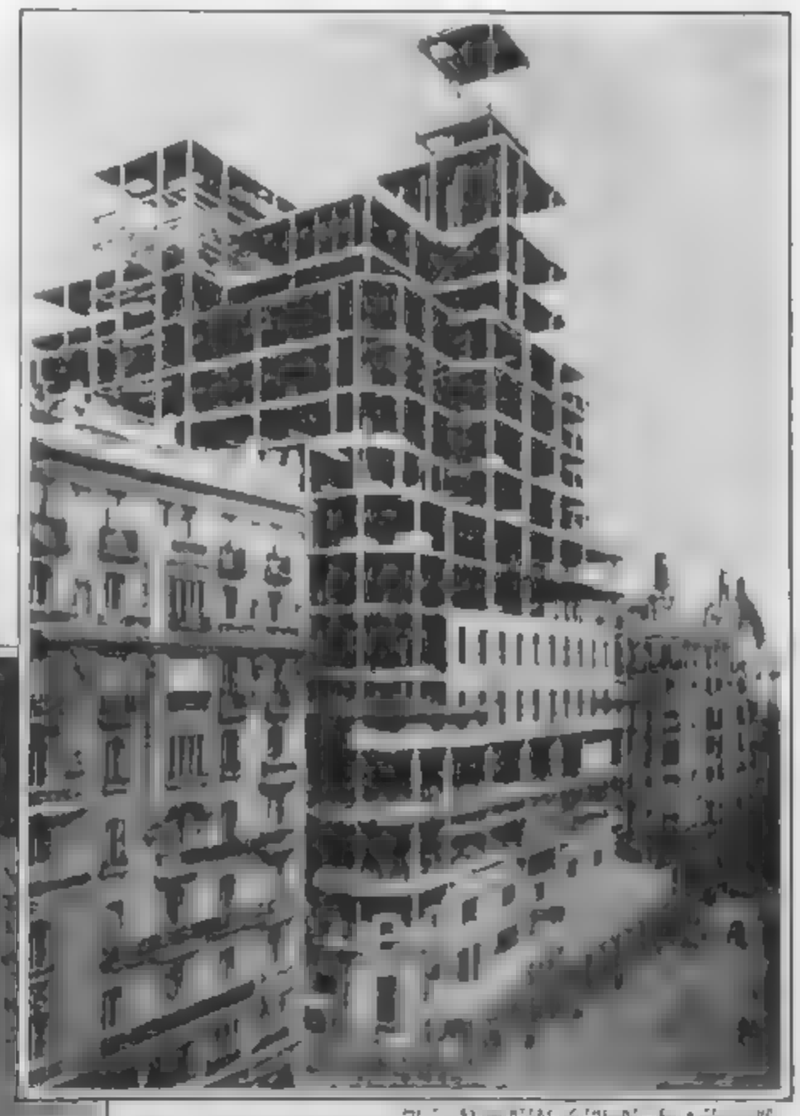
You cannot comprehend the scope and structure of the international movement without knowing something about the cartel system. Although the word "cartel" is bruited about, there is a curious ignorance concerning it. Dr. Julius Klein, Director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce, relates that when he once referred to a cartel, the man he addressed thought it was some kind of surgical instrument.

A cartel is usually a voluntary association of independent enterprises for the joint regulation of output and distribution. Their formation has mainly grown out of competition resulting from industrial crises. Many believe that cartels are invariably born of depression. This is not altogether true. Although the German pioneer groups in coal, iron, paper and potash developed during the deflation following the prosperity after the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian War, normal periods such as 1888 to 1890, 1895 to 1900, 1904 to 1907, and 1910 to 1913, were rich in the creation of such institutions. Moreover, German cartels grew at a great pace subsequent to the customs law of 1879, when the empire turned to a protective tariff. In several industries soap and dynamite in particular—the duties led to a rise in the price of raw materials. The producers were obliged to raise their selling price and several cartels were formed for the purpose.

Dr. Julius Bueb, Director of the German Nitrogen Syndicate

A Fertilizer Salts Silo at the Leunawerke

Inflation bred a whole new flock of cartels. It witnessed the rise of the *Konzerne*, a form of combination in which the constituent companies retain their legal entity but are subject to centralized control in production, selling and financial policies. The most outstanding example was the Stinnes empire, a vertical group of many enterprises dominated by one man. It failed, first because it was reared on paper, second because of its unrelated quality. Stinnes became the prize grabber of his time. Everything from forests to film plants was grist to his combine mill.



The Main Building of the American Telephone Company at Madrid

The collapse of his vast scheme did not mean that the vertical-trust idea is impractical. It has proved to be highly successful in the German mining industry, where coal and ore mines, and transportation and selling facilities are all bound up with big heavy-metal production. Great organizations such as Krupps, Thyssen, Klöckner and Haniel operate as vertical groups. These, however, are the exceptions. The general tendency of all German cartels is horizontal. In this respect they resemble the old American combine.

The German cartels differ from the American trusts as we knew them in the pre-Sherman Law era in that there are many varieties. You have price cartels, whose sole object is to secure a better price for products; production cartels which restrict output to conform to market conditions; district cartels which allocate to members a fixed market in which they alone are authorized to do business, and cartels for the establishment of terms and conditions. These conditions may relate to methods of packing and credits. Since the cartel was first made in Germany, it has endless ramifications. The Teuton is strong on minute detail.

Cartels in the World Market

THERE is no need of rehearsing the history of the German cartel. Three points must be emphasized however. One is that they have eliminated destructive competition within the confines of the republic. Outside of Germany they faced competition of foreign enterprises. Hence the second point to be stressed. Because of external rivalry they became the nucleus of the international trusts which do for the world market what the cartels did for the home selling area. The third is that just as the cartel helped to put Germany into that well-known prewar place-in-the-world sun, so are they now restoring her to a premier productive position.

It is extremely difficult to determine the exact number of German cartels, because they are in constant process of change to meet shifting trade and productive conditions. In 1905, 385 were registered. By 1912 they had grown to 1000. In 1925 a government census of cartels showed a total of 3000, of which 2500 were in industry, 400 in wholesale trade, and 100 in the retail end. A considerable number, especially those which owed their origin to the war and inflation, disappeared after the mark was stabilized. At the present time not less than 2000 are functioning.

Though the cartel has extended to practically every other major European country, one type is peculiar to Germany. It is the compulsory

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Aktiengesellschaft, More Generally Referred to as the Dye Trust

THE MIDDLEMAN

By
Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

Mr. Lemaire Looked at Me Sharply and Remarked That He Had Met Me Before. "But if I Remember Correctly," He Added, "You Were From Oregon This Afternoon"

VIII

IN THE spring of 1908 I left the Empire Wholesale Company, though I went back seven years later. In February of that year a man named Underhill, who operated three general merchandise establishments in Southern Ohio, lost his life when the automobile he was driving was run down by an express train at a grade crossing. It was rumored the catastrophe was premeditated, for he had been living a pretty wild life and his financial affairs were in a bad tangle at the time. He was on our books for about a thousand dollars, and when a meeting of the creditors was held in Dayton I went down to represent the Empire Wholesale Company.

The concern most heavily interested was a big general jobbing house of Chicago, the Gibson Mercantile Corporation, that had a claim for nearly fifty thousand dollars. Norman King, general manager of this concern, was present and made a tentative offer to the other creditors to buy their claims at fifty cents on the dollar in order to avoid bankruptcy proceedings. Considering the condition of the business, I figured this was a reasonable offer and more than anyone would get if the matter was threshed out in court. I accepted the Gibson offer on behalf of my firm and also talked two or three of the other minor creditors into the same way of thinking. Evidently Norman King appreciated my efforts, because he asked me to have dinner with him at the hotel that evening.

Mr. King was English born, a man in his middle forties, with a keen, sophisticated face in which at times there was just a suggestion of ruthlessness. I set him down as a man of great force, but not burdened with human sympathy, and the impression I gained during this first interview was never entirely dissipated in the years I came to be associated with him. But he could be wonderfully engaging when he chose, in spite of this hardness. I believe, in fact, it helped. We all have a streak of vanity in our make-up; and when a man whom we know to be rather cynical toward the rest of the world acts toward us in a charming, deferential manner, we are liable to think he sees something in us that sets us apart from the common herd.

Anyhow, before the evening was over I had told Mr. King pretty much of my life story in response to his urbane questioning; and at the end he said if I ever thought of leaving the Empire Wholesale Company he might be able to find a place for me in his Chicago organization. Flattered, I told him I might be tempted. Nothing was settled at the time; but a few weeks later he wrote me a formal offer of a position with the Gibson Mercantile Corporation at a salary of six thousand dollars a year, which was a big income in those days. I had been getting just half that with the Empire Wholesale Company. I talked it over with Thaddeus Carpenter and he advised me to accept, though he was good enough to say he was sorry to see me go, and added that I might come back if things were not to my liking.

I started work with the Gibson Mercantile Corporation in April. It was at the time one of the largest general jobbing houses in the country, doing a business of around thirty million dollars a year. Asa Gibson had come from Pennsylvania to Chicago directly after the great fire, establishing himself as a buyer of auction merchandise that he sold to retail storekeepers, and from this the business had grown to country-wide proportions. He was a man of seventy-five when I went with the house. There was a son, Roy, who theoretically had a hand in the management, but he spent much of his time in Europe, and also owned a string of running horses that absorbed considerable of his attention. The real head of the business was Norman King, who had come to Chicago from England as a boy and grown up under the tutelage of Mr. Gibson, Sr. I sometimes thought the touch of ruthlessness that I have mentioned in connection with Mr. King came from the necessities of his position. It was his job to make the business profitable; and this was not always easy, for Roy Gibson was one of Chicago's high livers. During one year of my connection with the house I know he drew more than a quarter of a million dollars for personal expenses.

At first I had no regularly defined position, working successively in the credit department, the purchasing department and as assistant sales manager. Then a job was created for me that I worked at as long as I was with the house. Though I never used the title, I was on the books as good-will ambassador; and as such I spent about two-thirds of my time traveling about the country to visit customers of the house, receiving complaints and suggestions, investigating the affairs of those who were not paying promptly, and reasoning with those whose purchases were not so great as the sales department thought proper. Besides these things, I was constantly on the lookout for desirable locations for new stores. The house advertised all the time for men with capital who were ambitious to get into business for themselves, and maintained at the Chicago headquarters a regular school to train such men for retail storekeeping. The idea, of course, was to increase the number of customers. When a man had taken the four weeks' merchandising course, the house would set him up in business, selling him his opening stock and extending him a certain amount of credit.

I never could quite bring myself to believe this was a legitimate activity, at least to the extent to which it was carried by the Gibson Mercantile Corporation. Most of those who came for the merchandising course were men with hardly any business experience—retired farmers, street-car motormen, journeymen house painters, and the like, who had managed to get hold of a little money—and no large proportion of them stood much of a chance to succeed as merchants. The practice was an invention of Norman King, and I always thought it showed his cynical viewpoint.

Once, about a year after I went with the house, I was at headquarters and became acquainted with a fellow named Evard, formerly a machine-shop mechanic, who had inherited four or five thousand dollars and came up from his home in Southern Illinois to learn to be a merchant. He was a slow-moving, slow-thinking fellow who anyone

could see would never succeed in business, and one day I mentioned this to Mr. King.

"Oh, that's all right," he answered indifferently. "We'll make our profit on the opening bill and then watch his credit closely; so even if he fails we won't lose anything."

I explained I was not thinking about our profits or losses, but of the probability of Evard's losing his capital. Mr. King was sitting at his desk at the moment, looking through a sheaf of papers, and he paused only long enough to adjust his pearl scarfpin as he answered in his beautifully modulated tones:

"The fellow's going to lose his money anyhow, so what does it matter who gets it?"

We read nowadays in the journals of cynicism a great many articles designed to prove that all current movements for the uplift of business are pure buncombe, promoted by cunning schemers for their own ends. Doubtless there is much buncombe practiced under the guise of service and other catchwords, and doubtless human nature is just as self-seeking as it ever was. But no one whose memory goes back twenty years or more will deny that business generally has a little more of the milk of human kindness about it than it used to have. Somehow the popular attitude has changed; and I do not know any business executive today but would be ashamed, no matter what his private thoughts might be, to express himself as cynically and openly as Norman King did on that occasion.

I noticed particularly on my early travels for the Gibson Mercantile Corporation this frank policy of exploiting the under dog. While Gibson's did business in all parts of the country, it was, at that time, expanding most rapidly in the South, and I spent considerable time in the lumber and cotton regions of Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi. Among our customers were a good many lumber companies that were engaged in extensive timber-cutting operations and that operated general-merchandise stores. To haul out their timber these companies would build temporary railroads that ran from the main lines into their properties, and little negro settlements sprang up alongside the tracks, inhabited by company laborers.

Once I went into one of these big timber properties, owned by a lumber company, to visit the company manager on a matter involving a disputed settlement with my house. He was a genial fellow named Dick Wallen, and after we had come to a satisfactory agreement on the account, he asked me to stay over Sunday with him at the little hotel in the woods. The lumber company operated half a dozen stores in the small settlements along its twenty miles of railroad and paid off its laborers every night in brass tokens that were accepted as cash in any of the stores. If a laborer quit his job the company was obliged to exchange any brass tokens he had left for real money; so naturally it was to the company's advantage to keep its laborers as near strapped as possible.

Wallen told me that in spite of everything, many of the laborers did not spend all their brass money at the company stores, and he had evolved a further scheme that he hoped would prevent such tendencies toward thrift. Up to that time the only rolling stock on the company railroad was an engine and a few flat cars; but Wallen had been up to St. Louis and found a bargain in a passenger coach that he purchased for eight hundred dollars, and he proposed to run this up and down his line every evening in order to give his laborers opportunity to spend what was left of their brass money in joy rides with their women friends. The passenger coach, Wallen said, had formerly been owned by a promoter of street carnivals.

A few months later I was going from Little Rock to Shreveport, and as the train drew up at the station where the lumber company's line branched off I noticed a number of our passengers looking out the windows and laughing. Getting up to see what was going on, I noticed Wallen standing on the platform, and jumped off the car to speak with him. He greeted me gloomily, and then pointed to an exhibit I hadn't noticed before and that evidently had caused the merriment among the main-line passengers. An engine stood on the lumber company's track, attached to a passenger coach. Half a dozen colored young men and girls could be seen through the coach windows, while on the platform a crowd of their friends jeered derisively. In a few moments the boys and girls in the coach came sulkily out, unable to stand longer the jocularity of their friends.

Directly He Came Back and Said, "Bill the Goods Through the Johnston Company of St. Louis"

The reason was apparent. The former carnival car that Wallen had bought in St. Louis had been repainted, but with paint of such cheap quality that the hot Arkansas sun had partially blistered it off, and there plainly showed gaudy pictures of fat females in tights, along with the legend in huge letters: MURPHY'S DARING DANCING DAMSELS. Wallen told me profanely that it was going to cost him three hundred dollars to send his coach to Little Rock to have the carnival decorations scraped off and the car repainted once more.

Though this capitalistic assault on thrift fell flat, there were others of a more successful nature practiced in those days. Many of the general-merchandise stores in the cotton country were operated by big plantation owners who financed their tenants from one year to another, and it was the general policy to keep the tenants in debt at the stores to prevent their migration to other sections. Local regulations prevented a man from quitting a place so long as he owed money to the owner. In poor seasons there was little trouble, for the tenant's share of the crop seldom paid him out at the store; but occasionally there was a bumper yield and even the most sketchy bookkeeping would show a balance in his favor. In such cases salesmanship of great ingenuity was called into play.

I recall one year when nearly all the stores handled a side-bar buggy, gaudily striped in red and green, that was made by a concern in Cincinnati and cost at wholesale about forty dollars. When a tenant came in for his settlement it was usually easy for the store manager to talk him into taking one of these vehicles at the retail price of one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

All that fall and winter, as I traveled the cotton country, I saw from car windows the selfsame side-bar buggy at the homes of negro tenant farmers. Usually it was stored against the weather on the front porch of the two-room cabin. Another year the bait for keeping tenants in debt was an enormous bedstead, made of highly varnished gum wood, that almost filled the front room and that warped out of shape in a few months.

These and other early forms of peonage have happily gone out of fashion; and whatever else may be said or written by professional cynics, there is less of ruthlessness in business than formerly. Perhaps it is because human nature has changed, but I doubt it. One man's guess is as good as another's; and I would say it is because business itself has become more scientific, more forward looking. If you make a peon of an employe, you get peon service. And by the same token, if you are in the business of selling merchandise, you don't permanently succeed unless your customers prosper. I know of no jobbing house at present that makes a practice of setting ignorant men up in business for the sake of selling an opening bill, as was done by the Gibson Mercantile Corporation and other important jobbing houses twenty years ago.

If I were to name that part of my life that has been most valuable from a business standpoint, I would unhesitatingly choose the three years that I spent as good-will ambassador for the Gibson Mercantile Corporation. My work brought me into the most intimate contact with business men in all sections of the country. One constant surprise was to see how often, in important business crises, men would fail to use the same good judgment that they employed in smaller matters.

This was especially apparent in cases where a man got ready to sell his business. I suppose I have known fifty merchants who closed out prosperous well-established enterprises where they had made substantial profits for years, and then invested the proceeds in lines of business of which they were absolutely ignorant.

(Continued on Page 63)

It Never Looked Precisely Right to Me to See Norman King Sitting at His Desk in the Sophisticated, Charming Manner He Could Assume So Impressively, and Speaking to Some Middle-Aged Employe of the Advantages That Would Accrue to the Fortunate Owners of Stock in the Gibson Mercantile Corporation

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $2.00 the Year—52 Issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador), Ten Cents the Copy; $3.00 the Year—52 Issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 1, 1928

Europe on America's Election

FOREIGN sentiment bearing on the recent presidential election could hardly have been based on a worthwhile understanding of the American issues. Instead, it was the reflection of the views of Europeans as to the possible influence of the outcome of the election upon their own material interests, not America's. We take practically no interest in European elections; yet doubtless most Americans would feel an opposition to the Junker party in Germany because of the belief that a democratic government in that country is advantageous to the rest of the world. If it is true—as was to be inferred from some of the press utterances, especially in France and Italy—that European opinion was favorable to the Democratic Party in the recent election, it is of interest to Americans to consider upon what this support was based. Certain countries in Europe feel the effect of the American policy of restriction of immigration. In these countries it was believed that a Democratic Administration would be more lenient in the enforcement of the present law than the present administration. Or, it was hoped that a Democratic Administration would be favorable to modification of existing restrictions on immigration.

At the time of the election France had not ratified the debt settlement arranged several years ago. The Republican candidate was a member of the debt-settlement commission. He shares the policy of the administration in which he participated. He is intimately and thoroughly familiar with conditions in Europe. As chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, head of the Interallied Food Council, a member of the Supreme Economic Council in existence during the peace negotiations, and as head of the American Relief Administration operating in Central and Eastern Europe and in Russia after the war, Herbert Hoover was in position to obtain an intimate view of agriculture, industry, commerce and currency conditions throughout Europe. Upon such knowledge is based the estimate of capacity to pay international debts. From Herbert Hoover, as from Calvin Coolidge and Andrew Mellon, Europeans knew just what to expect in matters of debt settlement, subject to future developments in Europe.

From the point of view of even well-read and intelligent foreigners, Europeans did not know what to expect of the candidate of the Democratic Party. To them it was the gamble between an unknown and a known. Without the Democratic candidate's having said anything to justify expectations, the Frenchman may have reasoned to himself that perhaps a Democratic Administration would cancel the war debts or at least grant still more favorable terms. The Germans may have hoped that a Democratic Administration would, in the spirit of Woodrow Wilson, interpose between France and Germany, for example, in the matter of the evacuation of the Rhine. Or, Germans may have hoped that a Democratic Administration would be less averse from associating settlement of reparations with settlements of interallied war debts.

Finally, European countries may have hoped for lower tariffs under a Democratic Administration. Even though the Democratic Party had become protectionist, Europeans had not forgotten the low-tariff legislation of the Wilson Administration. Disregarding this recent shift of the Democratic Party, Europeans estimated the Democratic Party as less favorable to high-tariff duties than the Republican Party. Since it is now quite the fashion in Europe to lay on the American tariff the blame for much of the economic distress of Europe, this led Europeans to favor the Democratic candidate in the hope that the present tariff duties might be reduced by a Democratic Administration.

The Republican Administration has naturally incurred opposition in Europe in setting up and carrying out the existing policies of the Government on immigration, debt settlement and protection. It is, therefore, not surprising that in the recent election European opponents of existing American policies in these directions expressed themselves in favor of the success of the Democratic Party.

Politics and Business

THE country has long held the tradition that business is poor in years of presidential elections. Historical survey of the state of business does not lend much support to the tradition. In any event, much would depend upon the definition of poor business. Occasionally vital questions of monetary policy have depended upon elections. In some instances constructions have been deferred and investments withheld until the outcome of an election became known. But for the most part business functions cannot be suspended for months before an election, as they may be suspended on election day. Conceding that there is something to the tradition, politicians have cultivated it and turned it to their advantage.

The recent election has disproved the tradition. Business was somewhat slack during the spring; there was some unemployment, and confidence in prompt recovery was somewhat shaken. But during the third quarter of the year business activities expanded splendidly and the two months prior to the election were characterized by outstanding prosperity. This was true whether judged by employment, manufacturing operations, railway tonnage, bank clearings or international trade. If an election has anything to do with business during the summer, and this was a sample of it, business men would welcome, rather than fear, election year. The recent years have witnessed great progress in the analysis and forecasts of business conditions. Statistics have been substituted for guessing, trade psychology has been replaced by trade analysis. Under these circumstances, whatever the older validity of the tradition, there seems now no warrant for the view that an election in itself is prejudicial to business.

An Educational Issue

OWING to the fact that universities are recruiting their student bodies up to the limit of their capacities, while the applicants for admission are annually increasing, a very definite problem has arisen. It is manifestly unfair to allow students incapable of pulling their own weight in the classroom a four-year loaf at the expense of their parents and the institution. It is economically wrong to allow students whose real purpose in maintaining a residence at an institution of learning is a social one, and who are busily engaged in wasting time, to occupy seats in a classroom that industrious young people, unable to obtain admission owing to sheer press of numbers, would fill more capably.

The United States Bureau of Education is of the opinion that any solution of the problem depending upon arbitrary exclusive and selective processes is unfair and un-American. According to that body, "Instead of concentration in a few larger universities, adjustment is needed in the direction of more schools and colleges of every grade to meet the economic conditions of all. We need to increase the opportunities offered the many young people who have to take their education piecemeal, earning it as they go along. We have to realize vividly that in this land of equal opportunity a few at the top must not set conditions which act as discriminatory measures against the multitude less favored intellectually."

Another school of thought is emphatically of the opinion that the place for ruthless pruning of dead wood from the collegiate tree is the office of admissions. They argue that if entrance requirements, psychological tests and intelligence tests are made progressively harder and more stringent, misfits can be lopped off before they become burdens on the undergraduate body.

In the opinion of Dr. Josiah H. Penniman, provost of the University of Pennsylvania, "No system of entrance tests has yet been devised on which can be predicated a decision that a student who fails to meet the tests is, therefore, not qualified to profit by a college course. Taking candidates by the hundred, it is likely that the tests are fairly satisfactory, but the application of them to any given individual is by no means conclusive. There are many factors that determine a student's fitness for higher education, and the value of some of these cannot be fixed until the student has actually been admitted to an institution and given the opportunity to test his abilities by contact with the actual courses of instruction. Results of such tests are usually about what is indicated by the entrance tests, but surprising cases occur which make it difficult to generalize. . . . It is quite impossible for universities to determine in advance the use to which graduates will put their knowledge. To withhold university education from any person or persons because it seems likely that that person or persons might misuse knowledge would be a dangerous thing."

It seems that the logical method of dealing with the problem lies in the taking of more drastic steps leading toward the weeding out and expulsion of matriculates as soon as they have demonstrated their unfitness, and for the foundation of universities of every grade to meet all economic and intellectual needs.

Rubber Free of Control

WHEN the British Government announced the dissolution of the operation of the Stevenson plan for the control of marketing and price of raw rubber, it was allowed to be understood that efforts would be made by British producers to reach an undertaking with Dutch producers whereby the rate of marketing might be restrained and prices thereby controlled. This was from the beginning the type of control, if any, to be sought, since the outstanding evil of controls and cartels lies in governmental participation. It was hoped that some arrangement between British and Dutch producers might be arrived at before the deferred date of decontrol.

It is now announced that the several groups of producers of raw rubber are unable to reach an agreement and therefore no commercial control is now in contemplation. The disagreement is due, among other things, to the fact that the participation of native labor and native ownership in Dutch rubber is both different and more important than in British rubber; also the Dutch reaction to commercial control, at home and in the East Indian possessions, differs from British psychology and opinion. Not long since, producers of sugar endeavored to reach an agreement on policy and prices, but failed. This failure was due, in large part, to the negative attitude of the sugar producers of Java. The Dutch have long enjoyed the reputation of being skillful in negotiations and shrewd in trading; also, they are not embarrassed by the possession of any imperial policy. That the price of rubber must be above the cost of production may be taken for granted, but that a speculative or extortionate price of raw rubber is not to be attempted is a contribution to sound international trade.

The Passenger From Pacific

By Thomas McMorrow

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THERE'S been so much public criticism of the official action taken by me at Pacific last fall that I've secured permission to make a statement. There's ground for honest difference of opinion, I realize; any of us may make a mistake, particularly when one is called on for a snap judgment.

I went to Pacific over the Fourth last year, to investigate conditions reported in several anonymous letters from citizens of that place. On the morning of the Fourth I was standing at the head of a boardwalk on the dunes with an elderly and respectable citizen whose name I did not know just then; we were looking through his opera glasses at an airplane that was working from the beach, taking people up on sight-seeing trips. I happened to put the glasses on the bathers—there was quite a crowd in the water—and I saw a young woman out beyond the breakers and evidently in trouble.

"It's little Bess Hiorns!" cried the citizen, looking through the glasses. "Caught in a sea puss and can't get back. There goes a wave over her head. If she swallowed that —— Hey! Hey, there, Ross! Life-saver! Wave your arms and holler, mister. There! There!"

"He sees her."

"No right to go out in a surf like that. The easter flattened the beach and there's a terrific undertow. Huh, another wave over her head. No, there she is again! Bad spot right there. The little fool had to go bathing away up the beach all by herself. She never can do the same as everybody else. By George, this will be close!"

We stood and watched, fidgeting, the girl's submerging head, the life-saver running on the wet sand, the girl again. He ran so slowly, though so earnestly, and she was staying up so long. I wanted to do something and I could do nothing but look.

They say drowning people think of many things in a flash; I wasn't drowning, but I thought of airplanes and radio and man's undisputed conquest of Nature, while I looked from the strangling girl to the life-saver, running on the shining sand like a breech-clouted savage.

The citizen—his name proved to be Philo Backus—had dropped his opera glasses to the walk and was crossing the beach at a lurching trot; we were nearer the drowning girl than were most of the people. Backus' big stomach pressed him back and his heavy jowls joggled; running on the level over the yielding sand, he labored as if running up a hill. But he beat me to the water; into it we floundered. The first line of breakers thundered down on us and we emerged like two dripping posts. People were behind us; women whipping up their dresses. People were still ahead of us, pressing valiantly toward the lurking terror they called the sea puss. Out there was the young life-saver, his thick and flashing arms beating the water like clubs.

"He's got her!"

Ross—Ross Chattock—had her. He was behind her, pounding methodically at the whirl in the water that was the dreaded sea puss, beating and kicking their way out of it. We saw them drifting obliquely seaward, but ever more slowly; and then Ross had won their way free and they were coming in.

"He's got her," said Backus, indorsing the common view. His mouth hung open and his kindly brown eyes protruded from the unaccustomed effort. He waded before me toward the strand, his big face proud and radiant, calling to people, "It's all right! Ross got her, folks." He was a leading citizen and a trustee of the village, and people naturally regarded his opinion highly.

"What did Mr. Backus say?" they called with anxiety. "Yes, I see her, but what did Mr. Backus say?"

People went back to playing with the Atlantic, which was again a pretty and well-meaning bit of water, fit to brace up fagged and jaded city folks and to whet their appetites for their holiday dinners. Backus and I assisted Miss Hiorns to his handsome summer cottage immediately behind the dunes, where he sat her down on a good chair in her wet bathing suit and brought her a tot of brandy.

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I Made My Decision. "You! Get In the Plane! Right Now!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

History of Thanksgiving

THE origin of Thanksgiving has been comparatively easy to trace," said G. Witmer Hooey, the well-known debunker and author of High Spots and Other Spots in the Lives of the Great.

"Credit for the fundamental idea undoubtedly belongs to the Consolidated Association of Turkey Raisers, who, in the early days of the industry, were threatened with a supply-and-demand situation that was decidedly unfavorable to producers.

"The success of the turkey boys was so pronounced that in a short time others followed suit. Among these were the Amalgamated Cranberry Merchants, the Plum Pudding Manufacturers, Inc., the International Association of Celery Farmers, and various minor organizations having to do with the goose, stuffed pig, oyster dressing, chestnut, doughnut, cider, pumpkin and red apple industries.

"Things went along fairly well for a while until the Association to Lure People Away from Home took a hand in the matter.

"The change wrought by this organization really dates from the age of concrete roads and closed cars, although there were other important factors contributing, including the excursion ticket, the special matinée, the seven-course dinner at the hotel for less than the turkey alone would cost you, and the crucial game between Swampsdown and Buckeye.

"A few investigators take the point of view that Thanksgiving may have had a theological background, but this

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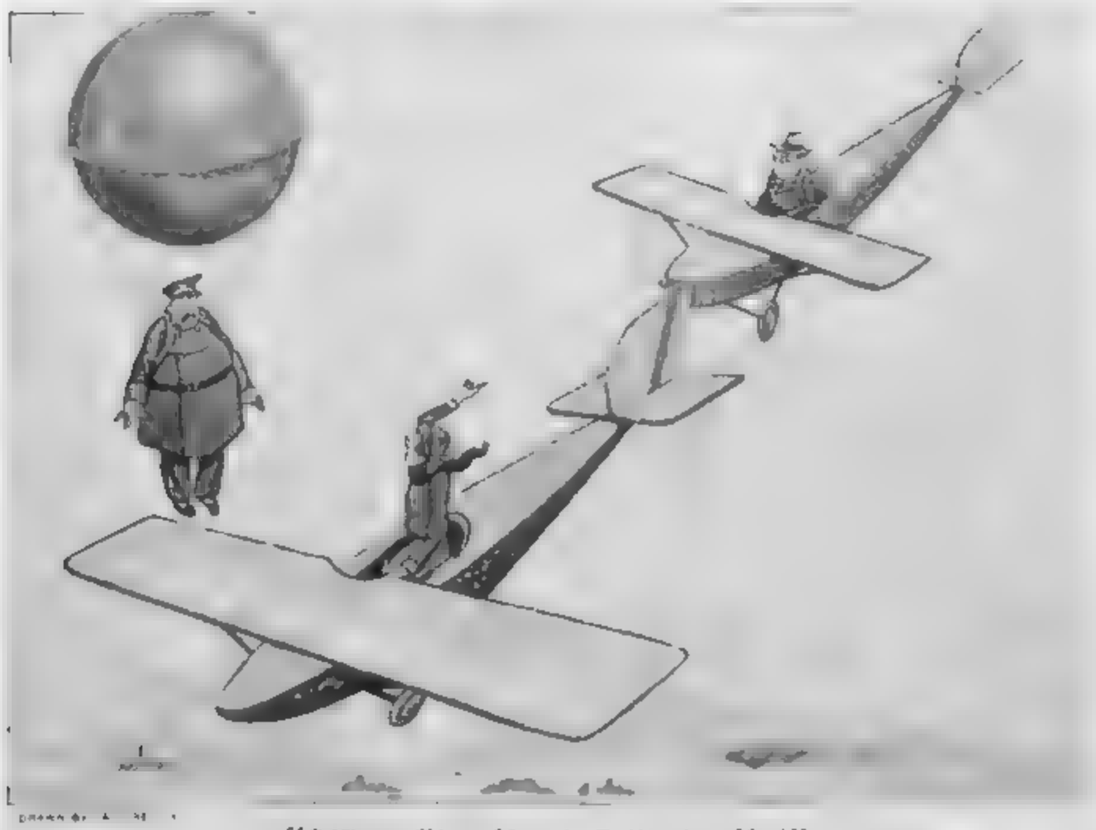
Perils of Travel—The Attack



"Officer, That Man is Following Me!"

"I Sure Get a Kick Out of Kissing That Girl"

Wife: "What Was That Noise?" Dad: "Which One?"

For variety in your menus, let your grocer supply you with selections from the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

A *hearty, delicious meat-and-vegetable luncheon!*

SUBSTANTIAL SOUP makes such a wonderful luncheon! Its hot invigoration is exactly what you need in the middle of the day. It supplies you with real food in a form that tempts your appetite even when nothing else attracts you. A plate of savory, enticing soup goes "right to the spot", refreshes and stimulates you with its tonic wholesomeness.

And the best of it is that Campbell's Beef Soup is already cooked for you. It requires but a few minutes preparation in your kitchen! Yet it brings you a luncheon of hearty meat combined with tempting, satisfying vegetables, blended by famous French chefs skilled in all the arts of soup-making.

You know what bothersome meals the daily luncheons are. Often you are pressed for time to finish up and keep that afternoon engagement. Especially when you are tired after a morning's work and need a few winks of sleep before you go out. Or when an afternoon's work is still ahead of you, you rebel at the thought of time and energy spent in the kitchen over the luncheon things. No wonder women are so eager to have Campbell's chefs do this chore for them!

Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. Then sit down to a midday meal of Campbell's Beef Soup. It's so convenient and you get such real pleasure and satisfaction from this "modern" luncheon.

Tender, nourishing beef in solid pieces and in generous quantity. Diced carrots and potatoes. Luscious, red-ripe tomatoes. Choice, strength-giving barley. Onion, parsley and the most skillful seasoning blended in rich meat broth. Isn't that a real luncheon or supper—one that "stays with you" and sustains you splendidly between the longer meals? And you enjoy all of these foods, in one dish, in Campbell's Beef Soup.

Nowadays women know how to take advantage of Campbell's Soups not only as soups served with the meal, but as meals in themselves. So the use of soup has been extended to many more meals than it used to be. Today soup is one of the handiest, all-round foods in the pantry.

Start today and let Campbell's famous French chefs lighten your household tasks. Visit your grocer, make a selection from the great variety of Campbell's Soups, and let them do the work for you.

I'm Mr. Hurry in a flurry—
I cannot lose a minute,
If I am late they'll take my plate
With tempting Campbell's in it!

WITH THE MEAL
OR AS A MEAL SOUP
BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

DYNASTY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

XXVI

WHEN one has been accustomed for long years to find a use for tremendous energies it is difficult to be tranquil when those energies find no outlet. Fierce power, dynamic ability, tug and lash at their moorings, demanding movement, action, needful exercise. When one has found that the control of a vast financial empire is not sufficient to exhaust his vigor, what then if the empire becomes a farmstead and the most grievous problem the rotation of crops?

Hiram's arrogance remained, displaying itself in irritation. Visitors who came to see the old man were like to find themselves inundated in some torrent of sudden invective against this or that; if Woodbury Worthington was mentioned Hiram fulminated. One not unobservant caller declared that Hiram stood over his crops, striving to ripen them by force of will. He read or was read to by some secretary—anything, everything; but it was a fortunate book which he tolerated to its conclusion. Some chance observation of the author would enrage the old gentleman, with grievous results. He would dart out his huge withering paw, snatch the volume, rend it with the great strength that still remained with him and hurl it into the lilacs. He was fond of lilacs and, in the springtime, when their fragrance lay gently upon the air, he was more docile.

"Good to Her? . . . Good to Her?" There Fell a Profound Silence, and Then She Heard Him Mutter These Words Again and Again. "Good to Her—Good to Her——"

With his neighbors he meddled, and was not resented, for he had earned their respect and deserved their sympathy—a sympathy they dared not display. He meddled with the little school down the road, appearing there untowardly and demanding from frightened urchins answers to questions not in their curriculum. He prowled, his old eyes glaring, searching, always craving some occupation, something upon which he could use some portion of his pent-up vigor.

His health was excellent, though he was thinner of body and of face. Those heavy jowls were no longer firm, but pendulous; his complexion had faded from ruddy to gray and the pouches under his eyes were magnified. In repose, he wore a fiercely brooding look, as of some ailing hawk; in action, he became terrible.

He was never terrible to Bessie. Abrupt he was, and to a stranger he might have seemed harsh, but that was only a mannerism. His voice was not attunable to gentleness. He called her gruffly, made demands in a tone and manner which might have appeared to strangers as overbearing. But Bessie understood. She understood that he could not bear to have her out of earshot, beyond range of vision. If she disappeared in the house he became restless, irritable.

"Where's my wife? What is she doing? Why is she gone so long?" he would demand, and she would come hurrying to him. Old Ursus craving affection; Old Grizzly striving in his bearish way to be affectionate.

With two others he was kindly in his growling, thunderous way—his daughter-in-law, now growing matronly, and his grandson, young Hiram, clambering to manhood. He would sit scowling, grim, volcanic, while Lillian berated him for his bad manners, for his meddling, for this and that, and then he would bellow harshly for his wife.

"She's at it again," he would say with a curious, frowning pleasure. "Tongue-lashing me again. Put her out of the house. I won't have her here. Send her away with that brat of hers."

They understood each other, these two.

And young Hiram! Something of his grandfather had appeared in him—notably his stature. An enormous young man who could lift a barrel of flour over his head! Not to be frightened by eruptive grandfathers, and irreverent with the irreverence of this cocksure generation. For the most part a silent young man, but, Hiram saw, capable of exertions physical and mental, and not averse to roistering. These two understood each other also.

"I'll make a man of you," Hiram would declare, and the young man, first regarding him in his heavy, silent way, would rejoin, "Hands off, granddad."

"At your age I could have thrown you over the barn," Hiram boasted.

"I'd like to have seen you try it," his grandson retorted, and Hiram was inwardly delighted.

If Lillian worried about some of the boy's more outrageous rowdyings, Hiram would shake his old head. "Let the boy be! Woman's meddling. What do you know about men? Tell me again about that truck driver."

It seemed young Hiram had a penchant for brawling with able-bodied persons of humble station.

Toward Jason, his son, he was tolerant, but no more than tolerant; for Jason was never a roisterer or a maker of disturbances, or one to create eddies in the world. He was a dependable man, with much of his mother's gentleness—lovable, kindly, doing with decent ability the things he was given to do. Which did not at all content Hiram, who desired dynamics.

With the eagerness of a prophet of misfortune awaiting verification of his prophecies, Hiram watched the gyrations of Woodbury Worthington. That young man, free at last from let-irons, set out to make a figure in the sun—his deep, moving purpose to teach the world he was no weakling, no futile rich man's son, but a very genius of finance. Bigness—that was what he coveted. And he desired to have his enterprise contrasted with Hiram Bond's conservatism.

First of all, he summoned the legal counsel who had been adviser to his grandfather and Hiram for more than a generation.

"I am going to throw our securities open to public investment," he declared. "The first step is to have them listed on the stock exchange."

"But," objected the lawyer, "that is directly contrary to the policy this company has followed for thirty years."

"A great many things are going to be contrary to that policy in the future," said Woodbury coldly. "I am not asking your advice as to whether I should do this thing, but as to how it can be done."

"Nevertheless," protested the lawyer, "I would be doing less than my duty if I failed to point out to you that such a course is dangerous. You have here a mammoth concern, concentrated and amazingly successful. It owes all this to a number of facts, but principally to the one fact that it has always presented a solid front. It has never been compelled to delay while it fiddled with stockholders and boards of directors. There is no gainsaying that an autocracy is the most efficient form of administration so far invented—depending, of course, upon the autocrat."

"I shall require a great deal of money for expansions I am planning. The cheapest and best way is to get it from the public." Woodbury spoke firmly, decisively. "I know what I am about. You will be so good as to carry out my orders."

This was the first step—a remaking of the financial structure of the concern with common stock and preferred stock in something like double the capitalization of the old company. In the beginning the value was there and the public invested eagerly. Enormous sums were derived from the sale, and these enabled Woodbury to embark upon those expansions and purchases which caused such a furor in the financial world—an optimistic world at that time. Worthington stocks soared upon the market.

All this Hiram observed in his astute way and profited by the moment. He traveled to Boston, where he remained for some weeks, establishing a sort of office in a hotel, from which he directed his large transactions, and spending his leisure hours with Peter C. Woodbury.

"It looks," Woodbury said, "as if the boy might have something to him, after all—if he can keep his feet on the ground."

Hiram smiled sardonically. "A balloon must go up before it can drop," he said.

"Perhaps," Woodbury rejoined, "we old fogies are not up to the new dodges in finance. But I wish the boy would take some advice. Every man wants to throw his weight about, and I don't blame him for that. But not until he's got the experience to know what is safe to hit and what to leave alone."

"Anyhow," Hiram said, "young spriggins will never have the satisfaction of knowing he's squandered my money." He moved his huge shoulders savagely. "I've never coveted money, but what has come my way I'll keep. For two weeks now I've been peddling out my holdings. Another week and I won't have a penny in any concern bearing the Worthington name. Now is the time to sell."

It was the time to sell, what with the enormous publicity Woodbury's operations were receiving and the glamour which adhered to the Worthington name. The public bought insatiably, and Woodbury preened himself as he

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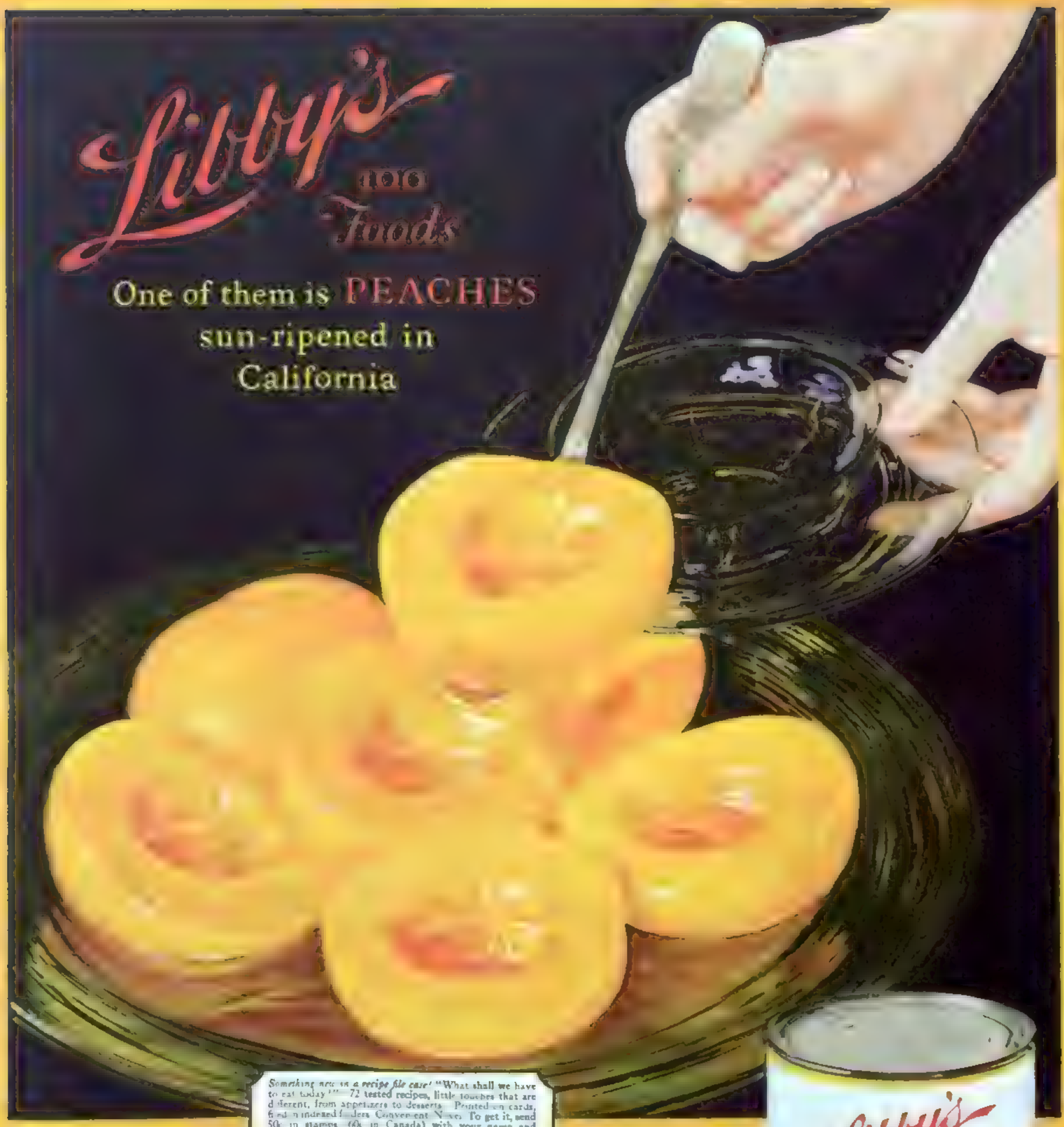
Libby's 1016 Foods

One of them is PEACHES sun-ripened in California



Something new in a recipe file case! "What shall we have to eat today?"—72 tested recipes, little touches that are different, from appetizers to desserts. Printed on cards, filed in indexed leaders. Convenient. New. To get it, send 50c in stamps (60c in Canada) with your name and address plainly printed to Mary Hale Martin, Dept. C-24, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ont., Canada

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods . . . ask your grocer for Libby's

Fruits and Vegetables

Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
Apricots
Cherries, Royal Anne
Cherries, Maraschino
Fruits for Salad
Plums, Apples
Apple Butter
Berries
Jellies, Jams
Prunes
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork & Beans
Sweet Potatoes
Sauerkraut
Sauerkraut Juice
Tomatoes

Milk

Evaporated Milk
Condensed Milk

Pickles and Condiments

Pickles—
Sweet
Sour
Dill
Sweet Mixed
Sweet Mustard
Sliced Sweet Dill
Home Made Style
Sweet Cauliflower

Salmon

Red Alaska Salmon

Olives—
Queen
Stuffed
Ripe
Olive Oil
Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Chow Chow
Sweet Onions
Sweet Relish

Canned Meats

Corned Beef
Corned Beef Hash
Roast Beef
Veal Loaf
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak & Onions
Ra-gon (beef stew)
Meat-wich Spread
Lunch Tongue
Deviled Ham
Potted Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Chicken à la King
Sliced Dried Beef
Chili Con Carne
Mexican Tamales
Mince Meat
Bouillon Cubes
Beef Extract
Chop Suey

(Partial List)

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY ~ CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 30

saw his stock rise day after day and day after day. It delighted his vanity. The compliment implied in this display of confidence by investors he took to himself.

But Hiram sold and sold and sold. And as he sold he reinvested solidly, conservatively, until, on the day when the last share of Worthington stock passed from his hands, he had come close to the point of doubling the already great fortune which had been his on the day of discharge. This accomplished, he returned to the farm.

"I'm back for good," he said to Bessie. "This was the last adventure."

"I hope so, Hiram," she said gently. "Here is where I want you to be."

He resumed his slippers and his chair under the elm and his reading of books; but there were long hours when he sat staring balefully before him, speculating upon matters unfathomable to those about him. Sometimes he would burst into sudden speech, mostly if he chanced to be alone with Lillian Bond.

"What do you think of things?"

"What things, father?"

"Life and death and God and souls."

"I believe in God," she said, "and in a hereafter where we are rewarded or punished for what we do on earth."

"Um—I wonder. How much of it is true and how much has been nailed on by preachers for their own benefit? God—yes. It would seem there must be a God. Everything needs a directing hand, and the universe is a complex big business. A hereafter—possible. Pretty soon I'm going to find out about that." He smiled grimly. "So why speculate upon a thing which you are going to investigate for yourself? But this reward and punishment. I've an idea the minor executives invented those things for the betterment of their business."

"But," objected Lillian, "if there is no heaven or hell, why should people trouble about their conduct here?"

"Exactly," said Hiram—"why? And who keeps the books? I doubt if this God is conscious of us, young woman. He's busy with affairs. His smallest unit probably is a planet, or possibly a solar system. Do you think a Deity would permit Himself to be annoyed by the monkeyshines of a Woodbury Worthington? No, this Chief Executive sets in motion certain laws which operate. If you live by them, you earn your reward; if you live counter to them, they destroy you. Laws of common sense, laws of business. They operate automatically, as day and night operate. Do you suppose God gets up each morning to turn on the light as if it were a gas jet or pulls in the sun at night?" He snorted. "The Mind at the top doesn't do those things. He delegates them and then forgets them."

"You're an old pagan," said Lillian.

"No, I merely have the sense to respect God more than these kittle-kattle who tug Him down to their own level." He wagged his head. "I know how it goes, my girl. I was a minor god in my day."

"Why are you thinking about it now?" she asked, wondering why he had given this turn to the conversation.

"One thinks of such things occasionally," he said.

But for the most part he was not occupied with esoteric speculation; he was scrutinizing material events.

"It took me forty-five years to make it," he said with bitterness. "His claim to fame will be that he destroyed it in two."

One day, at the end of six months, Peter C. Woodbury appeared suddenly at the farm.

"Bond," he asked, after they were alone, "do you ever see my nephew?"

"Never," said Hiram grimly.

"I've come," said Woodbury, "to have it out with him."

"You're wasting time."

"Nevertheless I've got to try. His mother is my sister. I've endured a lot from the boy, but now he's meddling in my household. It is deliberate. He's been provocative for months. Anyone would think he was asking for a fight."

"What now?"

"I've been planning a merger of the Green River companies. They lie in my territory, and I've been waiting for the right moment. He's stepped in to bid against me. The boundary line between my interests and the Worthington interests is traditional. We've never crowded each other. Maybe the young man doesn't understand."

"You'll find he understands perfectly," said Hiram.

"He couldn't be so foolish. His concern is in no condition to take on a war. Man, he just bought the Cumberland Corporation, watered to the limit and operated for years as a stock-jobbing outfit. It's rotten. It would take you and me a couple of years to untangle it."

"He'll buy anything that's for sale," said Hiram.

"I'm going to see him—now."

"I'll be interested," said Hiram, "to hear the result."

Peter C. Woodbury arrived at his nephew's office in the early afternoon, to be received coldly, almost churlishly, for Woodbury Worthington hated his uncle for that letter which Hiram had permitted him to read—that letter which rankled, which continued to recur to him with its alarming suggestions and its blistering scorn.

"This," said Peter C., "is a business call."

"Exactly," said Woodbury with youthful arrogance. "There haven't been many family calls of late, have there?"

The older man gripped his temper, determined to find a peaceful way if possible.

"Woodbury," he said, "friendship between your company and mine has been a traditional policy of both. It was maintained by my father, by your grandfather and by Hiram Bond—at any expense. We agreed upon our respective fields of influence and never invaded each other's territory."

"Times," said Woodbury with a trace of flippancy, "are changing."

"Changing indeed," said Peter C. "The point I wish to make is that Green River is on my side of the line."

"Was," said Woodbury provocatively

Peter C.'s choler began to rise. "I have come here in a reasonable spirit," he said. "For reasons which any sensible man would recognize, I am trying to come to accord with you. But if you will not be reasonable ——" He paused on the threshold of a threat.

"Then what?" asked Woodbury exasperatingly.

"Then," said his uncle, "you'll find me on your back."

"I," said Woodbury incisively, "am going to run my business as I see fit. I've made my plans and I propose to see them through."

"Including Green River?"

"Including Green River," said Woodbury.

"Then, young man, we lock horns."

Woodbury got up from his seat; he was trembling, and when he spoke his voice was shrill, uncontrolled, remindful of his mother's.

"That's what I want," he cried. "That's what I've been getting ready for."

"You young fool," Peter C. said more in disgust than in anger, "did you ever see what happens to a rotten log when a man kicks it?"

Woodbury strove for dignity, struggled for an impressive bearing worthy of so important a figure as himself, but he was neither dignified nor impressive.

"Get out of my office!" he blustered. "I'll show you! I'll teach you to write letters about me! I'll give you all the fighting you want!" His voice became shriller, his hands twitched, his face worked unpleasantly. "I'll smash you; I'll smash you if I have to wreck both of us doing it! Now get out! Get out of my office!"

Peter C. moved to the door, but paused before he left the room and eyed his nephew in the dour, immovable way so characteristic of him.

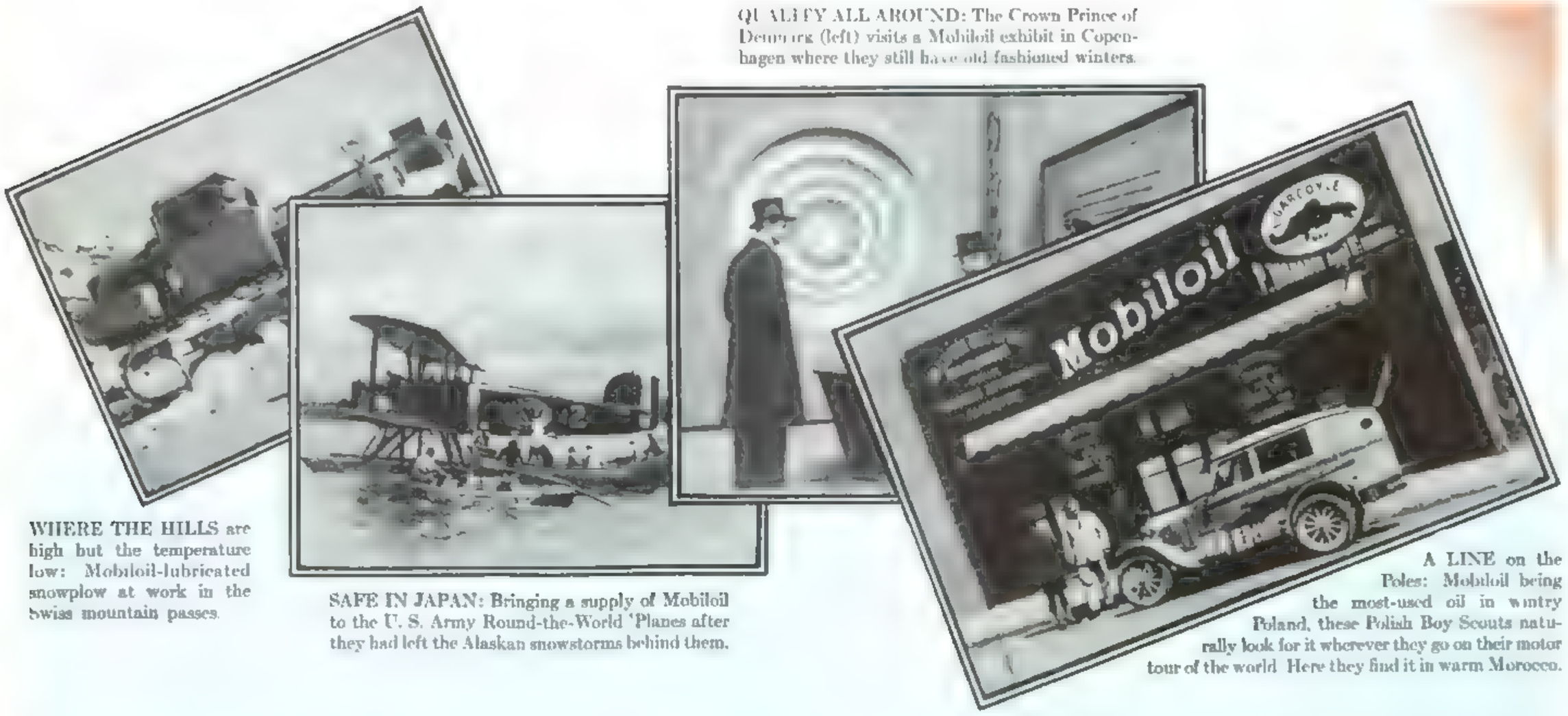
"Two generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves," he said, and shut the door after him.

XXVII

AT TIMES Hiram discussed affairs with Lillian as though she were a man, and Lillian's observations were not without perception.

(Continued on Page 78)

He Looked Over This Girl From Top to Toe, But She Was Able to Perceive That the Old Bear Was Not Inclement. He Snorted. He Thumped Upon the Ground With His Bludgeon



QUALITY ALL AROUND: The Crown Prince of Denmark (left) visits a Mobiloil exhibit in Copenhagen where they still have old fashioned winters.

WHERE THE HILLS are high but the temperature low: Mobiloil-lubricated snowplow at work in the Swiss mountain passes.

SAFE IN JAPAN: Bringing a supply of Mobiloil to the U. S. Army Round-the-World 'Planes after they had left the Alaskan snowstorms behind them.

A LINE on the Poles: Mobiloil being the most-used oil in wintry Poland, these Polish Boy Scouts naturally look for it wherever they go on their motor tour of the world. Here they find it in warm Morocco.

Easy starting is not enough

Winter engine troubles are invited if you use many of the so-called "winter oils" which are made extra thin to give you quick starting in cold weather.

Such oils will give you the quick starting—but at the sacrifice of good lubrication.

Such oils usually lack the body and richness needed to seal the pistons and prevent dilution by gasoline.

And they usually lack the rich oily character that insures thorough lubrication of all moving parts.

Mobiloil Arctic meets both of the major winter lubricating requirements. It has fluidity enough to give you easy starting. And it has the rich oily body and character that insure thorough lubrication and prevent undue dilution by gasoline.

Mobiloil Arctic is recommended for the lubrication of most cars in winter (below 32° F.). Consult the Chart at your dealer's. You are always sure with

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

Fair retail price—
30¢ a quart
from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart
(Prices higher in Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

Cold Weather Tips:

1. Always push out clutch pedal before starting the engine. This relieves the "drag" of the transmission on the starter.
2. When starting in cold weather use choke only while starting. Push it in part way the instant the engine starts and fully as soon as possible.
3. Allow the engine to warm up before attempting to drive your car fast.
4. Use suitable anti-freeze mixture (first cleaning out the radiator thoroughly). Keep at proper strength during cold weather.
5. If the temperature of the engine is not maintained by thermostatic control or radiator shutters, use a suitable radiator cover.
6. Be sure you have an adequate supply of Mobiloil Arctic in crankcase, or Mobiloil "E" in Ford (Model T) cars.
7. Be sure you have Mobiloil "C" in the transmission and differential.

TO assure satisfactory operation during cold weather have your garage man or service station attend to the following:

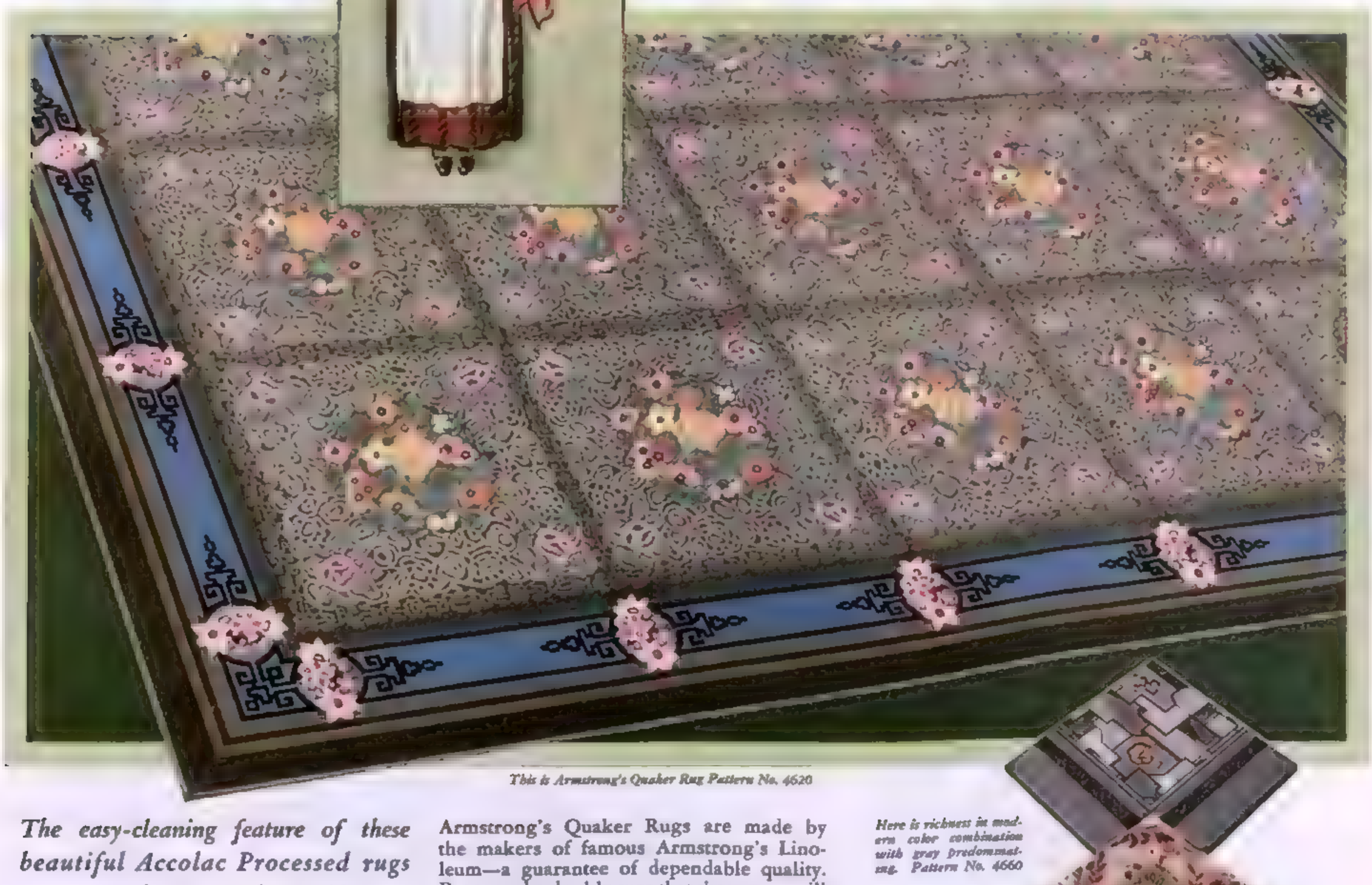
1. Test to see that battery is fully charged. If below 1200 gravity have recharged.
2. See that contact points in distributor are clean and that breaker points are properly adjusted. This will result in easier starting, with less strain on the battery.
3. Be sure that spark plugs are clean and points properly set. This will aid in the same way.
4. Adjust the carburetor for cold weather.
5. Lubricate all parts of the chassis including the spring leaves. This will protect these parts from rust, wear, and squeaks, and the spring leaves from breakage.
6. Drain the old oil out of the crankcase. Put in Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic unless your car is a Ford (Model T) in which case use Mobiloil "E". Change oil more frequently in winter than in summer

The World's Quality Oil

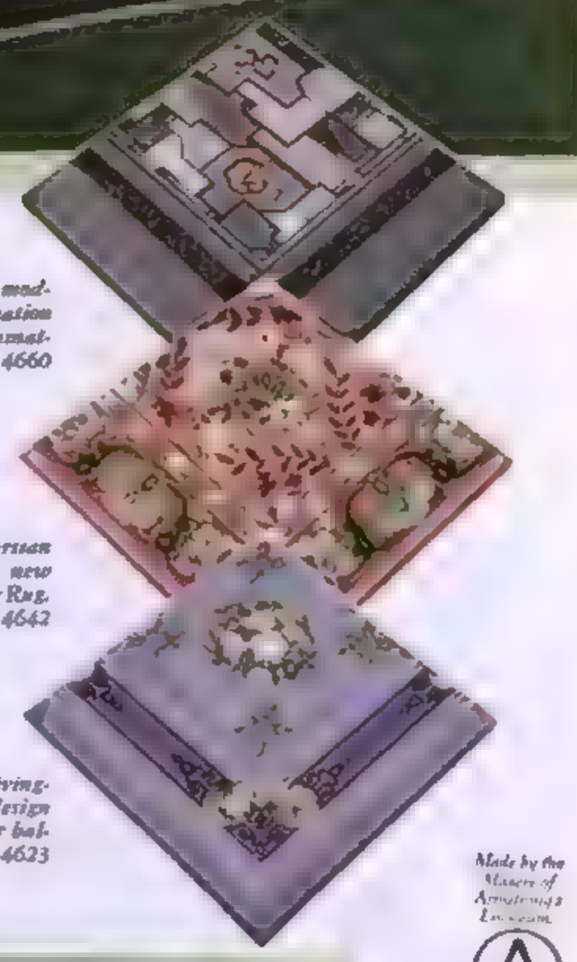
Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

The Quaker Girl Says: "Give beauty... give work-saving for Christmas"



This is Armstrong's Quaker Rug Pattern No. 4620



Here is richness in modern color combination with gray predominating. Pattern No. 4660

The charm of a Persian Motif is in this new Armstrong's Quaker Rug. Ask for pattern No. 4642

For bedroom or living-room this floral design adds the right color balance. Pattern No. 4623

The easy-cleaning feature of these beautiful Accolac Processed rugs appeals to every housewife

WHAT better gift to the wife who does her own housework than an Armstrong's Quaker Rug! Here is beauty. Here is work-saving. Imagine how she will appreciate a rug that cannot harbor dust, that cannot be stained by greasy liquids, that cannot be harmed by repeated soap and water washings! All because of the gloss-smooth *Accolac Process* surface that seals the beauty in and keeps the dirt out.

And such rich colorings! Patterns for the living-room, dining-room, kitchen—every room. All built over a strong felt base to give body and long-wearing quality.

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs are made by the makers of famous Armstrong's Linoleum—a guarantee of dependable quality. But to make doubly sure that these rugs will give full value and service, each bears *right on the face* a Quaker Girl Certificate. It is our guarantee to replace the rug free of charge if it should prove in any way unsatisfactory.

This page gives you a glimpse of four pretty patterns. If you will step into any good department, furniture, or linoleum store you will see many more from which to make gift selections.

TO HELP YOU SHOP . . . If you would like to have the booklet that shows all the Armstrong's Quaker Rugs in their actual colors, write for "Rich Beauty at Low Cost." It's FREE. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum

Ⓐ

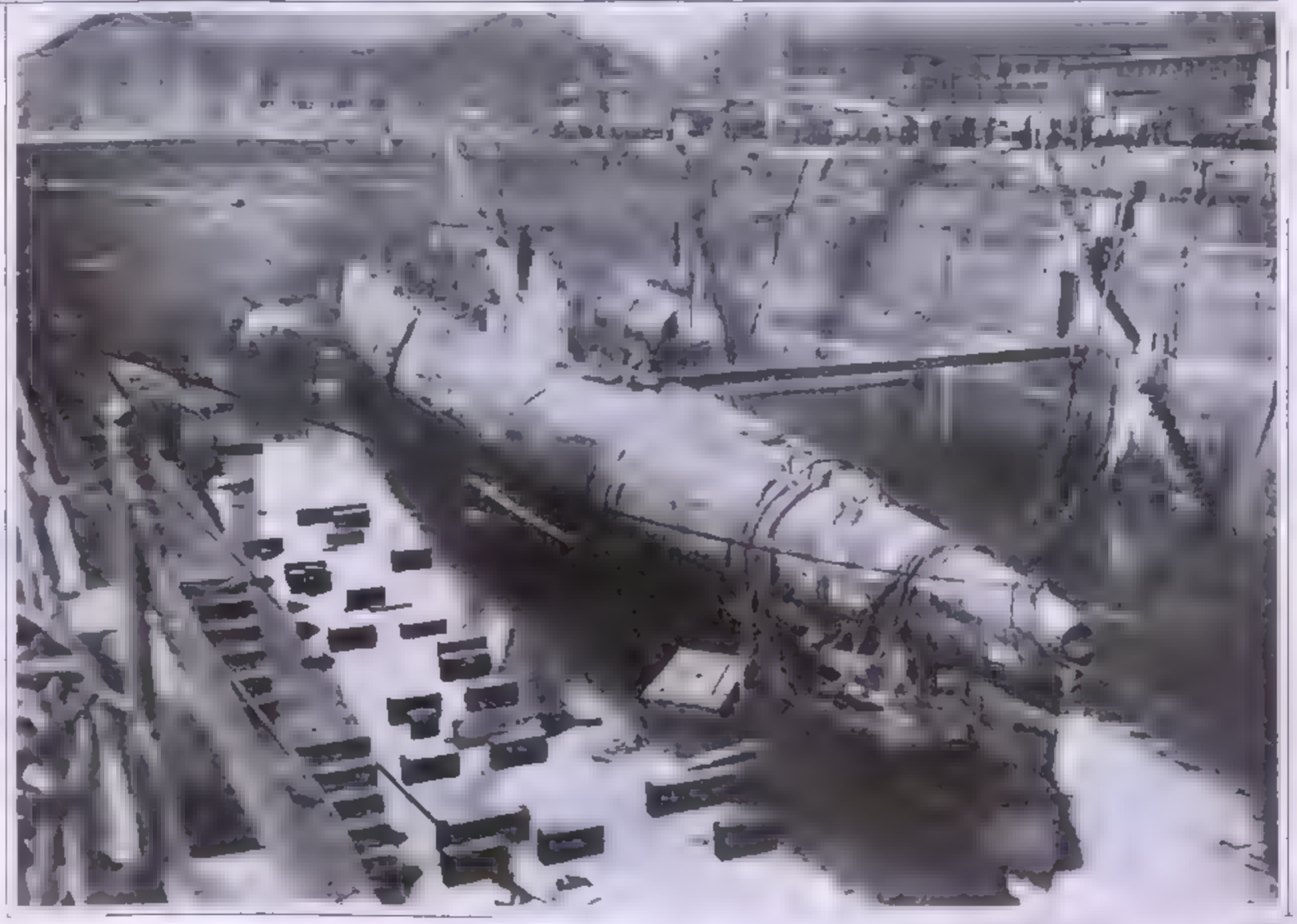
ON THE BOTTOM

By Lieut. Commander EDWARD ELLSBERG

On Man of War Rock. Setting the Valves as the Bow Pontoons Go Awash

THE S-51, when we lifted her, was bound to rise at an angle, one end first; and to avoid having the pontoon chains slip up the hull and get free, it was necessary to lash them securely to the submarine. We intended to bring the boat up stern first; we designed our lashings with that in mind. The weather turned bad again, and from June first to June ninth we were unable to dive. But finally it calmed and we entered the last stage of the job—lashing the pontoons.

If we had thought the pontoons were troublesome to handle before, we now found our former pontoon difficulties were mere trifles compared to those we daily encountered in the lashing process. To lash the pontoons, we had first to get each pair afloat over the submarine.



The S-51 in Drydock at Brooklyn. Note the Gash in the Port Side Forward of the Conning Tower, Where it Was Rammed by the "City of Rome"

We secured two hoses to each pontoon, one hose to each compartment. In the leveling process we took a pair of pontoons at a time, blew air into both ends of both pontoons simultaneously and as evenly as possible. We supposed both pontoons, when slightly buoyant, would float up horizontally alongside the submarine till the chains stretched taut and stopped them.

The Pontoons Upset Our Plans Again

ACTUALLY, what happened was far different. We started in to level off the pontoons abreast the first tunnel. In spite of Niedermair's best care, it was found impossible to blow evenly through four hoses at once. The forward end of the starboard pontoon got light before the others; that end rose. As it lifted off the bottom the water pressure on it decreased a bit, the air inside expanded and blew out more water, lightening the compartment still more and sending it up faster. Before we on the surface could stop blowing, that pontoon was standing vertically, forward end up, after end flat on the bottom. The high end dragged all the slack chain through under the submarine from the corresponding half of its mate pontoon on the opposite side of the boat, preventing that pontoon from rising horizontally, even if it wanted to, which it never did, for that also rose vertically, but with its after end up.

Considering the nerve-racking time we had had in getting the pontoons down, it was nearly a knock-out punch to learn that they would not level off so we could lash them. We broke several six-inch manila hawsers trying to lay out horizontally the up-ended pontoons, but could not tip the cylinders over. Finally we did it by lightening the bottom ends till they capsized—a process which did not add to our peace of mind, for fear that the pontoons might fall against the submarine and smash it in.

We got them flat again, flooded both pontoons completely to make sure everything was equal, and tried it over, but with the same result. Once more we tipped the pontoons, and I looked around for a new method of leveling off.

I sent Eadie down to the starboard pontoon to attach a strong wire hawser to each end. Then, taking the wires to our winches, I blew air slowly into the pontoon till it lightened enough for the winches to lift it. At that point I had Niedermair stop blowing while Hartley hoisted the pontoon up horizontally till it was just above the submarine. There we left it hanging while Niedermair blew air into the pontoon on the other side of the S-51 till it floated up, one end first as usual.

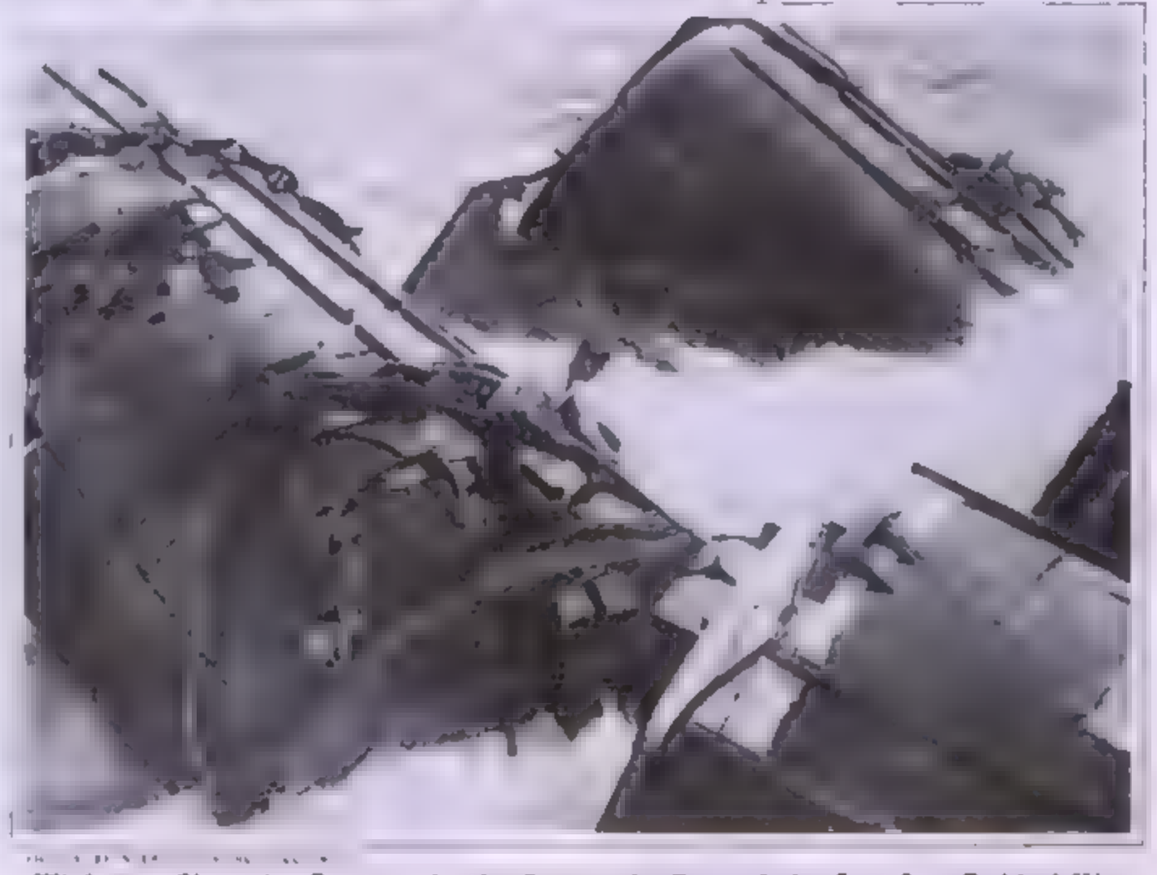
In the Jaws of a Nutcracker

BUT when that end had risen as high as the submarine's deck the chain stopped it, and there it stayed until the lower end of that pontoon also rose and took up on its chain, and the port pontoon then floated horizontally over the ship, pulling on its chains. This added to the strain on the wires from the Falcon to the starboard pontoon suspended from her side; we hastened to blow enough air into it to make it also slightly buoyant when we let go the wires and had both pontoons afloat over the submarine, just buoyant enough to stay up and ready to be lashed up.

We repeated our leveling operation with success on the pair of pontoons abreast the conning tower, and then, to lighten the boat, blew that pair completely dry. The engine room, the motor room, and the port-side ballast tanks we had also dried out. With so much of her empty of water and two pontoons giving her 160 tons lift, I hoped she might roll to starboard—she had a heavy port list and help break the suction. As she lay, tightly buried in the clay, she was gripped by a suction force far greater than her weight. The S-51 weighed 1000 tons, but the suction holding her to the bottom was about 8000 tons, a force so large we could never hope to overcome it by a direct lift. I hoped to get around this and break the suction by letting water in between hull and clay in two ways: First, by rolling the boat to starboard, and second, by lifting her one end—stern—first.

The difficulty is easily demonstrated. If a flat plate is placed on a smooth table top with a

(Continued on Page 37)



Wickwire Aboard a Pontoon in the Storm, the Bow of the S-51 Just Behind Him

Gears that Never Clash · · · Brakes that Operate at the touch of a toe · · ·

Found Only in Cadillac-Built Cars

No Steering Strain or Shock · · Features Assuring Safety and Peace of Mind · · ·

LOVERS of fine cars find it a simple matter to distinguish between the New Cadillacs and all others, whether of equal or greater price. The others, they know, provide good transportation, as most cars do today, and there is no question of value received. But how much further Cadillac has always gone and goes today! For example:

Is there any other car in the world that enables you to shift gears instantly without pause in neutral and always without the slightest clashing? The New Cadillacs and Cadillac-built La Salles do, because they are equipped with the new Cadillac-designed Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission.

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It takes more fingers than you have on both hands to check off all the exclusive advantages that give Cadillac owners a measure of security, mind-ease and comfort never known before. And, of course, governing all from the standpoint of value is General Motors' huge purchasing power. Thus to the informed buyer it is obvious, today more emphatically than ever, that there are no other cars which can be classed with Cadillacs.

The New Fleetwoods

In addition to 11 refreshingly beautiful Fisher bodies for the New Cadillac, there are 12 exclusive custom models, Fleetwood designed and Fleetwood built. Nothing in motordom remotely approaches these exquisite examples of specialized craftsmanship. Cadillac-La Salle dealers welcome business on the General Motors' Deferred Payment Plan. Your present car accepted at full market value; pay balance out of income. The new Cadillac is priced from $3295 to $7000—all prices f. o. b. Detroit.

CADILLAC

(Continued from Page 35

film of water between to exclude air, it will be found impossible to lift the plate straight up off the table. However, if one edge of the plate is grasped and lifted ever so slightly, air works its way under, breaks the suction, and the plate comes away easily.

Eiben and Michels went down to measure off the lashings for the midships, or third, pair of pontoons, which floated abreast the conning tower. On the submarine Eiben went to the starboard side with one end of a small measuring line. Michels, on the port side, took the other end of the line and walked slowly aft through the water between the port pontoon and the conning tower. As the boat lay heeled to port, the pontoon was fairly close to the submarine. Michels walked between the two, the pontoon looming almost as large as the submarine. Abreast the conning tower he paused a moment, peering through one of the eye ports out of curiosity. It was black inside, and he saw nothing, but while he looked he felt a strong push shoving him against the tower. At the bottom of the sea that is disconcerting. Startled, he jumped sideways, clear of the tower, then stopped as he remembered Joe Eiben was down with him. He looked around to see why Joe had pushed him. There was no one in sight. And then his blood froze as he saw that the pontoon, which he had thought as immovable as the submarine, was swaying irregularly in and out like a huge inverted pendulum, occasionally crunching against the conning tower. And he had been in between! If that sweep he felt as a shove had been one of those wider swings he now watched, he would have been smashed in a huge nutcracker.

Michels soon returned to normal; he had his job to do, but wisely decided not to tempt the jaws of death again. He slipped over the side of the submarine, clinging to his line and keeping beneath the pontoon, stretched the lines over to the chains and marked off their lengths. Cautiously keeping low, he crept back on deck and clear of the superstructure where Eiben waited; together they started upward. On deck at last, Michels told what he had seen. All the divers were warned to keep out from between the pontoons.

Trouble Below

CARR went down next morning to install the first wire lashing. In a somewhat choppy sea he was hoisted overboard, dragged to the forward descending line attached to the S-51's gun, and started his descent.

Carr was perhaps halfway to the bottom when on the surface over nearly the whole length of the submarine there was a sudden burst of bubbles lasting a few seconds, then solid water again as the waves rolled by. Something had happened below. We wondered what.

The S-51 Being Towed Through Long Island Sound

U. S. OFFICIAL PHOTO.

The Divers Who Raised the S-51. Commander Ellsberg in Center

On the Rocks in the East River

Carr stopped taking out life line. Evidently he had landed, but the customary "On the bottom" was conspicuous by its absence. Grube stood on the stage, helmeted, ready to go overboard, but till Carr reported himself safely down, we could not put another diver over. The minutes went by, Grube sagged under the weight of his equipment. I took Carr's phone.

"Hello, Carr. Are you all right?"

"On deck! The descending line is tangled in the bridge and I'm mixed up with the periscopes. There's something wrong with this boat—I don't know what. Send Grube down to help clear the descending line."

Rolled Over

WE HOISTED Grube over; he landed near Carr and reported. Both worked in silence for ten minutes, when Carr bellowed up excitedly:

"On deck! I just doped out what's wrong. The submarine has rolled over! Instead of heeling to port, she's listed way over to starboard a lot worse than she used to be to port. I'm down on deck now, hanging on to the gun. The boat's leaning about twenty degrees to starboard. You can't walk on the deck any more."

I heard the report with mingled joy and alarm. At last we had moved the S-51 and broken the suction! The one unknown was conquered. If we could move the boat, we could lift it.

Eadie went down to inspect aft. He found the stern had lifted a little and was now leaning over, resting on top of the starboard after pontoon, which had not yet been leveled off afloat, though it had enough air in to float up if the weight of the submarine's stern were removed from it. A storm was rising; the weather was bad when Eadie came up.

By then the wind was blowing harder and the seas rolling up. The Falcon began to strain on her regular moorings and the additional ones run out to the Iuka and the Sagamore, anchored to windward. It was too late to send further divers down, but a new dilemma presented itself. In the storm coming up, the lightened submarine would probably roll a little from the disturbance set up in the water on the bottom. If it did, the stern pontoon, released, would float up on the starboard quarter till it brought up on the chains and stopped just above the motor-room deck.

And there, projecting above the stern of the submarine like a spear, was a heavy steel mast, six feet high, to which the after radio antennæ and net clearing lines had once been attached. With the boat lying far over on its starboard side, this mast was pointed so that when the pontoon floated up and swung to the currents, it would be driven against the top of the mast and be punched full of holes.

The mast had to come off before we left. Kelley, who knew best how to handle the torch, and Carr, who had had some experience with it, had both been down already. None of the other divers had had any training with the torch, except myself. There was strong disagreement on the Falcon over any further diving. The weather was such that ordinarily we would have unmoored and steamed clear before the sea reached the state it was in. If it had been a case of any other diver going down, we would have left, but I could go myself when I couldn't ask anyone else to go, and I settled the argument by electing to dive. I dressed hurriedly, was hoisted overboard, seized the torch and slid hastily down the descending line to avoid the surging pressure of the surface waves on my ears. Forty feet down the sea was calmer, and I went a little more slowly till I landed on the port side of the submarine.

"On the bottom," I reported, and walked aft on the port side of the hull, clinging to the rail till the rail ended, and then balanced myself on the curved side of the submarine as I went some fifty feet farther aft to where the stub of the mainmast rose from the center of the narrow deck. I tried to sit on the high edge of the deck to work, but slid downward, and only by grabbing the tail light set in the deck just abaft the mast did I keep from going overboard.

The Calm Below the Storm

I straddled the mast with both legs and lighted off the torch. It burned with the usual roar, especially noticeable in the silence of the deeps. Hanging down the steep deck, with one hand clinging to the tail light, I swung the torch to the base of the mast just above the deck planking, and burned into the steel. A stream of white sparks flashed through the water.

It was slow work. I had much trouble hanging on and was unable, with only one hand, to guide the torch very well, but I succeeded in getting a ragged cut completely across the starboard half of the mast. From where I hung I could not reach the opposite side of the mast at all, and had to drag myself up the deck and onto the port side, where I stretched out flat on the steel side of the submarine and tried to reach down to the mast.

Half an hour had gone by since I had dived and but half the job was done. If only I could have reached it decently I might have burned the whole mast off in five minutes, but as I lay I barely touched the near side at all, and that only by stretching out the torch to the limit. I started on the port side, cut half an inch, when my arm slipped and I had to start over. Meanwhile, every few minutes I was getting phone calls from the Falcon, which I tried to disregard but which nevertheless annoyed me.

"Are you done yet?"

"No; let me alone!"

I burned another inch. Again a voice in my ears:

"Sea very bad up here. We're afraid the mooring lines will break any minute."

Where I was, everything was calm. The water was quiet, the submarine immovable, no sign of life except the blazing torch and myself. It did not seem possible a storm was raging overhead.

"On deck. Don't bother me. I'm nearly done."

I reached for the mast again, cut across the port side of it to the after end, leaving only about an inch of metal unburned where the inaccessible steel curved away from me. I rolled over, tried to find a position where I could reach it, but failed. I shifted the torch to my left hand, hung on with my right, and clumsily managed to burn through another half inch.

Another call came from on deck—Hartley's voice this time. "Are you done, commander?"

"No; another minute or two. Leave me alone."

"Sorry, but I can't hold on another minute. The seas are sweeping our stern and the mooring hawsers are singing like bowstrings. They'll let go any second now."

I looked at the mast. Just a thread of steel left uncut, which kept it from toppling over. If it touched the pontoon it would snap off without doing any damage. I put out the torch, gave four jerks on my life line. In a trice I was jerked off the boat, hauled up forty feet well clear of everything. Dangling on my life lines as I went up, I could see that already we were rapidly swinging away from the submarine. Apparently Hartley was slacking off his weather lines and heading into the sea to relieve the strain.

I got only a few minutes' decompression at eighty feet, a few more minutes at sixty feet, where I began to feel the sweep of the waves, and then I was hastily run up the rest of the way to the surface without any more decompression, to avoid the danger of burst eardrums from wave-pressure variations.

It was an amazing change from the calm of the bottom to the breaking crests and the tossing waves as I was jerked through the surface and swung drunkenly in on the swaying stage. A huge wave broke over our counter as I dropped on deck, and soaked the bears as they struggled with my helmet. Through my face plate I glimpsed the port-quarter mooring line, taut as an iron bar, going over the rail. Off came my helmet. Still cumbered by the rest of my diving rig, with a bear on either side I hurried for the recompression tank. Off to port I could see Hawes and the surfboat crew lifting high on the waves, trying to trip the pelican hook on a mooring buoy.

I reached the recompression tank, crawled through the door. Two bears followed to undress me. Slam went the steel door, and a loud hissing followed as the air shot in and quickly built up to a pressure of forty pounds. My decompression started.

After the storm we lashed the two pairs of floating pontoons amidships and turned attention to the stern pontoons. Wickwire was hoisted over, and crawling aft on the submarine, dropped to the bottom and walked around the starboard pontoon to inspect its position. The stern of the submarine seemed to be resting lightly on the wood sheathing of the cylinder; the top of the pontoon was inclined away from the ship as if the submarine had rolled it part way over. Wickwire made a complete circuit of the pontoon, reported that he thought by hooking on a hawser and having the Sagamore heave, that we might pull the pontoon out sideways. From the Falcon's deck we watched his bubbles in the water as Wickwire circled round the pontoon and searched along it for a line by which he might pull himself up.

Too Busy to Signal

"On deck!" Wickwire called. "Are you blowing any air in this pontoon? It's starting to roll around a little."

"Hello, Wickwire," I answered. "We're not touching it. You must be seeing things."

"The pontoon's rolling a little more, commander." A pause. Then, excitedly: "The submarine's moving too! She's rolling. There she goes! She's over on her port side again the way she used to be! Say, you ought to see her go!"

I imagined Wickwire, leaning against the pontoon, the solitary spectator. A magnificent sight—to watch a large ship resting quietly at the bottom of the sea, suddenly come to life and lazily roll in her bed from one side to the other! I clung tightly to his telephone. What next?

"Mr. Ellsberg, this pontoon is moving again! Say, she's on her way up! Going faster now. You'd better stop her! So long! I'm leaving!" My eyewitness reports ceased. Wickwire, in spite of lead shoes and heavy ballast, sprinted through the water across the sea bottom, away from the ship.

Wickwire's faith in my ability was impressive, but I saw no way of stopping that pontoon till it fetched up on its chains. But Wickwire himself must be in a precarious position, with both the submarine and the pontoon doing acrobatics around his life lines.

I called him. No answer. The tender jerked One on his life line. No jerk in return. No give to Wickwire's lines. They were obviously caught on something; no signals were going by the obstruction. I tried again on the telephone, but still no answer. Five anxious minutes passed with no news from Wickwire. Hastily we put Smith, the stand-by diver, into his helmet, placed him on the stage, were hoisting him overboard——

"One on Wickwire's line!" sang out his tender. He answered with one jerk. I telephoned again:

"Hello, Wickwire."

"All clear now, Mr. Ellsberg. I'm sitting on the sub's tail. I'll come up as soon as I see how she lays. I was too busy to answer before."

Wickwire was safe. Hartley belayed the stage, swung Smith back in on deck.

No Monotony This Dive

Wickwire had run some thirty feet when he was stopped with a jerk. His life lines were taut, stretching back toward the submarine, and he could go no farther. He turned round, walked back along his lines till he came to the submarine. The pontoon was nowhere in sight, but its two chains led vertically upward against the stern, and there, alongside one of the chains, his life line hung. Wickwire grasped the chain, started to climb the links. He went up twenty feet, came flush with the deck of the submarine, was just able through the water to discern the pontoon as a dark mass perhaps twenty feet higher. Up he went, climbing the stiff chain, like Jack up the Beanstalk, a queer sight. There, just under the pontoon looming over him like the bottom of a ship, his air hose was caught in a loop around the chain. He circled round the chain, unwound his line, hastily slipped down again, and then swung round to the stern, where he climbed the rudder and sat down on the after torpedo tube to rest. The pontoon was now plainly visible to him, floating a little above the S-51.

Wickwire had cleared himself none too soon. The top air valve had broken off the pontoon in its gyrations and air was escaping from it fast. Wickwire, resting himself on the narrow tip of the stern, was galvanized into life as the pontoon above suddenly started to sink and shot downward past him, resting heavily on the chains from which a few moments before he had been hanging.

That was too much. Wickwire changed his mind about further inspection.

"On deck. I've had enough this dive. Take me up."

Smith made the inspection. The S-51 was lying about 10 degrees to port. We flooded back the engine room, and the submarine then settled practically erect, with a list of only a few degrees to port.

A heavy fog and a bad swell prevented diving June eighteenth. With a somewhat lesser swell on June nineteenth and twentieth, we started to level off the bow pontoons. The motion of the Falcon was bad and three times the wires or the shackles broke, spoiling the job. Finally we succeeded, and then transferred our gear to the stern, where lay the last pair of pontoons. Here we had a little better luck, as only one wire broke in the process.

It was June twenty-first. We were almost done, and working like beavers. All blowing hoses were attached to pontoons and submarine, buoyed off at the surface. Two pontoons, which had lost so much air from leakage that they had sunk again, were leveled off once more and all the lashing put on.

The divers, working in relays, secured a towing bridle made of one-and-a-half-inch chain around the bow, and a heavy wire towing hawser led forward from this, a similar chain bridle was fastened round the stern with a wire led aft as a stern-fast.

We worked till 10:30 P.M., when the last lashing was secured and everything was in readiness to raise the boat. All hands were dead tired from the hard drive of the three days just past coming on top of months of arduous labor. When the last diver came up in the darkness, Hartley unmoored, steamed clear, and we climbed into our bunks, determined to finish the job the next day.

But we had reckoned without the sea. June twenty-second dawned in a storm. Diving was out of the question, raising the submarine in such weather not to be thought of. Ordinarily I might have welcomed the storm as giving us a chance to recuperate before undergoing the strain of the raising, but not then. In the foam capping the waves we could see clusters of air bubbles rising from the bottom. Our pontoons were leaking, losing the precious air which kept them leveled in position above the submarine. If the storm kept up a day or two, as well it might, we would return to find our pontoons sunk on their noses alongside the S-51, the chains and lashings tangled, and a big leveling job to do over again. We must get enough air into the pontoons to make up for the leakage till the weather cleared.

The need was urgent, so in spite of the storm, Hartley took the Falcon in among the mooring buoys. Over went the surfboat. Boatswain Hawes and his seamen battled the waves to get the hawsers shackled to the buoys. Finally we were in position over the wreck, with our bow, heading south into the storm, over the S-51's stern. In fifteen minutes we would be through, ready to start for Point Judith and rest.

We fished up the buoyed hoses leading to the stern pontoons, coupled them to our manifold. Carefully Niedermair blew through them for one minute, then shut the valves. The sailors disconnected the hoses and tossed them, buoys and all, back into the sea. Then we blew through the hoses to the midships pontoons the same way.

The storm was getting worse; we could not stay much longer. We skipped the hoses on the next pair of pontoons, which were not leaking so badly, and tried to pull aboard the hoses to the bow pair, which were buoyed off just under our stern. The hoses would not come in. Leaning far out over the rail, I looked under the Falcon's counter and found the hoses caught in our propeller, swept under, no doubt, as we tossed about. The hoses had to be cleared. If they cut in two, all the air would escape from the bow pontoons and quickly let them sink.

Clearing the Hoses

Into the surfboat tumbled the crew, I with them. We steered in under the overhanging stern of the Falcon, armed with boat hooks. The storm was helping now, for as the trough of the sea swept by, the propeller was partly exposed. Leaning over the side of the boat, I speared the hoses with my boat hook between each pair of waves, dragging them a few inches up the top propeller blade, while the rest of the boat crew held the boat in close so I could work.

"Duck!" yelled Gunner Tibbals from the Falcon. A huge wave was sweeping by. Instinctively I dropped my boat hook, ducked down below a thwart. The boat rose to the wave, crashed her rail, where a second before my head had been, against the stern of the Falcon. My boat hook, still poised over the side, snapped in two and drifted away.

The wave passed; we sank into a trough. I took another boat hook, resumed my fishing job, but kept a wary eye on the waves as they swept up. I lost another boat hook, we stove in the rail of the surfboat, but after some twenty minutes' work the hoses were pulled free of the propeller, undamaged. The boat ran out from under the stern, came alongside. On the top of a wave I leaped easily over the Falcon's bulwark.

(Continued on Page 40)

Attention
Automobile Dealers

Auburn will soon make public announcements of a new series of complete line of automobiles of startling values and prices. So startling, in fact, that the world will be amazed and wonder how it is possible for Auburn to do it.

Now, for the first time, we are entering the market below $1000.00. WHY we have not done so until now, and WHAT we are giving the public for $995.00, will constitute the greatest automobile news of 1929. And the buying public will instantly recognize that the new Auburn offerings will set new standards by which all other cars must be measured. Suffice it to say here, that this announcement is the fruition of years of definite planning to give higher values at lower prices *than any other manufacturer has ever done.* This opportunity is given dealers to write or wire us for complete information prior to public showings.

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Rubber covered foot controls
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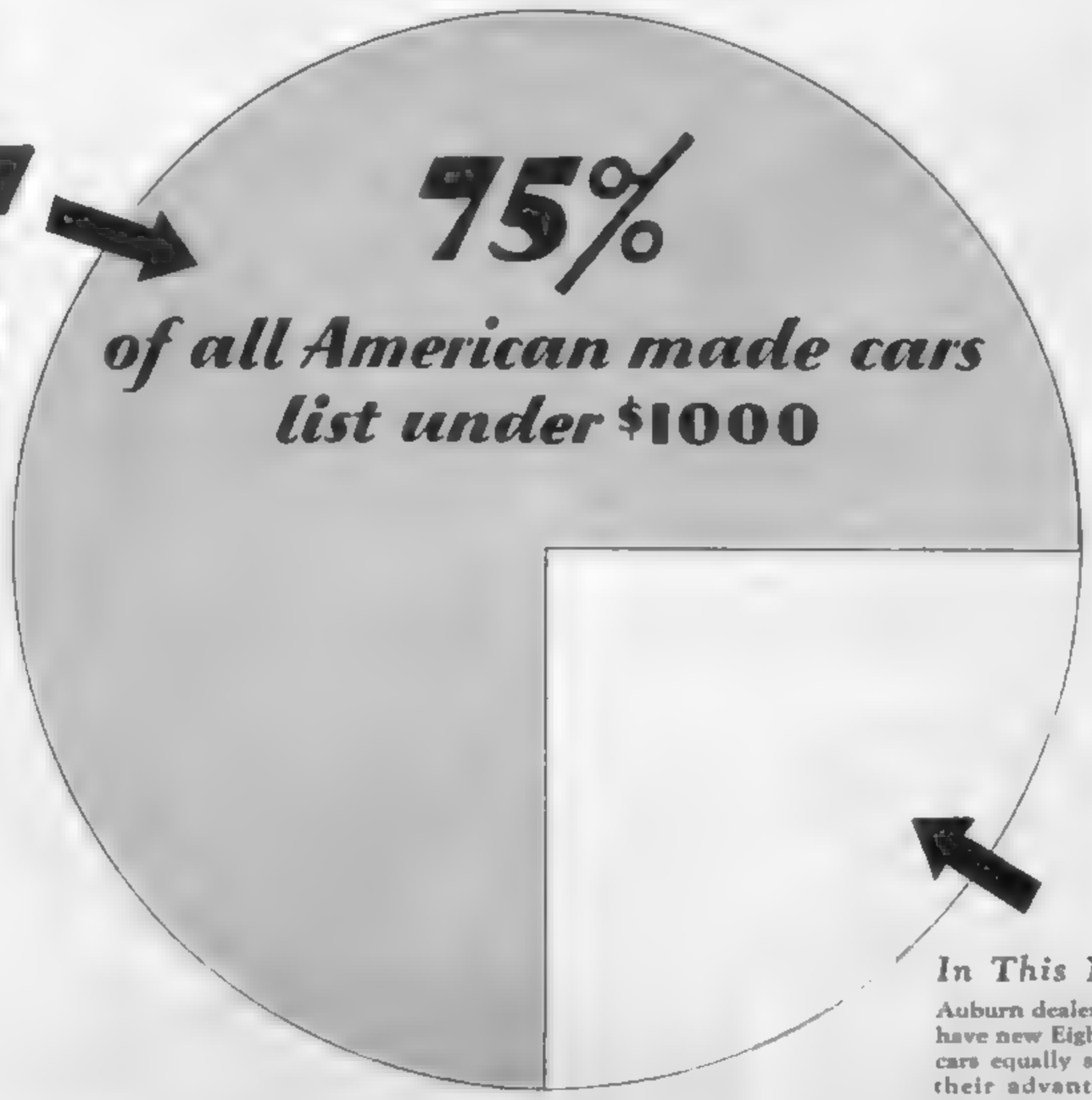

In This Market

Auburn dealers will also have new Eight cylinder cars equally startling in their advantages over competition. Coming announcements will surprise you.

WIRE US

Auburn Automobile Company, Auburn, Indiana

(Continued from Page 38)

The sailors pulled the last hoses aboard and connected them to the quarter-deck manifold. Niedermair was getting ready to blow, when, looking over our port quarter, I saw a huge mass of bubbles foaming up and spreading out right under the Falcon's stern!

It flashed through my mind that, after all, the hoses had parted and were releasing the air, but a second look made me drop that idea. No such geyser of air could come through a few small hoses.

Probably the pontoon chains had broken and the bow pontoons, free, were shooting to the surface under our stern. When they hit us, we would be sunk right on top of the S-51.

There was little time for action. The winchmen were standing by the capstans, ready to let go the mooring lines as soon as we had finished with the hoses.

"Let go the port-quarter mooring line! Heave round on the starboard winch!" Hartley shouted.

The port line slacked, the starboard winch raced as a seaman jerked the throttle wide open. Our stern began to swing slowly to starboard. We had cleared the patch of foam about twenty feet, when the broken water suddenly widened out and four pontoons, with the bow of the S-51 between them, burst through the surface of the sea!

The rolling of the waves, felt far below the surface, had rocked the submarine on the bottom, destroying what little suction grip was left; the lightened bow had broken free and risen with increasing speed. There in the middle of the storm, when we had no desire at all to see it, one end of the submarine—and the wrong end at that—was once again afloat!

There was no choice. Storm or no storm, we must raise her now. The Falcon's siren shrieked a warning to the other vessels. A boatload of extra hose came from the Vestal. We connected all the hoses to the submarine's after compartments and to the stern pontoons, dragged them on board, coupled them to the Falcon's blowing manifold. We started to blow air into the stern. There was no chance of getting her into port even if we lifted her, but I hoped that when, during her stormy tow, she finally broke loose and sank again, it might at least be in shallower water, where raising her next time would be easier.

Pumping and Hoping

The pontoons, weighed down by the submarine bow cradled in chains between them, rose and fell sluggishly as the seas rolled by, occasionally exposing the stem of the S-51 in their midst. Niedermair turned the air on the after pontoons. The Falcon's air compressors labored their utmost to force air through rapidly.

Meanwhile the S-50 maneuvered close aboard on our starboard side, dropped anchor just clear of our mooring buoys and endeavored to send us an air hose to help us out with the compressed air stored at high pressure in her banks. It was useless. Time after time the storm swept the S-50 down to leeward as if her anchor were a feather. The hose never came aboard.

The Falcon was left to fight the battle out herself. With all her compressors running, she was still not able to keep up much pressure on so many lines at once. The storm grew worse. The pontoons swayed back and forth in the sea, battering one another. Wood sheathing came off in large patches, floated away. An hour went by, full of feverish activity, but it was passed in silence by the men on the Falcon, watching the wreck of all their hopes.

Everything was wrong. The blowing connections were all set to expel the water from the submarine with the stern, not the bow, at the surface first. With the bow up, it was impossible to drive more than two-thirds of the water from the sealed compartments in the submarine. Then the pontoon lashings had been put on with the main purpose of holding the pontoons from sliding aft when the stern rose. Now the bow was the high end. How long would they hold in that position? Evidently not indefinitely, for the two pairs of pontoons, which had risen properly lined up, were now a huddled group at the bow, pointing in all directions.

There was nothing to do but pump air and hope. We pumped steadily. Some bubbles appeared aft, foamed on the surface, spread out. I watched them, thought gloomily, "Well, here's the stern! I wonder what luck we'll have towing in this sea?"

But instead of that, a pontoon shot through the froth, leaped free of the water like a tarpon, dropped back, and then floated away with some broken ends of chain dangling from the hawse pipes! A few seconds later its mate appeared, sparkled a second as it rose dripping above the sea, then lazily drifted to leeward with its companion.

Volunteering for Suicide

The anchor chains under the stern had slipped upward a little under the lifting strain, had struck the point where the box keel began, had broken under the impact. The released pontoons, racing upward under full buoyancy, had left the partly flooded stern resting in the mud. The Sagamore chased the pontoons through the storm, some miles away got lines on them and started slowly for Point Judith.

Our chance of raising the stern was gone. Mechanically, we continued blowing air into the engine room and the motor room, but I knew that with the bow end up, we could not eject enough water to make the stern lift. Shortly, a moderate amount of bubbles showed over the spot where the spill pipe in the engine room was buried in the sea. The engine room was venting air, we could get no more buoyancy aft. The stern did not rise.

The situation was now desperate. The four pontoons at the bow were charging back and forth as the seas swept by, battering one another like mad bulls. The stem of the S-51 rode heavily between them; we could hear the groaning of the chains under the keel as the submarine swayed. The stern pair of chains had broken; it would not be long before the forward chains parted under the terrific punishment they were getting. When that happened the heavy bow, with no internal buoyancy of its own, would go crashing 132 feet to the bottom, making a complete wreck of all our work. The prospect sickened me.

There was one way to save the situation—flood the pontoons before the chains broke, and let the whole mass sink gradually. But to do that meant getting out on that chaotic mass to open the pontoon flood valves. It looked like suicide. I could not ask any man to try it.

Niedermair stopped blowing aft, the compressors came to rest. The rumor got out there was no hope of bringing up the stern. The divers clustered round as sick at heart as I was, anxious for information.

Eadie voiced the unspoken question: "Can't we sink the bow?"

"Yes, Tom, that'll do it, but who is going to open those valves?"

Silence. No orders, no comments.

None were needed. Wickwire stripped off his jumper, threw away his shoes. Seizing a wrench, he leaped overboard, swam fifty feet to the nearest pontoon, dug his finger nails into the slippery sheathing, climbed aboard.

He was in the midst of a raging caldron. The sea swept over him, the pontoon rose and fell wildly under his feet. He reached the flood valves; turn by turn he swung them open. The sea swept him away; he swam back, battered but determined. Carefully he clung on, opening a turn at a time, when he was not buried in a wave. Again he was washed off, fortunately to the side away from the submarine. If once he fell into that devil's churn where the bow of the S-51 ground between the pontoons, he would quickly be mincemeat.

Another sea caught him, took him off again. His strength was gone; he drifted to leeward, paddling feebly to stay afloat. The surfboat picked him up, brought him in, exhausted, nearly strangled from salt water. The valves on one pontoon were open.

Badders went overboard from the surfboat, battled the seas on the second pontoon. Weaver tried the third and broke his arm. Boatswain Hawes, with no one else available in his boat, himself leaped into the sea, wrench in hand, clung to the third pontoon while he swung the wrench. Like the others, the green seas swept over him as the wild pontoon plunged sickeningly up and down. He stuck, one second buried, the next high above the sea as he rode the pontoon, turned the valves. The sea tore him away; fortunately, like the others he drifted clear, to be hauled into the surfboat.

The Sea Wins Again

No one ever got aboard the fourth pontoon, but it was unnecessary. The other three, valves partly open, were beginning to fill and ride more sluggishly. In another minute we got what sad comfort there was in seeing the bow of the S-51, with the four pontoons still clinging to it, slowly vanish beneath the waves and sink gently from our sight. A few bubbles, a little froth, marked the spot. The sea had won again.

As best we could, we cast loose our moorings, and, with the rest of the squadron, the Falcon slowly steamed northward through the storm to the Harbor of Refuge at Point Judith, where, hours before, we had expected to go for a rest before raising the submarine.

The disappointment and gloom in the salvage party need not be described. The sailors were worn out, the divers literally burned out by months of toil under heavy pressure on the bottom, the officers haggard from the physical and mental strain. Silence reigned on the Falcon. No one spoke, except for the routine orders of the ship's work. We dropped anchor behind the stone breakwater in the early afternoon, crawled wearily into our bunks.

June 22, 1926—a day no one there off Block Island will ever forget!

The storm abated during the night. At noon we steamed out again, moored.

We put two divers over together to inspect—Eiben forward, Smith aft. A silent hour went by as the divers worked along the wreck from opposite ends, finally meeting amidships, when we hoisted them up, cast loose the moorings, and again headed north for Point Judith.

Nothing But Gloom

In the little wardroom of the Falcon a silent group of officers listened to the report of Eiben and Smith. It held little comfort. The S-51 was lying far over on her starboard side, her bow some thirty feet to the right of its old position. Three of the pontoons which had been at the surface were clustered round the bow, resting on the bottom vertically, in a tangled mass of chains, wires and hoses. The fourth bow pontoon—the one on which the flood valves had not been opened—was floating horizontally some six feet above the forecastle, tugging hard on its chains.

The pontoons at the stern were, of course, missing, and the stern itself was covered with mud from having sunk into the bottom when the rest of the boat, at a sharp angle, rose to the surface.

Their story told, Smith and Eiben returned to their shipmates in the messroom below. In the wardroom each officer sized the problem up to himself. It looked bad. How could a set of divers, already worn out, who had been kept going on their nerves for some weeks past only because they were able to see the end of the job in sight, now undertake all that work again, plus the unknown but obviously dangerous job of clearing away the wrecked pontoons? No one spoke.

In Hartley's stateroom, Captain King, Hartley and I considered it. It would be difficult, but, if only we could get the divers to work, not impossible.

That evening all the divers gathered in the Falcon's wardroom. I explained the situation, pointed out the possibilities. But taken as a body, they were tired, discouraged. If they could go ashore for a week or two, they might return then, rested enough to finish.

"I'm sorry, men, we can't do that," I explained. "If we get away from here, most of us will never come back. We've got to drive it through now for our own sakes. The country has forgotten us. It will never know if we quit, but we'll know. Stick! We can do it! And because we're men, we are going to stay here and fight it out with the ocean if it takes us the rest of our lives! Who's with us?"

They all were.

We sailed out again next morning, moored, prepared to dive. With the midship pair of pontoons pulling up and one pontoon still lifting on the stem, the forward end of the submarine was off the bottom nearly all the way back to frame 46, where after weeks of digging by numerous divers, Eadie and Wilson had once before driven through a tunnel.

Once more we needed a pair of chains there. Before the ship should bury herself deeper, Eadie went down with the hose; in one dive, with the vessel only slightly in the clay, the new nozzle drilled a hole through. We rove off new lines, hauled our wires, lowered down and stretched out on

(Continued on Page 42)

PHOTO BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

The Stern Pontoons Broke Surface, Bearing the Stern of the S-51

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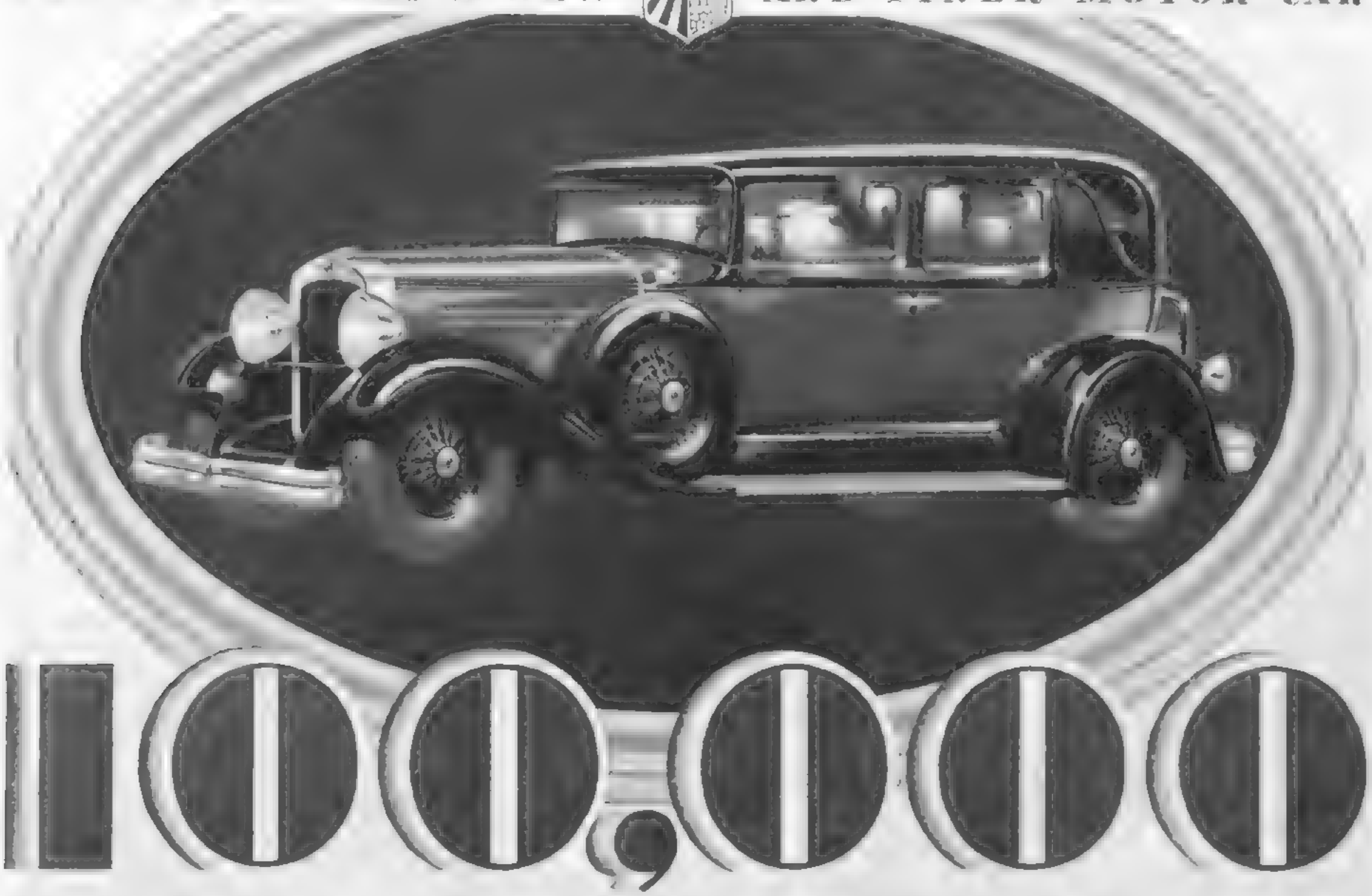

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Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.

WHEN at the opening of a picture you see on the screen the words "Carl Laemmle Presents," I hope you will feel that it means something worth while, and is not a mere advertising phrase. Naturally I am jealous of my name and reputation and will not lend either to any picture that is not wholly deserving. Answering many correspondents, I wish it understood that I like clean pictures—not the namby pamby kind—but pictures that are full of thrills and punch and interesting drama—the very things we all love to see. In other words, I like high-class entertainment which thrills and pleases and drives dull care away. Do you?

—C. L.

Universal's production of Victor Hugo's classic, ***"The Man Who Laughs,"*** which is creating so much real interest throughout the country, has had the finest things in the world said of it by the foremost critics. It is proper at this time to remind you of the unusual cast which consists of CONRAD VEIDT, who is acknowledged as one of the screen's leading actors, MARY PHILBIN whose charm and talent have endeared her to the movie fans—OLGA BACLANOVA, the Russian actress who has astonished the picture world, and such favorites as JOSEPH INE CROWELL, GEORGE SIEGMANN, BRANDON HURST, STUART HOLMES, and CESARE GRAVINA.

Mary Philbin in "The Man Who Laughs"

The same truths apply definitely to Universal's production of Harriet Beecher Stowe's American classic, ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin."*** The cast is one of the most notable in screen annals and includes JAMES B. LOWE (Uncle Tom), VIRGINIA GRAY (Eva), GEORGE SIEGMANN (Simon Legree), MARGARITA FISHER (Eliza), ARTHUR EDMUND CAREW (George Harris) ADOLPHE MILAR (Haley), LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD (Lawyer Marks), JACK MOWER (Mr. Shelby), VIVIAN OAKLAND (Mrs. Shelby) J. GORDON RUSSELL (Tom Loker), SEYMOUR ZELIFF (George Harris, owner) LASSIE LOU AHERN (Little Harry), MONA RAY (Topsy), AILEEN MANNING (Miss Ophelia).

George Lewis in "The Collegians"

Bear in mind that Universal's ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*** must not be confused with some of the mediocre productions which have been hushed from dusty shelves since this picture has been announced. Look for UNIVERSAL'S ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin."***

And now ***"The Collegians"*** will talk—you will hear all the noises of the campus, the gridiron, the college songs and the roar of the crowds during athletic contests. The same excellent cast which made these stories by Carl Laemmle, Jr., famous will produce the new talking series.

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Margarita Fisher in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

Carl Laemmle, President

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(Continued from Page 40)

the bottom a new pair of anchor cables to take the pontoons there later.

That done, we turned attention next day to the tangled heap around the bow. That pontoon floating over the forecastle had to come down before we could release the others. It was floating athwart the deck. We could not sink it there or it would drop onto the forecastle. Smith investigated. One of the lashing wires leading to a sunken port pontoon from under the floating one, was holding it athwartships. But the wire was some seven feet to port of the deck edge, and out of reach. He could not cast it loose.

Calling in the Reserve

Kelley had a method. With MacLagan to assist, he dived, taking the torch lashed to the end of a squilgee handle some six feet long. They landed, groped their way forward.

Under the pontoon, Kelley lighted the torch, pulled the trigger, lashed it back with a rubber band. Then, with MacLagan holding him, he leaned far out to port, thrusting out the squilgee handle, with the torch spurting a jet of flame through the water at the far end. He balanced himself precariously on the edge of the deck, MacLagan hanging on to steady him. With both hands he swung the tip of the torch to the wire, held it there a moment. A white stream of sparks shot out, the wire snapped.

Glancing through the side face plate over his shoulder, Kelley saw the pontoon, freed from the wire, swinging toward him. He dropped the torch, jumped over the side, grabbing the rail and clinging there. MacLagan tried to run. There was nothing to run on. The pontoon swirled by, hit him, sent him flying overboard through the water to the bottom, where he landed in a heap in the mud twenty feet below. The pontoon came to rest in a fore and aft position on the starboard side.

Kelley scrambled back on deck, gripped his partner's life lines and hauled him up again. Bruised and shaken, he escorted MacLagan aft to the descending line at the gun. They rose, came aboard. Neither said much.

The divers were a source of concern. The spirit of the men was excellent, they were doing their utmost, but most of the older divers were burned out. Wilson soon had to be sent to the hospital in Newport. His stomach could no longer hold food. Madden had long since been sent back to Boston with bursted eardrums. Kelley came up with a minor case of the bends after every dive. He could dive only for brief periods now, when a torch expert was needed. Eiben went round with a permanent limp. I suspect he had a bubble in his knee, but never said anything about it. Bailey no longer could dive at all. George Anderson had to be sent back to New York to save him from pneumonia. Holden and Sanders had been ordered to stop by the doctor and were acting as tenders. Smith was diving, but I dared not keep him down long.

Only Carr, Eadie, Michels and Wickwire, of our older group, were still in fair shape and able to stay down an hour.

So far as the rest of the older and more skilled men were concerned, they were going along on their nerves, a bunch of eager cripples. But I was thankful for the youngsters whom Kelley had trained to dive the winter before. They had done their best through the first spring months, assisting the more skilled divers on the easier jobs. Now the burden fell on them. They were the reserves. Young, eager, with more power of recuperation, they swung into the breach left by the disabled veterans, and carried the job along.

On Albert Grube, only nineteen years old, fell the main task of releasing the bow pontoons. With Davis to assist, he landed on the round top of starboard No. 2 pontoon, where it rose some sixteen feet above the forecastle. Halfway down its vertical side the chains hung from the hawse pipes, secured in place by the heavy steel toggle bars, with a locking pin holding the toggles in the chain links. Carefully Grube slipped down the side, Davis lowering him by his air hose, for all the world like a mountaineer going down a precipice. His breastplate came opposite the upper hawse pipe. Davis ceased lowering, clung tightly to the lines to hold Grube suspended. Swinging across the face of the pontoon, Grube gripped the dangling chain between his knees to steady himself, lay against the chain with the toggle pressed against his chest. With a small wrench he unscrewed the locking pin on one side of the link. Then he grasped the 140-pound toggle on the other side of the chain, braced his lead shoes against the link below, and hauled with all his might. Slowly the heavy bar started out of the chain till it came clear. Grube dropped it. The bar disappeared in the sand below, while the freed chain rattled back through the hawse pipe.

Davis eased him down sixteen feet farther to the lower hawse pipe, where Grube cleared the other toggle bar after a struggle, for the weight of the chain had it jammed against the pontoon. At last he dragged it out of the link and the chain vanished with a roar while Grube spun round like a top in the swirl that the flying chain set up in the water. Davis pulled him back on top the pontoon, gave the rising signal, and the two young divers started up.

When we had them aboard we hauled the Falcon clear and Niedermair blew the pontoon they had been working on. For eleven minutes the air went down; then the pontoon floated up and we hauled it alongside. Its sheathing was gone and it was leaking through numerous rivets. The Iuka took it in tow after we had expelled all the water, and sailed with it for our repair base at Point Judith. There, behind the breakwater, a floating derrick hoisted the pontoons out of water while the Vestal's crew worked night and day to repair them.

When Success Loomed

Similarly the divers renewed the hoses on the three other pontoons at the bow, cut loose their tangled chains and wires. One by one we blew the pontoons to the surface, some so badly damaged and so full of holes it seemed a miracle enough air stayed inside them to float them to the surface. The tugs towed them to Point Judith, constantly pumping air to keep them from sinking.

Matters began to look brighter. All the damaged pontoons were up. At Point Judith the Vestal was working night and day, patching holes, welding up leaks, replacing sheathing, renewing broken valves. The tired divers, with the wreckage cleared away, saw the promises made to them fulfilled, and turned to with renewed energy.

On June twenty-ninth we had a storm which drove us off, but gave all hands a much-needed rest. The last day of June the weather was passable; we finished clearing away all wreckage and resecured our lines at bow and stern for towing the S-51 when she rose.

July first dawned with a light breeze but heavy swells from the southward. The Falcon moored, nevertheless, and rigged for lowering pontoons. The Sagamore and Iuka steamed out from behind the breakwater at Point Judith, each towing a rebuilt pontoon, while the divers started to pick up the wires to the pair of chains we had run through a week before. The last storm had carried away the buoys and snarled the wires; Eadie and Eiben cleared them.

The first pontoon came alongside, pitching heavily. We rigged it, strained the lowering lines severely as the pontoon jerked on the lines till we got it submerged. We lowered to ninety feet, when Carr and MacLagan went down to insert the toggle. Both became so seasick riding the plunging pontoon that they could do nothing till we lowered the pontoon to the bottom.

We brought the mate pontoon alongside, rigged and lowered it to ninety feet. Here Kelley and Boyd went down. Boyd tore his suit open trying to insert a toggle bar, and had to be brought up, leaving Kelley alone. Kelley managed to get both toggles in, catching the chain on the fly, but came up sick. Smith, Henry, Clarke and Davis followed in succession to cast off the lines which ordinarily one diver could do in a few minutes. Finally, at 10 P.M. we had the pontoon down and free. Our twelve-inch lowering hawsers were so badly stretched we threw them away and broke out a new set.

The Last Pontoon

July second the sea was still running a heavy swell. We turned to on the stern of the submarine. Michels and Grube dived together, passed a line under the stern, and we hauled down a four-inch manila. The wire line followed as usual. We were reeving it through when in some way Grube's life lines became tangled in the wire and he was jerked halfway to the surface before we could stop. Michels climbed the wire, helped Grube unwind himself, and both men came up. Eiben and Davis passed the second line; we got wires, chains and both pontoons down on the bottom and toggled to the chains without accident, in spite of the rolling Falcon.

July third we moored in the same swell, prepared to lower the last pair of pontoons at the bow. At this point we obtained a welcome recruit. Chief Torpedoman Ingram, who had been trying for months to get back on the job, finally arrived. Immediately he went into a diving suit, and going down with Carr, he helped put in the toggles and let go the lines on the pontoon which we lowered to the port side of the bow.

We had only one pontoon left. We brought it alongside, rigged it, flooded it till it went awash. Over went the stage with Badders on it to close the flood valves. He got the after valve closed, but the sea swung the forward end of the pontoon in under the counter of the Falcon, and the wrench and the valve became inaccessible. Before we could haul the pontoon clear by a line to the Sagamore, so much water entered the open valve that the pontoon became heavy and its forward end sank far enough to carry the handle of the wrench about four feet below the surface. Badders jumped from the stage, dived repeatedly under the water and closed the valve half a turn at a time, but before it was finally shut, the wrench fell off the valve stem and sank. Badders could do no more.

The pontoon was getting very heavy on that end as the water flowed in; I recalled several cases where our pontoons had broken away and sunk end first; it seemed about to happen again on our very last pontoon. But if we could not close the valve, I could at least prevent further flooding. Niedermair turned on the compressed air, blew into the hose to the forward compartment, drove some of the water out till the strain on the hawser eased up.

Meanwhile Eadie, who had been nearly dressed, had the rest of his rig put on, and was dropped over on the pontoon, going down about eight feet. He closed the valve with a Stillson.

I had jumped overboard to help Badders when the trouble first started, and now stood in a soaked uniform at the forward bitts. Hartley manned the after line. Together we lowered on our hawsers; soon the last pontoon was secured alongside the S-51.

We had, moreover, in three successive days lowered three pairs of pontoons, which was a far better performance than we had been able to do when the divers were fresh on the job. The Falcon unmoored in a fog and steamed clear for the night.

July Fourth came on a Sunday, but in spite of both holiday and Sunday, we celebrated by making an early start on the job. We had two pairs of pontoons to level off, and three pairs to lash.

We tried leveling first on the second pair of pontoons from forward. Boyd and Henry did the diving; the job worked fine. The Falcon then shifted aft to get over the

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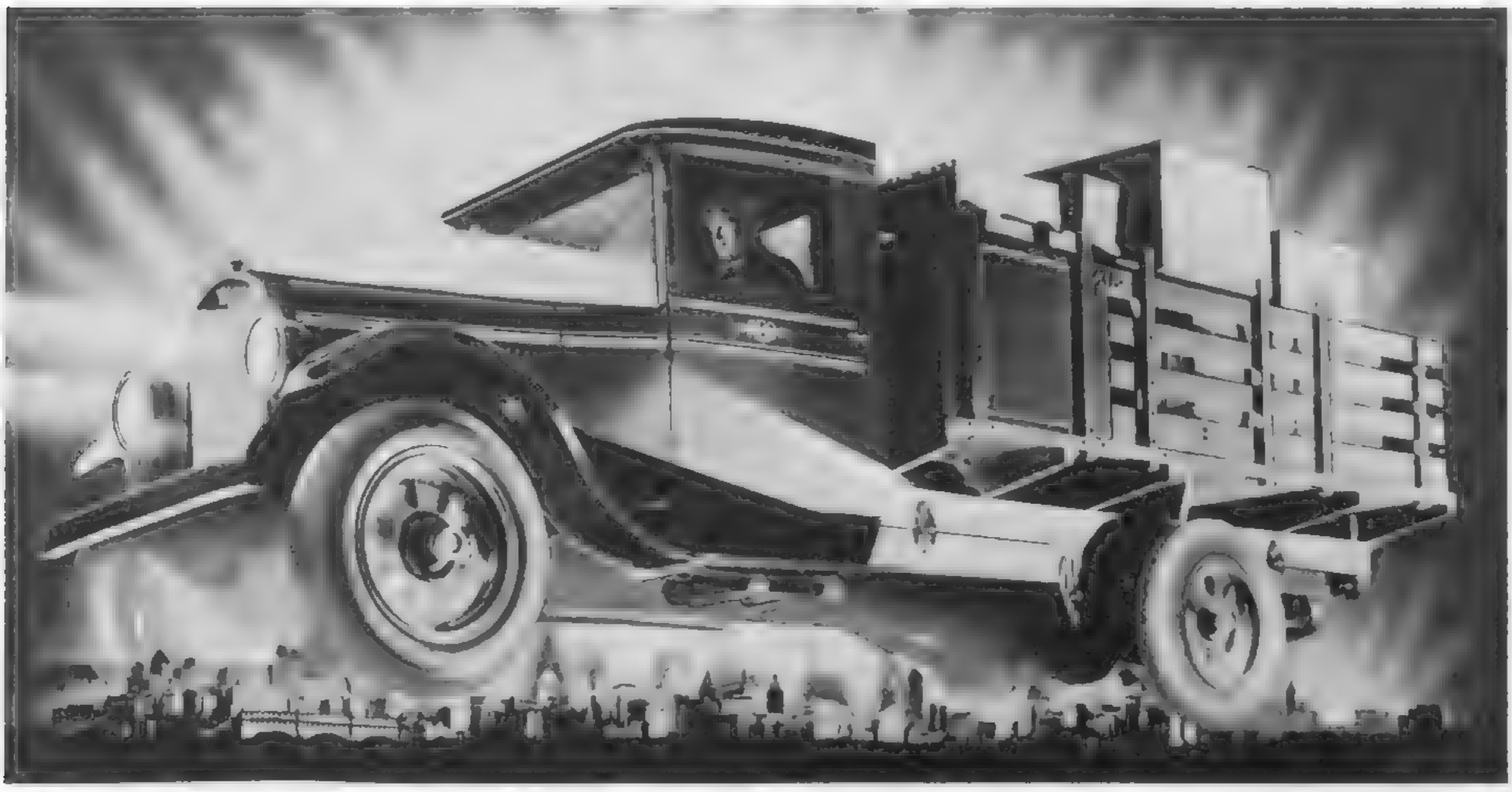

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submarine's stern, where we leveled off the pontoons there without much difficulty, while Wickwire and Davis handled the lines on the pontoons.

Carr and Grube went down on the bow, secured the wire lashings across the deck on the forward pontoons, and were putting the lashings on the chains of the second pair when the pontoons started moving. The forward end of the port pontoon suddenly dropped to the bottom of the sea, while the corresponding end of the starboard pontoon shot up twenty feet. The leveling job was ruined; they could not install their lashings, and were lucky not to be hurt. The port pontoon had apparently leaked enough to grow heavy on one end and sink. It was dark, too late to do anything. We hauled up the divers and unmoored.

We moored especially early on July fifth, in a choppy sea with a southeasterly breeze and a moderate swell. Our weather reports indicated a storm next day. As the submarine was practically in the condition it had been in two weeks before when a storm brought up the bow, we decided if possible to finish and get out that day to avoid a possible repetition of the accident.

Quickly we leveled off the pontoon which had sunk the night before, and put on the lashings. One more dive and we would be through.

Wickwire went down aft to check up on the pontoons there and to secure a telltale line to the stern. He slipped down the descending line abaft the conning tower. For the last time I heard the call:

"On the bottom!"

Wickwire went aft along the slimy deck of the submarine, set the valves on the stern pontoons, slid down her side to the sea bottom, and secured his telltale to the stern. He was through. I waited impatiently for his signal to be hoisted up. It was nearly noon. We must lose no time.

Drying Out the Sub

No signal came. I raised his telephone to my lips to order him to hurry, but desisted. Over the telephone I heard Wickwire's helmet clang against the stern of the S-51, I heard him murmur:

"Good-by, baby! I'll see you next in the navy yard!"

There was a loud smack, and then the tender on Wickwire's life lines felt four vigorous jerks. We hauled Wickwire up quickly, shoved him into the iron doctor to decompress.

Captain King mounted the Falcon's bridge, ordered all ships to take stations for raising. The Falcon hauled about 100 feet to starboard of the submarine, with twenty air hoses running into the sea from her manifolds to the pontoons and compartments on the S-51. The Sagamore moved in ahead and picked up the buoys to the two towlines the divers had secured on the S-51's bow, while the Iuka ran in aft and took the towline around the submarine's stern.

The S-50 anchored perhaps 200 feet away on the Falcon's starboard beam and sent over a hose to carry compressed air from her air tanks to help out the Falcon's compressors, while a second submarine, the S-3, stood near by to take the S-50's place when required. The Vestal, which had come out from Point Judith, was anchored 1000 yards to port.

It took but a few minutes after Wickwire was hoisted in to complete the readjustment of all ships; the salvage squadron stood by.

At 12:17 P.M. I stepped to the air manifold and swung open the valves on the hoses leading to the motor room and to the engine room of the S-51. The rubber hoses bulged, the air shot through under the full pressure of the Falcon's compressors. Niedermair opened the valve on the hose from the S-50, and we started to drain her banks; but even so, the pressure on our manifold quickly dropped from 125 to 90 pounds, which was the highest our laboring compressors could maintain.

The air ran through for exactly an hour. At 1:17 P.M. bubbles started to rise over the engine room. We blew a few minutes longer to make sure both engine and motor rooms were dry; then tested each room separately on the pressure gauge. The air had reached the bilges, the rooms were dry.

Niedermair shut off both compartments and turned the air on in the hose leading to the control room. That hose stiffened out under the pressure as the air went down, but within a minute I got a severe shock, for a multitude of bubbles streamed to the surface over the control room. The air was coming up as fast as we sent it down.

Up From the Bottom

Niedermair and I looked at the bubbles sadly. The control room, the sealing up of which had cost the divers so many desperate hours of work, was not holding the air. Whether the hose had torn away, whether something else had broken, we could not tell, nor could we find out. The Falcon was no longer in diving position over the submarine. To get her there would waste several precious hours of daylight; even aside from that, we dared not put the Falcon over the submarine and risk having the lightened stern rush to the surface under us; not to mention the danger to the diver if the stern started to rise while he was down.

Together Niedermair and I figured hastily. We had lost sixty tons lift in the control room; in addition, we knew we were going to lose some of the buoyancy in the forward pontoons when the stern rose, but we still figured that we would have a margin of a few tons over. We said nothing about the control room, turned off the air, and decided to go ahead.

At 1:55 P.M. we resumed blowing, sending all the air to the pontoons at the stern. Eleven minutes elapsed. A cloud of bubbles spread over the sea. A moment later the stern pontoons broke surface, riding gracefully as the waves swept by. Seamen lined the rails, looked at the stern eagerly, but in silence. They had seen one end of the boat before; that much meant nothing.

All the air was immediately concentrated on the six pontoons forward. Here we blew for forty minutes, when air started to discharge over the surface, but nothing followed. Blowing ceased, while, one by one, we tested each compartment of each pontoon. The forward pair of pontoons vented air all round, the midship pontoons showed the same. We would get no more buoyancy in them. The after ends of the second pair of pontoons also lost air as fast as we supplied it. Only the forward halves of this pair showed any water left that might be expelled, and there could not be any great quantity left there.

I started the air again in these last two compartments. The S-50 reported her air all gone, the S-3 maneuvered to get alongside her and transfer the air hose to her fresh banks. Meanwhile the Falcon's compressors had to take the whole load; they throbbed continuously.

Niedermair and I looked at each other glumly. Another failure. I wondered what had gone wrong with the control room of the S-51; how long the weather would stay good and let the stern float. There was a pair of small pontoons in Newport. I could get them out in a day, attach them somehow to the bow to make up for the lost control room, if only the weather held out. But we had a storm warning.

Captain King came by, evidently perturbed by the long wait with the bow still down.

"How are things going?" he asked anxiously.

"Still fine, captain," I replied. He knew they were not, but he left without any more questions. A peach of a commanding officer! He was not going to add his anxieties to ours. He felt we were doing our best and let us alone.

Slowly the air pulsed through to the pontoons while Niedermair jotted down gauge readings and I made meaningless notes, trying to appear calm and businesslike as the worried divers one by one came up on the bridge to ask questions.

"Everything is going according to schedule," was the reply to them all, and I scheduled busily. How long would it be before a stream of bubbles showed the last pontoons dry, our hopes dashed?

An hour had gone by since the stern rose; the divers lined the port rail, tense, anxious.

Niedermair made the round of the gauges, for the tenth time noted down the unchanging pressures. Both of us paused in front of the last gauge—that to the port forward pontoon. It registered forty-eight pounds, had been steady on that for an hour. Niedermair tapped it aimlessly, not hoping for any movement, but to our surprise the needle promptly dropped to forty-four pounds, then to forty-two pounds, and continued to drop steadily. The water pressure was decreasing on that pontoon!

I rushed to the rail, looked over. No bubbles, no sign, but I needed none. The divers clustered round.

"Gentlemen, here comes your bow!"

They looked, nothing showed, but an instant later the sea boiled violently and broke into huge geysers of water, then six pontoons broke through the foam and the S-51 was afloat again. My cap went into the sea, followed by a hundred others. Cheers, tears, and the happy feeling:

"Now we can go home again!"

The Home-Coming

Soon we were under way, a strange procession. The S-51, still inclosing the bodies of eighteen of her officers and men, hung between the pontoons, with only her periscope and part of her bridge showing above water. One hundred and fifty feet astern of her, holding to the line fastened around the tail of the submarine, came the Falcon, steadily pumping air to the pontoons and to the submarine to keep ahead of any leaks. One hundred fathoms ahead of the S-51, the Sagamore towed both submarine and Falcon, with two towlines on the bow of the submarine and one line going past her to the Falcon's bow. Ahead of the Sagamore was the Iuka, with a line to the Sagamore, helping her along with her burden. The Vestal steamed on ahead of the Iuka, navigating for the squadron.

The speed was slow, only two knots. It was dark when we arrived off Point Judith and turned westward. We steamed on through the night and in the early dawn we passed the Race off New London and entered the quiet waters of Long Island Sound. The worst was over.

In smooth water we increased speed to five knots through the Sound; then, in the late afternoon, had to steam in circles several hours to avoid entering Hell Gate at night.

At midnight a skilled East River pilot came aboard and we resumed our course. The S-51, hanging between the pontoons, drew thirty-three feet of water; we would shave close entering the East River.

The second morning of our tow found us entering the East River at the top of the flood tide. We passed safely over the shallows at the entrance, passed the dangerous currents of Hell Gate. Our last obstacle was overcome, our troubles were over.

I went below a few minutes. For the first time in months I took off my tarnished blouse, my blue woolen shirt, replaced them with a decent uniform, put on a white shirt and collar, prepared to return to civilization. All over the Falcon, sailors and divers who had long since grown beards were shaving them off, preparing to greet their wives or their sweethearts. Confusion reigned in the crew's quarters, in the wardroom. It was no longer possible to recognize in the neatly dressed men the rough-looking shipmates who had shared my struggles on deck or at the bottom.

I examined myself in the glass—with a weather-beaten face and lips puffed and cracked from facing the biting winds and the sharp sun on the Falcon's rail, I doubted whether anyone ashore would know me.

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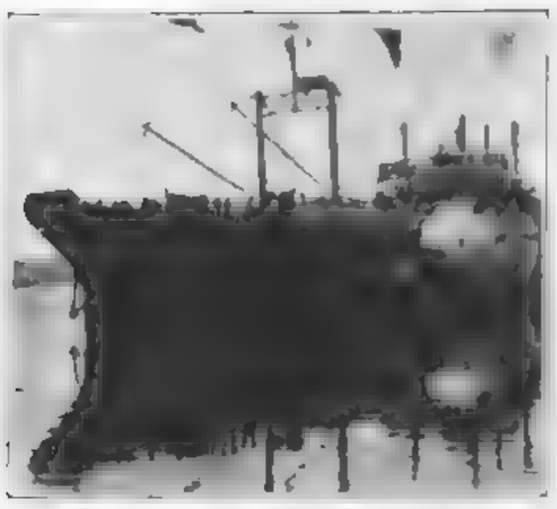

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Commander Byrd, who has just sailed for the land of ice, recognized these facts and is taking many varieties of canned foods to the South Pole. The selection recommended by dietetic authorities of a famous university includes beans, beets, peas, corn, fish, meats, milk, fruits, tomatoes, and others. *But in quantity more Sauerkraut, by far, was requisitioned than any other canned food—15,000 pounds of this great health dish, two pounds a week for each person.*

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(Continued from Page 44)

I climbed back on the bridge; Hartley, also dressed up, was there, conning his ship, carefully watching his position astern the submarine. Both sides of the East River were lined with huge crowds as we passed; no cheers, but half-masted flags and bareheaded throngs greeted the S-51 as the silent procession steamed slowly along.

We passed under Queensboro Bridge, passed Blackwell's Island on the Manhattan side, could see the entrance to the navy yard about a mile below. The Vestal cleared the tip of the island, stood down the river in the deep channel near the Manhattan shore. The Sagamore and the Iuka followed her.

Just below Blackwell's Island the two tugs left the Vestal, swerved to port. Trailing on the towlines, the submarine followed.

Before the meaning of this unlooked-for maneuver could be learned, the submarine suddenly stopped, the pontoons bobbed violently and lost their alignment, two pontoons broke loose and drifted away! The Falcon, only 150 feet behind the S-51, began rapidly to close on the stern of the submarine.

With only six seconds in which to act before ramming the S-51, Lieutenant Hartley swung his rudder hard left and got his engines going full speed astern. The Falcon closed in, in spite of everything, but Hartley's lightning action reduced the impact to a slight collision with the amidships port pontoon; he missed altogether the stern of the boat, containing the precious buoyancy that the divers had risked their lives so many times to secure.

The pilot, instead of following the Vestal down the broad straight channel, had tried to take us through a narrow side channel between two reefs, with the result that we were stranded on Man of War Rock in twenty-four feet of water. And the S-51 had been drawing thirty-three feet!

The shock of having our submarine shipwrecked practically at the end of her long tow, was disheartening. A moment before, we could see our task over; now once more we had a submerged wreck to deal with, and as we looked over at the tide racing by, our hopes sank. Diving was impossible in that current except at the turns of the tide, perhaps for thirty minutes each six hours. Two of our pontoons were gone. The water over the reef was shallower by eight feet than the draft of the S-51, and to make it worse, we had stranded at high tide. We could not look forward to a rise in tide to float us free. Instead, we could expect to have our ship try to capsize as the tide dropped.

Getting a Lower Grip

In this difficulty, I figured feverishly. If we could resecure our six remaining pontoons much lower down, we ought to be just barely able to lift the submarine clear. In the river I could use derricks; I sent to the navy yard for two.

Tremendous crowds gathered on the docks along both sides of the East River, while numerous small boats circled round to watch the wreck.

In an hour the first derrick arrived, with a tug on either side to handle it. The derrick was run against the starboard bow pontoon, heading upstream, with the tugs pushing constantly to hold it in position against the outgoing tide. Lowering the boom of the derrick as far over its bow as possible, riggers hooked both pontoon chains with wire slings and heaved in till the strain on the wires took the whole load of the lift off the pontoon. The tide had partly fallen, the pontoons were more than half out of water.

When the derrick had the strain we opened the flood valves on the pontoon and allowed it to fill slowly and bury itself deeper and deeper. With the pontoon practically all awash, just showing a few inches above water, while the chains stretched taut to the derrick overhead, I burned out the studs in the links just above the top of the pontoon; the riggers pulled the toggle bars out of their old links and resecured them in the newly cleared links nearly seven feet lower. This done, Niedermair, on signal to the Falcon, blew air into the pontoon till it became a little more buoyant and took up hard against the toggles, taking the strain back on the pontoon as the derrick slacked away on the slings.

Quickly the riggers shifted the wires to the mate pontoon on the port bow of the submarine; there, in a similar manner, we flooded down and resecured in an awash position the other pontoon. It was ticklish work on top of the pontoon as the swift water rushed by; the two tugs had to keep steaming ahead full power to prevent the derrick from being swept downstream.

Nature's Own Plugs

A little after noon the two bow pontoons were done. The derrick let go and attempted to back clear, but the tide swept derrick, tugs and all pell-mell down the starboard side of the submarine straight for the hawser holding the Falcon in position. Someone on the Falcon swung an ax; the line parted and allowed the hurtling group of vessels to shoot past without becoming entangled in the wreck; some distance down the stream the tugs finally brought the derrick to rest in quieter water close inshore, where they anchored it.

A larger derrick from the navy yard was near by with two powerful tugs to handle it. This I brought down against the port midship pontoon, with the tugs, as before, to hold it against the current. Once more the riggers took the strain of the chains off the pontoon, heaving the chains upward with slings made of plow-steel wire one and a half inches thick, till the full strain was off the pontoon.

Then, with Badders and Schissel to help, I opened the flood valves on the pontoon and started to flood it down. To let the air out while the water came in, we first opened the air vents on top of the pontoon, but as these vents were only small three-quarter-inch valves, the air could escape through them only gradually and the pontoon accordingly filled very slowly.

The afternoon was getting on and I now hoped to finish before the next turn of the tide; consequently, to accelerate matters, the men on the bow of the derrick over our heads dropped a Stillson wrench down to Badders and he unscrewed both the vent and blow valves in each compartment of the pontoon. That left four clear holes, each one inch in diameter, in the top of the pontoon—one at each end and two near the middle. Through these clear holes the air whistled out and the pontoon filled and sank somewhat more rapidly. Badders laid the unscrewed valves carefully on top the pontoon, so that when it was nearly awash we could quickly screw back the valves.

Half an hour went slowly by. Just beyond the pontoon I could see the periscopes and the top of the conning tower of the S-51 leaning over about fifteen degrees to starboard against the midship pontoon on that side, which fortunately prevented it from rolling over any farther. The port pontoon, which we were standing on, had sunk four feet and had perhaps still three more feet to go before it was awash. The heavy nickel-steel toggle bars, left behind as the pontoon sank, still dangled through the chain links about four feet above the pontoon, while the wire slings holding the chains up ran far above our heads to the top of the derrick boom. The overhanging bow of the derrick was just over us.

On the far side of the river a large steamer passed swiftly northward and disappeared behind Blackwell's Island.

A minute later a heavy swell from the steamer's wake rolled under us. The derrick pitched in the trough of the waves, brought up with a jerk on the slings. The wires parted. The bow of the derrick, freed of the load, flew upward while the chains, no longer supported, brought the toggles down with the crash of eighty tons weight on top of the pontoon. The pontoon promptly disappeared, taking its three passengers with it. Just before I submerged I saw the starboard side pontoon suddenly bob up and the periscopes roll heavily to starboard.

"The submarine's capsized now," I thought. "It's all over!"

On the derrick the crew, looking down over their wildly heaving bow, saw nothing. Hastily they ran aft, seizing life preservers, waiting to throw them to Badders, Schissel or me, when the tide, carrying us up the river, washed us clear of the bottom of the derrick.

Fortunately for us, the forward toggle bar had snapped under the shock; no longer held down, that end of the pontoon, after a brief submergence, floated up again, just barely showing above water, with the three of us still clinging to it. We came up, soaked, sputtering, still in water over our waists, but all with one mind. The pontoon under our feet was submerged with open flood valves and open vents; soon it would fill and sink to the bottom of the river, and in that tide, getting it up again would be a desperate job. It must not sink! With one accord, we plugged the three submerged vents with our thumbs. Schissel, at the deep end, went completely under water; Badders and I, amidships, could just keep our heads above the surface; the fourth vent hole at the high end was just out of water and safe. About once a minute Schissel had to pull his thumb out of his hole, come up a second for air, and dive down again to plug the opening.

On the stern of the derrick the crew waited anxiously, life buoys poised, wondering what had become of us. Our shouts finally brought them back to the bow, where, seeing two of us in water up to our necks, apparently standing on nothing, they threw us lines.

"Never mind the lines!" I yelled. "Cut us some one-inch wood plugs quick!"

Resting on Her Side

Schissel popped up, gasped for breath, disappeared again. On deck, the riggers scurried round, smashed a box, whittled out a plug, dropped it down to me. Schissel came up again. I left my hole a second, swam to him, gave him the plug, went back to my job.

Schissel found his hole, pushed the plug in, hammered it down with his fist, and then standing erect, stamped it in hard with his heel. Meanwhile, more plugs came down; Badders and I withdrew our thumbs, sealed up the holes amidships. I crawled up the slope to the high end of the pontoon, drove a fourth plug into the opening there, then sat down in water on the pontoon to survey the situation. It was bad.

The periscopes had vanished. Had the boat turned completely over? I looked across, could just barely make out the sides of the periscopes about a foot under the surface. The submarine was only lying on her side.

I breathed a sigh of relief. There was still hope, if we could only resecure the midships pontoons. I looked at the remains of the pontoon I was sitting on. Only a few inches of it was visible.

I could cure that. In the surfboat I ran around to the mate pontoon, clambered aboard with a wrench, opened the flood valves, opened the vents. As this pontoon sank on the starboard side, its mate rose on the port side till the whole top of the submerged pontoon was a foot above water. Then, with all valves closed on the starboard pontoon, I went back to the other one.

We screwed back the missing valves, resecured the chains, shackled on a new set of wires. Working rapidly with the derrick, we sank that pontoon and its mate till both were awash, while the harbor police stopped all further traffic in the river.

It was late evening and we were working in the darkness when the second pair of pontoons was finally secured in the awash position. The tide was rising steadily. The

(Continued on Page 49)

Fittings by TERNSTEDT

THE "HALLMARK" OF SUPERIOR AUTOMOBILE BODY EQUIPMENT

True value . . . full weight . . . master workmanship . . . to insure the certainty of these the hall-mark came into being. In the guild halls of old England, where pure silver and gold were skilfully wrought into vessels of sovereign beauty, it originated as a symbol of integrity. Today, Fittings by Ternstedt is the modern hall-mark of superior automobile body equipment. It is your assurance, as a discriminating car buyer, of the utmost that fine materials, fine workmanship and a fine sincerity of purpose can produce.

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Automobile Body Hardware

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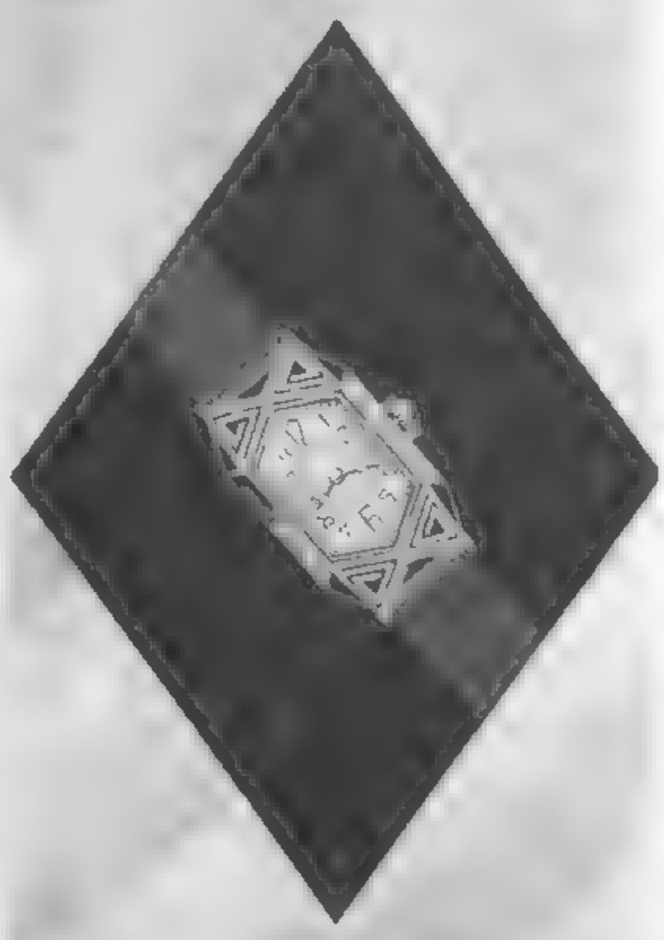


The Joy of Living

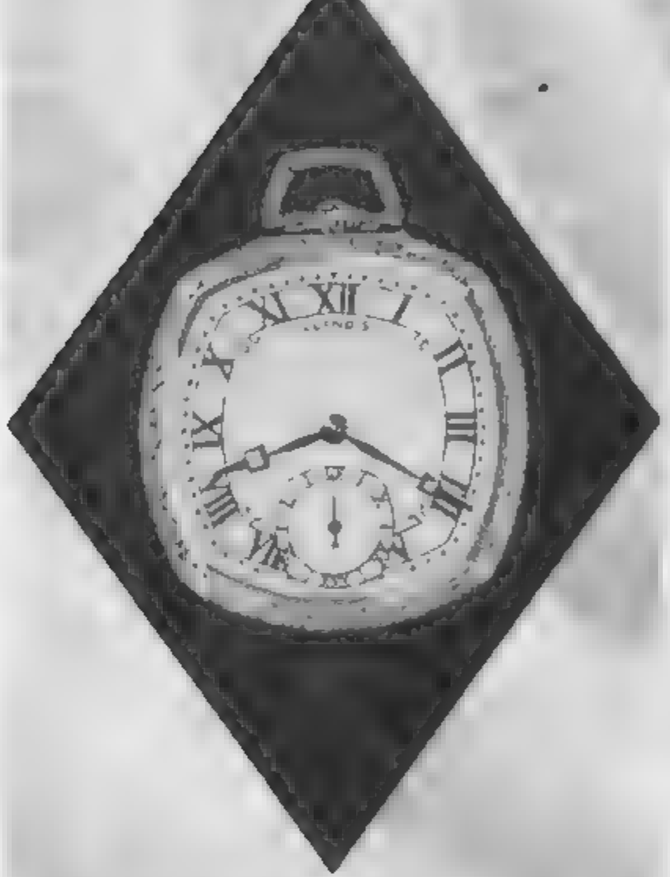
Bells, holly, packages, memories, smiles and joys—this is Christmas!

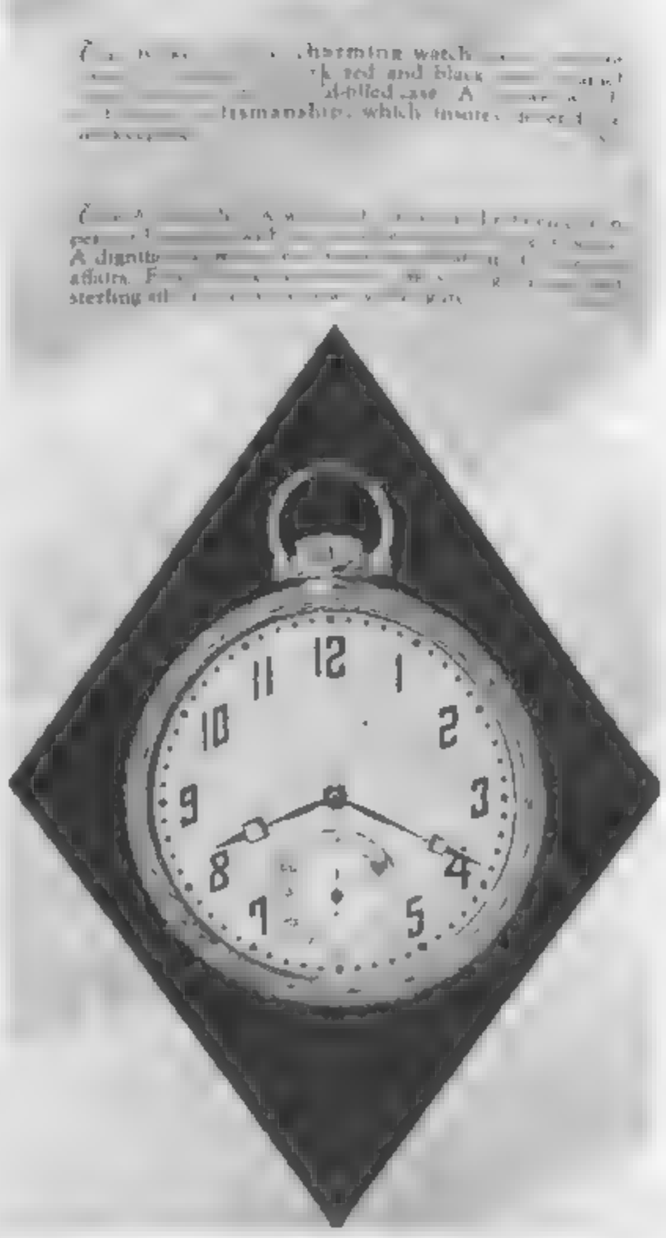
Good friends and kin are all at once a part of joyful life. It is good to live and give!

This for Brother and that for Mother with all the tingling satisfaction of selecting well and knowing that the Christmas seal hides a host of pleasures.

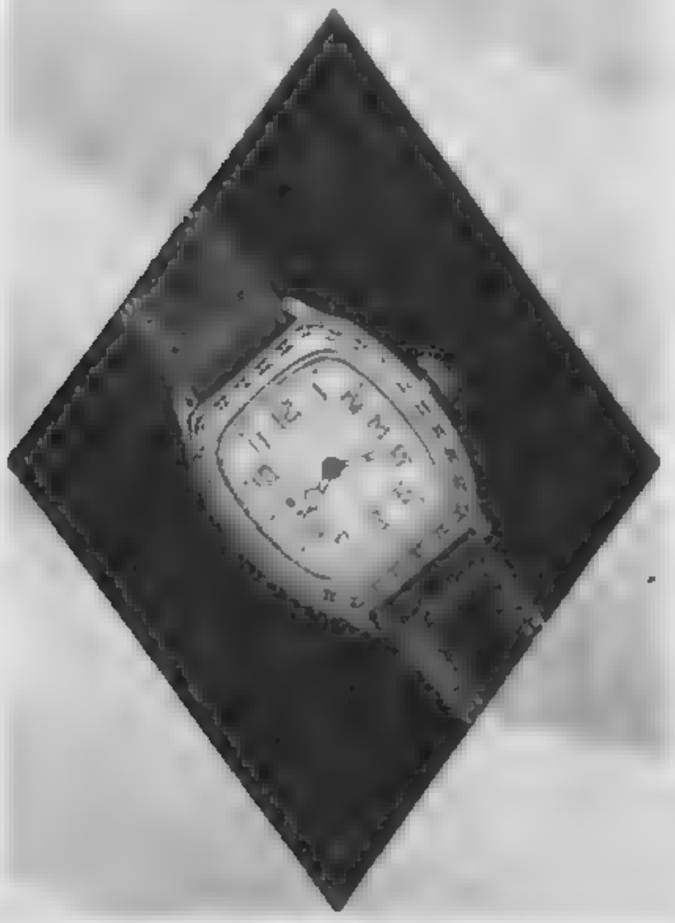
The pleasure of giving and receiving an Illinois Watch will not be momentary, but will last and grow with increasing pride in its sheer beauty and faithful service as a precious timepiece.

Behind such a gift are more than 50 years of Illinois painstaking craftsmanship and science—a half century of building more than a fine watch, a great American watch.





The Beau Brummell is style plus! Tailored to the wrist, [illegible] It is one of those watches that [illegible] ing, creating new pride of possession. [illegible] tradition underwrites its fine 17-[illegible] Illinois 14k gold-filled case. $50.



The Illinois Watch

Established 1870
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS ILLINOIS BUNN SPECIAL RAILROAD WATCHES

(Continued from Page 46)

bow pontoons, awash when we secured them at low tide, were now four feet below the surface. The middle pontoons disappeared also in the rising water a few minutes after the toggles went in.

At 9 P.M. I boarded the Falcon again. Our air hoses were connected to all pontoons. Captain King had rearranged his ships. The Iuka and the Sagamore, anchored near the Manhattan shore, had lines to the Falcon's stern ready to heave on her. The derricks were gone; two navy-yard tugs were lashed alongside the Falcon, their bows to her stern, while from the bow of the Falcon a solitary wire line ran to the submerged stern of the S-51. Michels and Eiben had secured that line around the submarine as she lay at the bottom of the sea off Block Island. Now it was the only hold we had left to the S-51, and with it we must drag the submarine off the reef.

High tide came at 9:30 P.M. Just after nine o'clock Niedermair turned air on all the pontoons; once more the Falcon's compressors throbbed as they pumped away. But no longer did we have the heavy pressure at the bottom of the sea to buck; here the pontoons were submerged less than twenty feet, and against such a head of water the air went quickly through.

Once again our searchlights gleamed over the spot where lay the S-51, but instead of the blackness of the ocean night for a background, the fairyland of lights which makes up the New York sky line glittered over Manhattan as we worked; on the river front a vast crowd could still be seen watching.

Back in the Channel

As the tide rose our bow pontoons and midships pontoons had vanished completely under water. Soon bubbles started to rise over the midships pair—they were dry. All air now went forward. Anxiously I watched, still in my soaked uniform, the spot where the light played over the bow. The air went in steadily. Some bubbles rose, then more bubbles, then a slight disturbance, and in the searchlight's glow we could see a few links of anchor chain rise through the surface—nothing more. But something must have lifted to bring those chains up. Blinker lights flashed, the Falcon's siren shrieked. The Iuka and Sagamore heaved on their lines, the Falcon and tugs alongside churned up the water violently with their propellers. The line to the S-51 tautened under the pull.

Eagerly I sighted across our deck to the lights on the Queensboro Bridge. The lights shifted toward our bow—we were moving! The S-51 pulled smoothly astern off Man of War Rock. She was afloat again! The sailors on the Falcon yelled wildly; on the shore the movement of the pontoons under the searchlights was caught, and a loud cheer roared across the water from the crowd there, answering ours.

The Falcon cast off the lines to the Iuka and the Sagamore; going astern herself but with the tugs lashed to her going ahead, the Falcon moved across toward Manhattan till Captain King was certain we were back in the channel, then swung down the river. Once more we headed for the navy yard.

As we swung to port a mile farther down to enter the navy yard, the tide caught the S-51 broadside, and with nothing to restrain it, swung her bow downstream, dragging the Falcon with it. To avoid tangling his propeller in the lines leading to the Iuka and Sagamore during this unlooked-for maneuver, Hartley had to cut the hawsers with an ax and let those tugs go free.

The tide had us in its grip; in a moment we were swept down the river past the navy yard and well down toward the Brooklyn Bridge. The Falcon and the two tugs still tied to her sides struggled desperately; the Falcon's engine, running reversed under a full head of steam, pounded violently, the tugs churned the water to a froth; in spite of all three engines the tide carried us steadily farther away from our haven.

Tug of War

Whistles shrieked for assistance, the Falcon trembled as her engine raced. At the Falcon's bow I looked out over the hoses leading to the submarine below us. The stern pontoons were nearly awash, the bow pontoons were practically out of sight. The reserve buoyancy was negligible, the S-51 was floating only on a shoestring. Niedermair was blowing constantly through all the hoses; if a few tons of water were to enter, the S-51 would sink both fore and aft.

While Hartley on the bridge battled the tide, kept his propeller from fouling in the towlines, I watched the single wire line leading over our bow to the submarine's stern. If the wire parted or slipped free the submarine would go shooting downstream, snapping all the air hoses like threads. Soon she would fill and sink, perhaps at Governor's Island, perhaps off Staten Island, and once more we would have the job of salvaging the S-51 from the bottom. We were worn, we were tired, we were overwrought. Surrounded by divers, I looked out in the blackness where the searchlights played over the bubbles rising through the water from the pontoons. We saw how inch by inch the Falcon was losing ground against the tide; for nearly an hour we watched that taut towline to the S-51. Would it hold?

We had been through much of danger, much of heartbreaking disappointment, but as we stood there, practically at the entrance to the navy yard, which we had always looked forward to as the goal of our struggles, waiting every second to see the submarine tear free and sink, it seemed like the darkest hour of all.

At last the Sagamore freed her propeller from the tangled hawser we had cut loose, was able again to maneuver. Cregan brought his boat to our assistance, threw Hartley another hawser, added his power to the tug of war against the tide. We stopped losing; we held our own; then inch by inch the four straining vessels made headway against the current toward the navy yard. The tension in the S-51's solitary towline increased, but it held; amid a din of puffing tugs, hoarse voices shouting orders across the water, and the swirl of the tide as the river raced by, the S-51 was slowly dragged back up the river and pulled into the quiet water of the navy-yard basin.

All night long we kept watch over our water-logged wreck, incessantly pumping air to keep her afloat.

When the sun rose I docked the ship. All day, in the broiling summer heat, the riggers and divers struggled to get the S-51

A Mennen Christmas for him!

Here's something that he wants. Why not give it to him? A Mennen Trio Box packed full of smooth shaves, face comfort and good appearance.

First a tube of the new Mennen Shaving Cream, Menthol-iced with a zippy dash of cooling menthol that puts new pep and pleasure in his shave.

And a tube of Mennen Skin Balm that adds a soothing, cooling after-touch which prolongs the smooth delight of his shave with Mennen. Quick drying. Non-greasy.

Then a can of Mennen Talcum for Men—the most popular powder for men. Neutral tinted so it doesn't show. Tones down face shine. Takes up moisture the towel misses. Soothing to close-shaved faces.

Here's a pack full of smooth shaves, quick shaves, cool comfort, lasting comfort—for Christmas morning and every morning. Make this a Mennen Christmas—a day he'll remember every day he shaves.

Your dealer can supply you with this Mennen Trio Christmas Box. Or if not, send us his name and address, and we'll see that you are supplied.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ont.

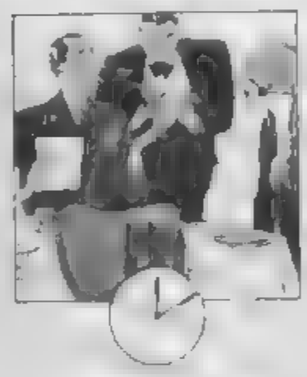
Your shave is only as good as your lather

MENNEN

the *dermutized* shave

Dermutation is the exclusive beard-softening process in Mennen lather which completely softens the beard so that the razor cuts close and clean without nicking or scraping the face.

If I hadn't another suit in the world- *I'd still be well dressed*



IF you were limited to a single suit for twenty-four hours--what would your choice be? A blue suit, of course, for no other color would be so appropriate for the expected and unexpected events which might crop up during that day and night.

In a Middishade Blue Suit you can start out in the morning--pass through the business routine of the day, mingle with pleasure-bound throngs in the evening, and wend your way home knowing that your choice of clothes drew glances of approval from every observing eye.

Among the Middishade Blues--plain blue, stripe, unfinished and basket-weave--there's a suit that will harmonize perfectly with your taste and with your build. And specialization in a single color keeps the price down to a surprisingly low figure.

If you don't know the name of the nearest Middishade clothier--write, and we'll tell you. The Middishade Co., Inc., Philadelphia. "Sergical specialists--operating on blue suits only."

Fadeproof
MIDDISHADE
The *specialized* blue suit

© T. M. Co., Inc.

erect on the keel blocks. In the early evening we accomplished it, but left the submarine to rest overnight still submerged in the drydock.

Next morning we returned. Quickly the water was pumped from the dock. As it fell the S-51 was at last exposed to the light of day. Covered with fine seaweed, draped in a tangled net of manila lines that had gradually gathered over her hull as we worked, she lay in the dock, a huge hole in her port side where the City of Rome had cut through.

We opened the hatches. Clad in gas masks the medical party entered to remove the bodies of eighteen officers and men still inside the hull.

The expedition was over.

During the following days hundreds of thousands of people passed slowly round the drydock, gazing at the submarine. And lost in the crowd, gazing with them, might have been seen the various members of the salvage crew, looking for the hundredth time at the S-51, trying to convince themselves that it was actually so—that the S-51 was really there, that it was not merely a dream.

On board the Falcon the divers were packing up, preparing to take the leave they had so well deserved.

I went back to the Vestal, dragged out from under my berth the bell of the S-51. A coveted trophy. I had hoped to give it to the Naval Academy, but I must forgo that honor.

I wrapped up the bell, strolled down the pier to where the Falcon lay, just outside the drydock in which rested the S-51. On the Falcon's quarter-deck a group of divers lazily sunned themselves. Yes, there he was.

"Oh, Smith, come out here a minute. I've got something for you!"

Smith jumped from the low rail of the ship to the dock, walked over. I unwrapped the bell, gave it to him.

"Here's the bell, Smith. It's yours. You earned it!"

A happy smile lighted his face. Without a word he took it, ran back aboard the Falcon, exhibited his trophy proudly to the other divers. I looked at him, looked at the Falcon, in memory saw myself once more in the middle of the heaving ocean, leaning over that rail, looking into the sea, clutching feverishly a diver's telephone, while far below in the blackness and the mud, Francis Smith struggled for his life, buried in the tunnel beneath the S-51. Beyond all human aid, Smith had, almost by a miracle, wrought his own escape; with a courage undreamed of, he had crawled back into the tunnel to help raise the S-51! It was the faith of men like Smith, not the pontoons, which had lifted the submarine.

That vision passed. I found myself once more on the sun-baked pier looking across at the group of sailors gathered round the bell. The group broke up, Smith leaped the rail, came to where I stood. He shook my hand.

"Good-by. I'm going back to Pittsburgh and in a few months I'll be out of the Navy for keeps. I don't suppose I'll ever see you again. But," he added, pointing to the group of men on the Falcon's quarter-deck, "there isn't one of that bunch of divers, Mr. Ellsberg, who wouldn't go to hell for you!" A squeeze of the hand, Francis Smith was gone. My eyes grew indistinct as I looked after him. Not the acclaim of the press, not the receipt of the Distinguished Service Medal at the hands of the Navy, not even the feeling of having achieved the impossible, could ever mean so much to me as those heartfelt words spoken by Francis Smith.

It is over. The task is done, the divers have dispersed, the S-51 is a memory. But to the families of the men who formed her crew we have brought back the bodies of their loved ones, heroically dead at their posts on the S-51. To the Navy, we brought back its ship. And to the nation, we brought back a story of victory over the sea, wrought by the quiet courage of men who could face death in solitude, disregard failure, and still fight on till they had wrested from the ocean the tomb of their shipmates.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by Lieutenant Commander Ellsberg

THE TRUSTIFICATION OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 23)

combine organized under national decree. The two most impressive examples are the Kalisyndikat—the Potash Syndicate—and the Reichskohlenverband, which means National Coal Cartel.

The potash organization has significance because it was the first link in the new economic *entente* with France, and also because governmental association brought it into conflict with the United States authorities. Its origin was due to wild competition and to the fear of seeing part of the industry pass into foreign hands. At the start, in 1879, it embraced only four undertakings. Two were private and the others were owned by the Prussian State and the state of Anhalt respectively.

By 1908 the cartel had fifty members, operating 326 mines. At that time Germany had a virtual potash monopoly. Alsace was part of the empire. Instead of restricting output at a high price, the reverse happened.

Overproduction developed, and with it strong competition. By the terms of the cartel agreement only the foreign price was fixed. In view of the immense output, this could not be kept stabilized. In consequence the stronger members of the trust formed a little inside cartel of their own, and the weaker ones were in danger of being crushed.

It looked as if the cartel would go by the board when the imperial government intervened. In May, 1910, it passed a law for the compulsory prolongation of the cartel in order to reduce competition and prevent sales of German potash at low prices overseas. Under the statute the total output and the coefficient of participation of each producer were fixed annually. A maximum price for the home market and a minimum for the foreign were also established by legislation.

Despite these measures competition continued to be intensified because some large producers, especially the Schmidtmann group, remained outside. A new deal was made by which 90 per cent of the German potash supply is now in the hands of two major groups which work as cartels. They comprise the German end of the Franco-German potash trust soon to be described. Output has been adjusted to demand by closing down a majority of the mines and concentrating activity on a smaller number with a higher yield.

With the advent of the German republic the Potash Syndicate came under socialization. The potash law of 1919 was a modification of the compulsory law of 1910, because it maintained control of the industry, this time by the state and labor. Potash was placed in the hands of a council, the majority of whose members are named by the government. They include representatives of labor, consumers, dealers, producers, technical personnel and the state. All producers are obligated to turn over their output to the syndicate for sale. Prices and expansion are carefully regulated.

The beginnings of the other important obligatory cartel—the National Coal Syndicate—differed from those of the potash group. It grew out of special conditions in which the industry found itself during the

(Continued on Page 53)

Tooth paste buys a muffler for Dad

It sounds mysterious—but isn't. Do a little arithmetic with us and find out. The average dentifrice costs you 50c. You use about a tube a month. Twelve times fifty equals six dollars, the yearly cost. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25c (the large tube). Twelve times twenty-five equals three dollars. All right. Six dollars minus three dollars equals three dollars, your annual saving. Spend it as you please. The muffler is merely a suggestion. You have a thousand alternatives. Hosiery, for instance, or gloves, or handkerchiefs.

Not by price alone did this dentifrice seize popularity

LARGE TUBE
25c

WHAT accounts for the immediate success of this speedy new dentifrice? Certainly not the price alone.

While it is true that at 25c, Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes an average saving of three dollars a year per person, over dentifrices costing double that amount, this would not carry it so quickly to a position among the leaders.

It is the combination of outstanding quality, unquestioned results, and a reasonable price, that has done the trick.

Naturally, such a price for such a paste is made possible only by ultra-modern methods of manufacture and mass production.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste. It will be a revelation to you.

Note how white it makes your teeth. How gently it polishes them—yet how speedily. Note, too, how cool, sweet and refreshed your mouth feels long after the brushing is over—that cleanly taste you associate with Listerine.

We are proud of this product, and we ask you to compare it with any paste, at any price, and judge by results alone. At all druggists'. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

How the Searching CAMERA'S Eye

showed screen stars a simple way to accentuate shapeliness of ankle and leg ...by wearing a certain type of hosiery

This is the Picot Edge around the top of the beautiful creation. It gives the smooth look of fashioning at and marries to the knee

CLAIRE WINDSOR
TIFFANY STAHL

has chosen this fascinating creation with an adorable Picot Top

Recently while making screen tests to find the most effective combination in dress, movie stars and directors discovered that shapeliness of ankle and leg could be enhanced to a marked degree by an utterly new type of hosiery.

They discovered that a slender ankle appeared to be even more slender. That the natural curve of the leg became more graceful and appealing. That the harsh lines of the knee molded into soft, rounded lines.

Now, noted stars of the screen are rapidly turning to this new type of hosiery. Claire Windsor has chosen this exquisitely beautiful Allen-A style.*

The sheerest of chiffon—silk from top to toe—with an adorable Picot Edge around the top in contrasting color. Full-fashioned to hug the ankle and leg most engagingly.

The silken foot has special reinforcements at the sole and both the sides and top of the toe. Invisible even when worn with "cut-out" slippers. Thus with all of its beauty and sheerness, this hose is remarkably serviceable.

You will find this lovely Allen-A creation at your dealer's in all the newest shades. Ask for it by style number—3712. Only $1.95 the pair. Those who prefer the very sheerest of sheer silk from top to toe will find this same delightful style in number 3710 at $2.50 the pair.

If your dealer does not carry it, simply send us his name—a postcard will do—and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

*[illegible] the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 58th St.—and other [illegible] at Allen-A [illegible]. Priced from $1.50 to $3.00 the pair.

Allen-A *Hosiery*

For Men, Women and Children

(Continued from Page 50)

war and the movement for nationalizing the mines which has gained steadily since peace. Even before 1914 the Prussian State exercised a certain influence on coal production. It owned the mines in the Saar basin and was able, therefore, to influence prices. Prussia also held large coal tracts in Upper Silesia. State influence was less in the Rhenish-Westphalia basin, because its holdings there were insignificant.

The war enabled the state to fasten its hooks into the entire German coal industry. Owners were compelled to unite in a cartel which dominated 97 per cent of the output and included the Prussian State as member. With the overthrow of the empire and the institution of a democratic government, coal underwent the same experience as potash, in that it was socialized. A law promulgated in March, 1919, invoked state control of the industry and compelled every mine proprietor to belong to a cartel. The eleven individual cartels are merged into the general cartel—that is, the German coal trust. It is not a mere union of mine owners. Three seats are reserved on the board of control for representatives of the workers, one for a delegate from the office employes, and still another for the consumer.

The Coal Parliament

The coal cartel is subordinate to the Reichskohlenrat, which is a sort of coal parliament composed of sixty members including owners, employes, as well as employes of the industries consuming coal, representatives of the railways and the federal states. The idea behind this grand council is to bring together every interest affected by coal so as to prevent private proprietorship from attaining a predominant influence.

With the exception of coal, the major cartels that dominate German industry and affect the world productive situation are independent. By this I mean that the state has no direct association with them. Practically every industrial activity is organized in this way. Iron, for example, is one vast cartel which, within certain price limits partly determined by customs duties, enjoys a *de facto* monopoly of the market.

There are 234 different cartels in iron and steel alone. The United Steel Works is one of the giants. It represents a combination of the Rhine-Elbe Union, once a unit in the Stinnes group, the Phoenix, the Rhenische Steel Works, and the Thyssen Konzerne, four of the largest units in the republic. I single it out because it is the German link in the Continental steel trust.

The mastodon of German combines is the famous Interessengemeinschaft Farbenindustrie Aktiengesellschaft, more generally referred to as the Dye Trust. In business parlance it is usually termed the I. G. Aside from its might and power—the capitalization of 1,100,000,000 marks—$275,000,000—is the largest of any Continental corporation—it is invested with peculiar importance for the whole universe of chemical production.

To begin with, it represents the last word in rationalization. Before the various units were merged they made 14,000 products. With coördination the number was reduced to 2400. In the second place, the I. G. expresses fusion to the nth degree. This brings us to still another form of cartel. Where the *Konzerne*, as I have pointed out, is a multitude of entities under single control, usually a dominating personality like that of the late Hugo Stinnes or the elder Fritz Thyssen, the fusion is a complete amalgamation of an industry under corporate direction as we understand it. The word "*Interessengemeinschaft*" means association of interests.

In various articles since 1923 I have devoted considerable space to the structure and purpose of the I. G. It is only necessary to recapitulate now. It represents a gradual process of consolidation which began in 1904 with the union of three dye and chemical companies, including the well-known Badische and Bayer, and continued until 1925, when, with the acquisition of the AGFA, a strong dye and chemical competitor, the present formation was completed. It is the largest enterprise under one German control and ranks third among Teutonic industries on the basis of gross export values.

The appellation of Dye Trust does not indicate the scope of the combine. Its activities comprise five groups; namely, dyestuffs, synthetic nitrate products, pharmaceutical and photographic supplies, rayon and inorganic products, and intermediates.

With two activities the I. G. has registered a historic advance. In the production of synthetic nitrates, for example, it leads the world. At the Oppau and Merseburg plants it produces a total of 660,000 tons of fixed nitrogen a year. All this production is under the direction of a subsidiary called the Stickstoff Syndikat, the German words for Nitrogen Syndicate.

At the head of the syndicate is Dr. Julius Bueb, who, at sixty-three, is one of the livewires of German industry. His story since 1916 is likewise the story of the great Merseburg plant. Before the World War Doctor Bueb, a native of Freiburg, was an eminent specialist in gas production in various cities of the Reich. With the outbreak of hostilities he joined the army and became a cavalry officer. In 1916 the German fertilizer situation had become so acute—the blockade cut off the supply of natural Chilean nitrates—that the government decided to turn to the synthetic article. Synthetic nitrates were being made at Oppau, but the output was insufficient.

Doctor Bueb was recalled from the front and given this laconic order: "Build the biggest synthetic nitrate plant possible." On a day in May, 1916, he turned up at the little village of Luena in the Merseburg area, an hour's ride from Leipsic. It was a straggling rural community whose chief economic value was accessibility to a big, brown-coal field. Within an hour after his arrival Doctor Bueb had marked out a site. Before twenty hours elapsed he had brought every government resource to bear on the project. In a week 8000 men were at work on what later became the largest fixed-nitrogen plant anywhere. By the spring of 1917 the great works were operating. Last year the output was 550,000 tons.

The one-time village of Luena—its name is now tacked on to the plant, which is called Luenawerke—is a bustling city. The works cover 1470 acres and employ 21,000 persons.

An Unsympathetic Atmosphere

The Luenawerke figured in a picturesque episode during the German communistic uprising in 1921 that did not lack the element of humor. When the radical element rose it seized various big plants throughout the republic, the Merseburg establishment among them. One of its features is a succession of huge silos for the storage of fertilizer salts. The largest has a capacity of 150,000 metric tons. The thousand or more communists who took over the plant camped within its confines. Doctor Bueb hit upon a clever device to bring them to terms. All egress was barred and the invaders found themselves hemmed in without food or drink. After remaining in captivity for two days with only the smell of fertilizer to console them, they were glad to make terms and leave the establishment to its rightful owners.

Monster production of fixed nitrates represents only one of the Luenawerke claims to distinction. At the northeastern end there rises a new addition with towering smokestacks that dominate the whole countryside. Within its walls is being evolved a process that will doubtless be as epochal for this bustling century as was the making of coal-tar dyes in the last. I refer to what is known as the hydrogenation of coal. In simple terms this is the production

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If you will order your gift lighters now you may avoid disappointment when the rush of Christmas buying empties the shops of the styles you prefer.

In order that you may see as many of the styles and patterns as we can show in this space, we are picturing the lighters a little less than half size. Remember that all lighters by Clark "always work", all have the permanently covered sparking wheel for cleanliness and safety and all contain in the snuffer the patented cap that makes the lighter last for weeks with one filling.

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The trustworthiness of one's employees is strengthened and guaranteed by Ætna Fidelity Bonds

The Ætna Life Insurance Company · The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company · The Automobile Insurance Company · The Standard Fire Insurance Company · of Hartford, Connecticut, write practically every form of Insurance and Bonding Protection.

ÆTNA-IZE

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING

of oil from coal. It is likely to bring about as great a revolution as has the manufacture of synthetic nitrogen.

I spent a day at the Luenawerke with Doctor Bueb and saw the process of coal distillation. There was something almost uncanny about the evolution of the brick of lignite into a liquid that not only has the smell but all the properties of oil. The coal is pulverized into a fine powder, to which 30 per cent of coal tar or oil residue is added.

The thick paste thus formed is heated at a temperature of not less than 400 degrees centigrade while terrific pressure is applied. The carbon in its pasty state takes up the hydrogen to form the oil. The first-run oil is then distilled

An average ton of coal with 6 per cent ash content yields 500 kilos of oil, 5 kilos of ammonia, 235 kilos of gases and 240 kilos of ash-rich coke. The latter is returned to the process and consumed, thus making it independent of the coke market. The 500 kilos of oils produce 150 kilos of gasoline, 200 kilos of Diesel and impregnating oils, and 60 kilos of lubricants and 80 kilos of fuel oil. The 10 kilos of product unaccounted for are lost in the operation.

Commercialization of synthetic oil is well under way in Germany, although it is not yet being produced in sufficient quantities to jeopardize the status of the real thing. Last year the Luenawerke manufactured 30,000 tons. The yield this year will be 100,000 tons, while the figure set for 1929 is 150,000 tons, or about one-seventh of the average yearly German consumption. The retail price for synthetic benzine, as the Germans term automotive fuel, is slightly under the cost of the imported fluid and is practically as effective.

As a result of the growing perfection of the synthetic-oil process, German imports of crude petroleum and gasoline have declined considerably since January last. Very little natural oil exists in Germany. Mass output of the synthetic product will therefore be another step to reënforce the growing self-sufficiency of the country in various essential products. Nitrates and oil mark the beginning. The I. G. is not far from the long-sought goal of synthetic rubber.

German coal distillation is viewed with interest on this side of the Atlantic because we are the world's biggest producers of petroleum. Any widespread introduction of the synthetic article would eventually work hardship with a dominant industry.

The Cartel Court

There is no occasion for alarm, however. The natural supply in the United States or controlled elsewhere by American companies is likely to last for many decades to come. In addition, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, by a patent exchange arrangement with the I.G., has the American rights to all the processes employed at the Luenawerke. Moreover, the Bergius patent used there was seized with other German patents during the war and reposes in the archives of the Chemical Foundation. Finally, our chemical research will not be found wanting when the actual need for synthetic oil comes.

With all the latitude for German trustification that I have described, you may well wonder at this point just where the German consumer comes in. The strangling of competition inevitably forces up price. The result is that the cartel movement is exceedingly unpopular with the masses, because they regard themselves as victims of a pernicious system.

At the end of the inflation period in November, 1923, public sentiment against cartels was so antagonistic that the government, acting under the Special Powers Law, was obliged to issue a decree restricting the freedom of action of cartels. The decree created a special body called the Cartel Court, attached to the Ministry of Economic Affairs, to settle all the conflicts rising out of measures taken by trusts. Both the public and the cartels can have their day before this tribunal.

On various occasions the cartels have been rebuffed and worse in the Cartel Court. Not long ago it refused to sanction a boycott which one of the selling organizations of the Steel Trust sought to put on a Saxon merchant who declined to pledge himself to buy his supplies exclusively from the factories affiliated with it, or adhere to its prices.

Public indignation has not affected the march of the German cartel. It is more strongly entrenched today than even in that glittering imperial era when William Hohenzollern smiled his benediction upon it. The cartel made rationalization of industry possible and, let me repeat, enabled Germany to take the initiative in the campaign for international combines.

Trace European trust development outside of Germany and you discover that each country has its own particular type. In France, for example, it finds expression mainly in joint selling agencies which fix prices, but do not always restrict output. In many cases the combines get the exclusive selling rights of its members.

Before the World War France was primarily an agricultural country. War exigencies and the impetus for reconstruction brought about wide industrialization. The war also wiped out most of the existing combinations, including the oldest, the Comptoir de Longwy, organized in 1876 by the pig-iron producers of Lorraine. The word "*comptoir*" is frequently used to indicate a French trust, although its exact meaning is countinghouse.

Industrialized France

The principal French combines today are in heavy-metal products and chemicals, many being tied up to German production in some way. They differ from the Teutonic combines in that they are mainly vertical instead of horizontal. The outstanding example is the Schneider group, the Krupps of France. It is almost self-sufficient in that it controls ore and coal mines as well as transportation facilities. Typical of expanding French industrialization is the fact that the Schneider concern owns an interest in the huge Skoda munition works in Czecho-Slovakia. Until 1919 this establishment was the chief arsenal of the now-defunct Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

The Schneider external interests follow French political affiliations. They are joined, for example, with lead, zinc and tin production in Upper Silesia, now a part of Poland, and have connections with the Rumanian oil fields.

The French chemical industry is highly organized. Two combines—Kuhlman and St. Gobain—control the business. The former operates twenty-two plants and has an interest in twelve others. Through many connections it is responsible for 80 per cent of the French dye output. It follows vertical lines, owning phosphate mines in France, Belgium and Tunisia, pyrite mines in Spain, and coal fields in several other countries. The Kuhlman concern has a working arrangement with the I.G. and is the French unit in the powerful international chemical trust.

French aluminum, textiles, sugar, coal, and electrical machinery are all cartelized. The closest-knit industry among these is coal. Eleven companies mine more than half the output. French companies are also operating some of the mines in the Saar basin, which was turned over to France under the terms of the Versailles Treaty. Its ultimate territorial fate will be determined by a plebiscite in 1935.

Being thoroughly industrialized, Belgium is a nest of trusts. Her cartel history goes back as far as 1841, when a coal combine was set up. This was followed by a coke trust in 1894. It started the close Belgian industrial affinity with Germany, because it was linked with Ruhr coke production and selling. Belgium and Germany got together industrially long before France and her hereditary foe established an economic *entente*.

In Belgium zinc, cement, plate glass, and iron and steel present almost a solid front.

(Continued on Page 57)

Well groomed with Williams

Faces reflecting health and vigor . . . . fresh and wholesome, velvet smooth. Well groomed faces . . . . *Faces that are Fit.*

The most important part of your grooming is face grooming. Do it with Williams.

First, Williams lather. Feel your skin respond to the rich, soothing blanket of it, quickly spread beneath your brush. Lather from a cream that's pure, uncolored and supremely mild. It cleanses pores, freshens facial tissue and, the while, it softens beards so completely, lubricates and prepares the skin so thoroughly that any decent razor makes a smooth and easy job.

Then get the full pleasure of *Face Fitness* by finishing with Aqua Velva. No haphazard concoction this, merely labeled "for after shaving". But, *made expressly for this purpose*, it's a perfected, tested formula for face care, blended from 88 years of study of what newly shaven skins are like and what they really need.

You can't lose this cap!
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As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the *moist* face
Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
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Aqua Velva starts with a brisk, stimulating tingle . . . . gives a feeling of buoyancy, wide-awakeness. Then it cares for tiny nicks and cuts, protects from dust and germs, wind and weather; keeps the skin flexible by conserving its natural moisture, pliant to the touch, well conditioned all day—just as the Williams lather *leaves* it.

Watch your face respond to this Williams service—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. Pleasure, comfort, good appearance! All these things come from face grooming the Williams way. Try it!

WILLIAMS HOLIDAY PACKAGE—For a Man's Christmas.
Just the thing for the man you like best!

A big tube of Williams Cream; a big bottle of Aqua Velva; a big can of Men's Talc and a choice cake of Jersey Cream Toilet Soap—all contained in a Christmas box brilliantly lithographed in red and green and gold. A sensible and very welcome present for any man. All dealers have it. Price, $1.

The articles in Williams Holiday Package bought separately cost considerably more than one dollar. It's a special and beautiful holiday bargain. Ask for it by name. *Williams Holiday Package.*

A tip to the Executive: Distribute Williams Holiday Package among your salesmen and office force. Your men will remember you gratefully for many a long day.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

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SHAVING CREAM --- AQUA VELVA

The BEAUTYREST

IN ITS STUNNING NEW COVER

A gorgeous Christmas gift for each of your dear ones this year . . .

LONG FAMOUS for comfort, now, in time for Christmas 1928, the Beautyrest makes its bow in a stunning new costume—a cover of real damask in two French patterns, and six lovely colors.

An all-over pattern of delicate leaves in light blue, rose and lilac, and a medallion pattern in sea-foam green, beige and Venetian blue.

And the Beautyrest boasts a special form of construction. Hundreds of inner coils, overlaid with thick upholstery, make it the marvelous piece of equipment that it is—the mattress chosen by the best hotels, and by women of nation-wide prominence for their own homes. Now they are expressing their delight in the glory of its new covering!

How much more practical is the gift of a Beautyrest than those hosts of pretty trifles you usually shower upon your dear ones at Christmas time!

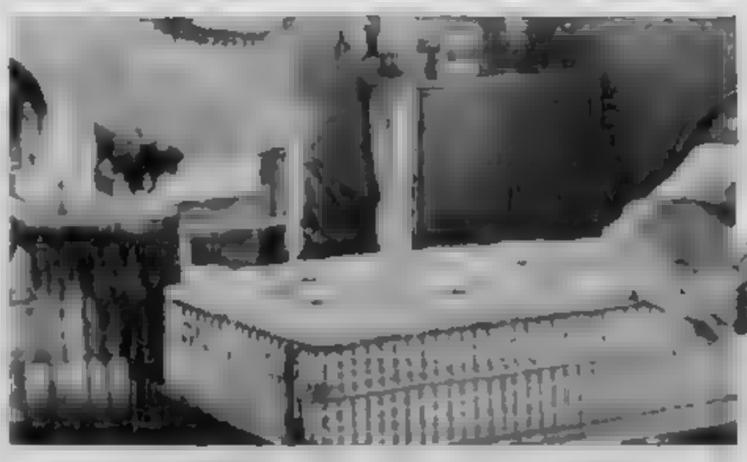
It brings with it glowing, new beauty and the gift of blessed slumber, and will serve to suggest other lovely gifts in years to come—until each one's "own room" is a place of lasting beauty.

The new Beautyrest is on display in leading furniture and department stores in its lovely damask covering, at no greater cost than before! Simmons Beautyrest Mattress $39.50, Simmons Ace Spring $19.75, Simmons Beds $10.00 to $60.00. Rocky Mountain Region and West slightly higher. The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

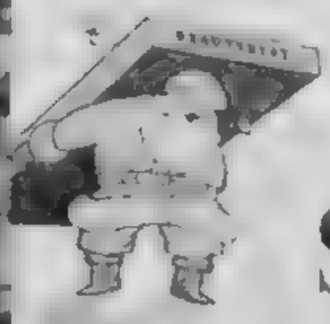
A Simmons Beautyrest for Your Wife—will outlast by many years the pretty trifles you usually give her! Mrs. A. J. Drexel Biddle praises its luxurious comfort, and says, "An inner construction only a genius could devise!" The medallion patterned damask in sea-foam green is especially charming.

The New Damask-Covered Simmons Beautyrest Mattress—Your Christmas gift this year! A center of hundreds of small, fine coils, each cloth encased to insure individual freedom of action and greater resiliency. Deep layers of luxurious upholstery. Satiny damask cover, two patterns, six lovely colors described above. $39.50

Twin Beautyrests for the Guest-Room—Have you ever counted the number of guests who sleep in your guest-room in a year? Damask-covered Beautyrests like these will bring sweet repose and aesthetic delight to hundreds of your friends—for they are so well built they will last for many years. This room features the Beautyrests with the all-over patterned damask in lilac.



A Beautyrest for Your Daughter who will adore its new damask covering. In this room, designed for the jeune fille by Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, its pattern is the medallion, its color Venetian blue. And the Beautyrest is matchless for repose! Sensitive to the slight weight of a young girl, it will bring her sweet dreams.



SIMMONS

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES

[BUILT FOR SLEEP]

(Continued from Page 54)

The latest combine is a union of ninety Belgian foundries under the chairmanship of Paul Ropey of the Griffin works at Antwerp.

Russia is one big trust industrially as well as politically. Under the Soviet scheme of things, every industry is a government monopoly called a trust. The word, however, is a misnomer. Though each branch of production is a national monopoly, it is not operated along conventional trust lines. It is dominated by a bureaucracy, in most cases extremely incompetent and inexperienced.

The most significant, perhaps, of contemporary trust movements is in Great Britain. For years the one European area whose middle name was industry resisted the inroads of the combine on a big scale. The principal reasons, of course, were free trade and inherent economic individualism. Postwar commercial depression and the need of more efficient production methods made John Bull bestir himself. Once under way, he made up for lost time.

Although postwar necessities, including German and American competition, stimulated British trust activity, various effective combines were in operation long before 1914. Curiously enough, two of the strongest were due to American intervention.

In 1901 developed what came to be known as the great tobacco war. The American Tobacco Company invaded Britain and started to cut prices. To meet the attack, the Imperial Tobacco Company was organized to protect the home market. The nucleus was the Wills interests, which owned factories at Bristol, London, Glasgow, Swindon and Dublin. Fourteen other manufacturers joined them. Battle raged until September, 1902, when an armistice was declared.

By its terms each of the competing combines was given possession of its home market. Export trade was allocated to a new concern called the British-American Tobacco Company. Though the company was chartered in England, control rested with the American branch. The Imperial now exercises the predominant influence in the British tobacco market and may be regarded chronologically and otherwise as the first of the big British combines.

Just about the time that the tobacco war got under way another American—this time an individual—started something in Britain. His name was Ohio Columbus Barber and he was head of what was then known as the American Match Trust. He looked covetously at Bryant & May, the largest individual match producers in the kingdom.

Buying Up Competitors

Barber is reported to have said to Bryant & May: "If you do not sell out to us, we will whip you out of your boots." He was evidently ignorant of the British temperament, because this kind of remark was calculated to make his competitors stiffen up and fight. This is precisely what they did. Barber also gave Bryant & May a heaven-born idea. They began to buy up their competitors until they controlled British match production. Their only rival was the Swedish Match Company, which had an English subsidiary. Last year Bryant & May joined forces with the Swedes, and the Imperial Match Company was the result. It now constitutes a practical monopoly.

Another copper-riveted British trust is in soap, likewise of prewar vintage. It was the product of the vision and energy of the late Lord Leverhulme, who began life as William Lever. In 1906 he fused ten competing concerns and his own with the idea of establishing a soap monopoly. A great hue and cry was raised and the scheme was temporarily abandoned. The following year Lever quietly began to buy up companies, and not only acquired the ten in his original scheme but five more. Out of this combination has grown the great Lever soap combine which owns or controls firms in France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, the United States, Japan, Canada, Australia and Africa. It is almost entirely self-contained, because raw materials, especially palm oil, are obtained from the Lever properties in the Belgian Congo, West Africa and various Pacific islands.

The combinations in tobacco, matches and soap are typical of the scope of the British trust. Nearly every important productive interest is now linked in straight combines, pooling agreements or associations for mutual protection. Among the industries trustified are thread, steel, salt, rubber tires, artificial silk, cocoa, glycerin, tin—in which the British have a virtual monopoly—cement, meat, alcohol, yeast and shipping. Six groups, for example, own more than half of British shipping, which represents nearly one-third of the world total. A new shipping overlord has arisen in Lord Kylsant, head of the White Star Line and the famous Harland & Wolff shipyards at Belfast. The Royal Dutch-Shell arrangement, in bulk and operations, overshadows all other oil interests in the British Isles.

Within the last two years the British newspaper, once a proud and isolated entity, has come under the trust umbrella. Two powerful groups, one headed by Lord Rothermere and the other by Sir William Berry, who owns sixty periodicals, have joined issue for control of both the London and the provincial fields.

A Combine of Combines

The railways and the banks have also been more or less trustified. In 1922 all the steam transportation lines in the kingdom were organized into four major systems. Almost coincident was the greatest series of bank mergers that Europe has yet known. British banking is now ruled by the so-called Big Five, which are Lloyd's, Barclay's, the Midland, the National Provincial and the Westminster. With their thousands of branches, they control 79.4 per cent of the gross assets of all the banks. The latest move is to link all empire communications, whether wire or wireless, into one huge combination.

The two British industries that need strong centralized direction more than any other lack the benefit of cohesion. They are coal, which is just emerging from chaos, and textiles, almost equally deranged. In each, strong competition, combined with almost incessant labor dislocation, has been responsible for the plight in which they now find themselves.

For the last feature of this section about British trusts I have reserved the colossus of them all—Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited. It does for Britain what the I.G. does for Germany, and is full mate in power and prestige. Here you have a combine of combines, with a total capitalization of £65,000,000, or $325,000,000. It is made up of the Nobel Industries, composed of thirty-six subsidiaries in nearly every part of the world, the British Dye Stuffs Corporation, the United Alkali Company, and Brunner, Mond & Co. Each of these concerns, whether in dyes, chemicals, explosives, fertilizers, glycerin or soda, was a giant on its own. Together they form a partnership for far-flung activity and authority.

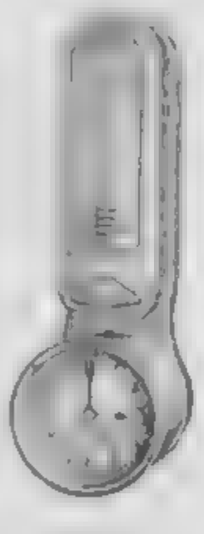
Associated with Imperial Chemicals are two of the outstanding figures in British industry—Lord Melchett, the chairman, and Sir Harry McGowan, president and deputy chairman. The former is the one-time Sir Alfred Mond, son of Ludwig Mond, who got his first stake making and bottling soda water. Later he formed the combination with the late Sir John Brunner out of which developed the international chemical house of Brunner, Mond & Co. The Monds are also factors in nickel.

Though Lord Melchett was born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, Sir Harry began life as a messenger boy in the Glasgow branch of Nobel Industries at five shillings a week. He is the father of Imperial Chemicals, because he initiated the negotiations which led to the union of the four great interests involved.

This vast network of national trusts, which extends to Switzerland, Holland and Italy, is possible because Europe has no Sherman or Clayton laws to impede traffic. The same lack of statutory restriction obtains with

DOES "MODERN FREEDOM" CAUSE COLDS and TUBERCULOSIS?

WHEN asked to explain the sharp increase in tuberculosis among girls and young women, between the ages of 15 and 25, health officers of 225 cities blamed overheating of the home and the common cold, rather than freedom in dress, increased employment outside of the home, dieting, smoking, and other much-discussed aspects of modern living.



The results of a survey among health officers, recently published by the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association, have provided this surprising reversal of popular opinion. An overwhelming majority place the blame on improper living conditions in the home. Over 90% state that overheated rooms and frequent colds predispose toward tuberculosis, pneumonia and other respiratory diseases.

Automatic Heat Control Prevents Overheating

The serious relationship between overheating, colds, and respiratory diseases is recognized today by the entire medical profession. Your family deserves the protection of an automatic temperature regulator which will prevent overheating and keep your home at a uniform, comfortable, healthful temperature. At the same time, this ingenious equipment will save money on fuel and relieve you of watching the fire. Clock control, automatically advancing the fire in the early morning, permits undisturbed sleep and provides warm rooms to dress in. Investigate at once. Write for our free booklet—"The High Cost of Overheating."

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MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO., Executive Offices: 2800 Fourth Ave. S., Minneapolis
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Branch and Distributing Offices in All Principal Cities Agencies in Almost Every City

Tip-Top

the only moderately priced wrist-watch with Krack-proof Krystal and silver dial

$3.50

Radium dial $4.00

Copr. 1928, N. H. C. Co.
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Tip-Top is a fine wrist-watch at any price—*it costs only* $3.50

TIP-TOP has many features you'd expect to find only in high-priced watches—octagon design, back and crown of chromium plate, silver or radium dial, sunken second dial, artistic hands and numerals. Its dial is set at an angle, an exclusive feature, making it possible to wear Tip-Top on either side of the wrist.

Tip-Top is made for service. Has a genuine Krack-proof Krystal, dust-proof case and pigskin strap that's made to last. Silver dial for $3.50 or radium for $4.00.

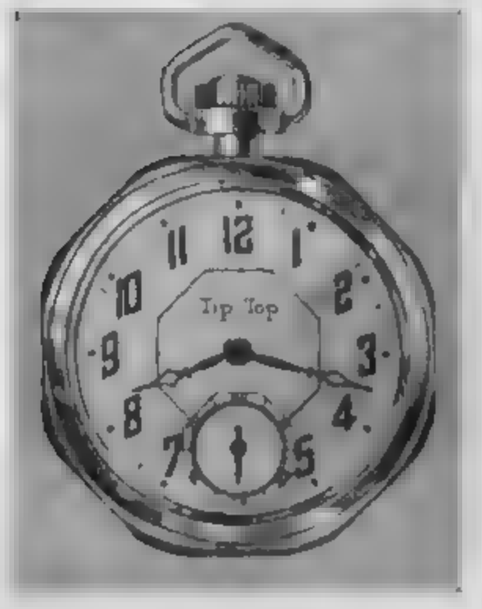
There is also the standard Tip-Top Pocket Watch for $1.50, radium dial $2.25. It has many refinements such as octagon design, silver dial and Krack-proof Krystal.

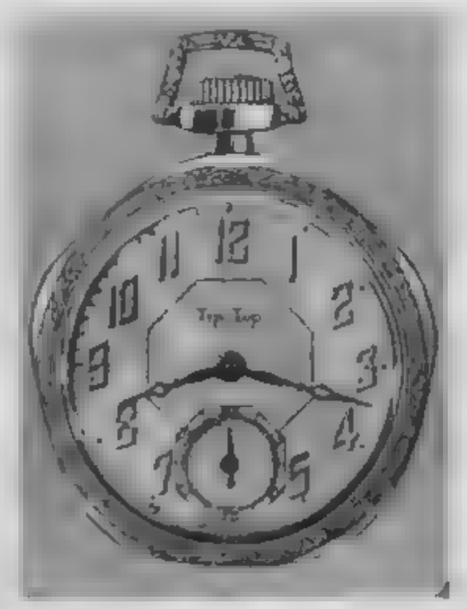
The new Tip-Top Quintet, shown below, is a watch you'll be proud to own. Has a handsome chromium-plated case beautifully chased on front and back—silver dial with either raised or radium numerals and a Krack-proof Krystal. Costs only $2.00 with raised numerals, or $2.50 with radium.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
New Haven, Conn.

Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations





$2.00 Tip-Top Quintet with silver face, full chromium-plated case, raised numerals and Krack-proof Krystal is the handsomest pocket watch at anywhere near its price. Radium dial $2.50.

$1.50 Tip-Top Pocket Watch, octagon design, with silver dial, Krack-proof Krystal and all its other refinements, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch. Radium dial $2.25.

the international combines which reflect the growing Pan-European movement.

Postwar international trusts differ from the prewar types in that their scope is wider. Among other things, they helped to readjust the entire European economic structure and contributed to the sterilization of nationalistic animosities as well. The Franco-German potash agreement was the first contribution to what has become an industrial Locarno. Intercountry combines, to quote a German cabinet minister, "transcend the bonds of purely private business and gradually become public institutions with national responsibilities."

No European industry was more vitally affected by the political consequences of the war than potash. Hence we will begin our necessarily brief survey of international trusts with the Franco-German *entente*.

The Versailles Treaty broke the old German potash monopoly because Alsace reverted to France. During the first postwar years the Germans and the French engaged in fierce competition in the world market. It was not until 1924 that a convention to check the costly rivalry was concluded. At the outset the agreement applied solely to the American market, which was allocated on a 62.5–37.5 per cent basis, the Germans getting the big end. In 1926 it was revised at Lugano. The German quota abroad was fixed at 70 per cent and that of France at 30 per cent. Each of the contracting countries reserved its own home markets and, in the case of France, all foreign colonies.

The Lugano compact merely settled the questions of foreign sales distribution. Supplementary arrangements have provided for the organization of joint advertising, propaganda, and sales offices. The original intention was to establish the chief sales bureau in the United States. This ambition ran afoul of our antitrust laws. In consequence, it was set up in Holland.

In many respects the most conspicuous international cartel formed since the war links the biggest steel producers of Germany, France, Belgium, Luxemburg and the Saar. I have previously told the story of its scope and purpose in these columns. It is only necessary now to fix its status.

New Chemical Combinations

The international steel trust has not proved to be an altogether unqualified success. According to the original agreement, the total annual output was fixed at 25,278,000 tons, of which the quota of Germany is 39.81 per cent; France, 31.39 per cent; Belgium, 14 per cent; Luxemburg, 8.4 per cent; and the Saar, 6.4 per cent; If the contingent of any country is exceeded a fine of four dollars per ton must be paid into a common fund designated as a pool.

After the first year, which ended September 30, 1927, the trust struck a snag, because Germany exceeded her quota and was mulcted $26,000,000 in fines. France did not make up her contingent and got a rebate. The Germans immediately kicked up a row and were able not only to bring about a compromise on their fines but a reduction of the penalty rate.

The moment this difference was adjusted, Germany and Belgium became involved in a controversy over their respective export ratios in semifinished products. Early this year it looked as if the cartel would go on the rocks, but peace was patched up. The trust is now functioning with all the members producing their quotas and Germany, as usual, exceeding hers.

The future of the steel trust is somewhat precarious, because the British persist in staying out. Furthermore, a Central European steel cartel composed of Austria, Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia, originally tied to the main trust in the matter of price agreements, has cut loose and is operating on its own.

Of particular significance is the chemical trust. The original members were the I.G and the French chemical combine, principally the Kuhlman interests. Last summer Switzerland and Italy came in. These four entities now form the backbone of what is slowly becoming a great international federation. At the time I write, negotiations are pending with Imperial Chemicals. If the British join, the plan is to form a joint selling concern with a capitalization of $1,000,000,000, with the whole world as a field.

Such an organization would be a distinct menace to the American chemical industry, which has received a strong impetus since the conclusion of the war, largely because of our acquisition of German patents. Though our chemical exports total only $171,000,000 as compared with $550,000,000, the figure for Germany, Great Britain and France, we have a large and growing investment in the business. Another reason why it should be conserved is that chemicals are an essential feature of the national defense.

A noteworthy fact to be emphasized at this juncture is that with two exceptions the United States is not a participant in the postwar international-combine movement. Through the Webb-Pomerene Law we are enabled to get by the antitrust hurdle so far as the foreign field is concerned. The reason why we remain observers is that the European nations do not want us in, although they—especially the Germans—are perfectly willing to use good American dollars to finance their drives against us. The Kellogg antiwar pact does not cover industry.

Getting Round the Sherman Law

What is technically known as Copper Exporters, Inc., is of American origin, having been instigated by Cornelius F. Kelley, president of the Anaconda Copper Company. There was definite provocation. We produce or control two-thirds of the world's supply of copper. For many years Europe took more than 50 per cent of our output. The purchasing was largely in the hands of European metal-dealing firms who had no interest in the price, whose risk was reduced in proportion as the ultimate price approached the actual cost of production, and whose chief profit was made in trading against the fluctuations in the metal market.

Aside from the actual transactions with the dealers, the London metal market—a speculative agency resembling our grain markets—exercised a strong influence on price. After the business had become sufficiently integrated in this country, the miners, who had created their own selling agencies, were faced with the consolidated buying power of Europe, against which they were helpless to combine by reason of the Sherman Antitrust Law. Relief from this situation was obtained through the Webb-Pomerene Act. Today practically all American and foreign producers are consolidated for the export trade into Copper Exporters, which controls 90 per cent of the total world production.

We are also indirectly allied with the international cartel for electric bulbs through the foreign licensees of the international General Electric Company. This is not strictly a trust, since one of its chief purposes is to facilitate the exchange of manufacturing processes and to study possibilities of rationalization. Considerable progress has been made in the reduction of bulb types. The cartel was originated in 1925 by the Osram Company, in which the principal German bulb concerns are merged. Other associated countries are France, Holland, Great Britain, Italy and Japan.

Thus copper and bulbs are our sole links with postwar international amalgamation. We are still in the borax cartel with Great Britain, France and Austria, but this agreement, as I have already pointed out, dates from 1899. We have ceased to be members of the tube group.

Though steel, potash and chemicals constitute the dominant international aggregations, you find close union in many other commodities. They include tubes, which now group Germany, France, Great Britain Austria and Czecho-Slovakia; rails, with Germany, Great Britain, France, Belgium

(Continued on Page 60)

PLAY BILLIARDS FOR HEALTHFUL RECREATION

Will it or Won't it drop ?

Unexpectedly, Victory Looms! The last and deciding ball teeters at the edge of the pocket. Will it go in? If it does, the younger generation wins. Any way it goes, everybody has had a great time.

FORGET your cares and worries with billiards—greatest of all games. It's surprising how the recreation, laughter and good cheer afforded by billiards rejuvenate you! How it gives you new interest, mental relaxation. And with its twisting, walking, stretching, it affords all the sane, healthful exercise anybody needs.

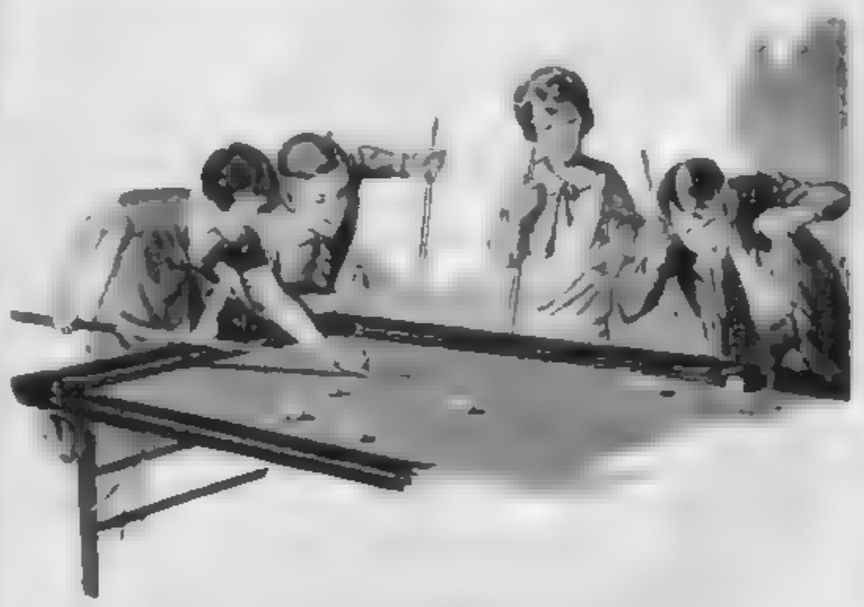
It's the sport doctors and experts recommend. For instance, the Life Extension Institute, noted health authorities, say: "Billiards is an excellent indoor form of exercise."

But billiards fascinates everyone. It's enjoyable to all. Entertaining from the very start, and its interest never wanes.

And billiards is a most inexpensive game that can be played in the club-like atmosphere of the modern billiard room, recreation center or at home. Brunswick home tables range in price from $8.95 up. Each model, irrespective of price, is staunchly made, accurately angled, and completely equipped with balls, cues, etc. The lower priced models are sold at leading stores everywhere. The more expensive tables can be bought on the deferred payment plan (only a modest initial payment required) from the Brunswick branches, located in all principal cities.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

General Offices: 623-633 So. Wabash Avenue, *Chicago, Ill.* In Canada: *Toronto*



A Low-Priced Billiard Table for the Youngsters

The Junior Playmate is a table for juvenile use which meets the exacting Brunswick standards of construction. It must not be confused with ordinary toy tables. You will instantly identify it by its rich mahogany finish and the Brunswick trademark on the rail. Sturdily built, portable, with folding legs and complete playing equipment, it is available in three sizes at $8.95, $18.50 and $49.75 at leading stores everywhere.

Prices slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada

Mail the coupon below for complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick tables. There is no obligation implied.

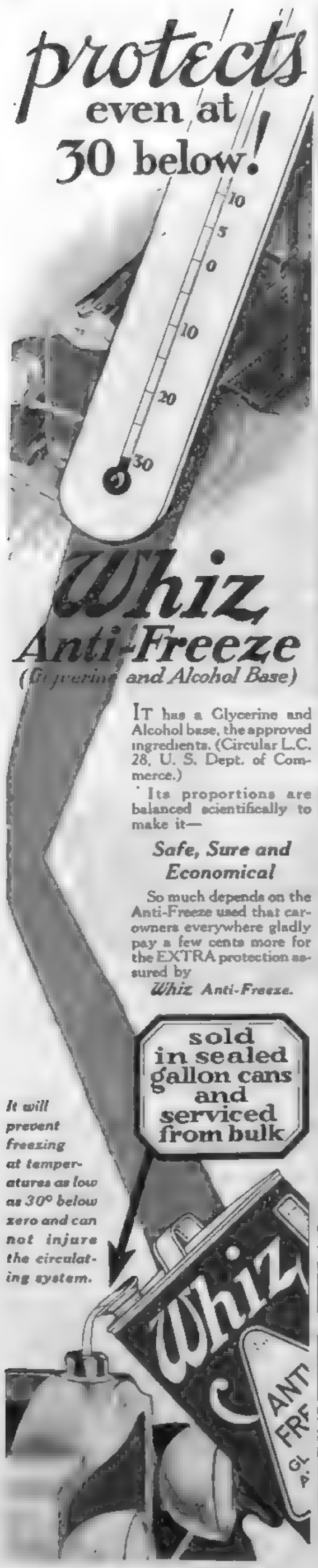
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO
Dept. 103, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your Catalog, giving descriptions, sizes, prices, and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____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Whiz
Anti-Freeze
(Glycerine and Alcohol Base)
IT has a Glycerine and Alcohol base, the approved ingredients. (Circular L.C. 28, U. S. Dept. of Commerce.)
Its proportions are balanced scientifically to make it—
Safe, Sure and Economical
So much depends on the Anti-Freeze used that car-owners everywhere gladly pay a few cents more for the EXTRA protection assured by
Whiz Anti-Freeze.
sold in sealed gallon cans and serviced from bulk
It will prevent freezing at temperatures as low as 30° below zero and can not injure the circulating system.
Whiz
ANTI
FRE
GL
P
The R. M. Hollingshead Co.
CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. A.

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and Luxemburg as members; machine wire, with France, Belgium, Germany and Luxemburg; aluminum, with France, Germany, Great Britain, Switzerland, Norway and Austria; zinc, with Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, Poland, Great Britain and Spain; glass bottles, with Germany, France, Austria, Scandinavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary and Holland; enamel ware, with Germany, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria and Hungary; artificial silk, with Great Britain, Germany and Italy; linoleum, with Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Latvia and Norway; pharmaceutical supplies, with Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy and Belgium; cast iron, with Great Britain, France and Germany. Practically all European countries are coördinated in glue and superphosphates.

International trusts in process of formation are in automobiles, which will represent a concentrated effort against the so-called American motor-car invasion, in the dyeing and finishing of silk, and in electric power. Not all the international trusts are in the basic and semibasic industries. Included are special undertakings having only a restricted circle of purchasers. A recent example was the cartel in hackle pins, organized by German, Swiss and French manufacturers of these articles, which are used in weaving.

The American Hall Mark

The international trust has various forms. In the case of the Swedish Match Company you have a corporation unique of its kind. Although Swedish in formation and control, it has monopolies in Poland, Peru, Ecuador, Esthonia and Greece, and what amounts to exclusive right in France and elsewhere. Through loans to governments, the company fastens its hooks into the match business wherever its cash is planted. You have already seen how it is linked with Bryant & May for virtual mastery of the British market. It was a characteristic alliance which has made for Swedish match supremacy in more than thirty countries. One hundred and sixty factories with an annual output of 20,000,000,000 boxes are under the control of the Scandinavian trade titan.

The original unit was the Lundstrom factory in Sweden, started in 1847 and regarded as the cradle of the modern match industry. By 1880 the Swedes dominated match output. In 1913 most of the factories were amalgamated into the United Swedish Match Factories by Ivar Kreuger. Up to that time he had merely been known as a successful construction engineer. Subsequently he developed into the outstanding industrialist of Sweden, with an affinity for big consolidation only equaled by that of the late Hugo Stinnes. Unlike the one-time German Croesus, he is wise enough to concentrate on one industry. The Swedish Match Company is his conception.

European governments have also been infected with the trust virus. Last year Spain declared a monopoly on oil. She instituted a national company capitalized at 195,000,000 pesetas, provided by a group of thirty-seven local banks. The properties of all alien oil companies were confiscated and the business put into the hands of a bureaucracy.

Foreign concerns, including two well-known American companies, were promised compensation but, up to the time I write, have received none. Meanwhile, as is always the case when a government takes over an industry, the consumer suffers from inefficient service and deranged prices.

Galvanizing European trustification is a new spirit of pep and push. You see it in mass output, labor-saving machinery, factory management, big-scale advertising, welfare systems, industrial research, and go-to-it selling methods, all geared to centralized direction. These innovations constitute but one aspect of the widespread Americanization. We have influenced social as well as industrial life. Yankee devices, from dial telephones to household refrigeration, are making homes more comfortable and therefore happier. Installment buying is bringing one-time luxuries like the automobile into the range of the average man. The skyscraper, grudgingly accepted at first, has changed the city horizon.

So endless are the manifestations of our penetration that it is only possible to enumerate a few instances. In no activity has the American hall mark been more strongly impressed than in the telephone. I can best illustrate with Spain. In 1923 all the facilities were in the hands of the government. A country of more than 22,000,000 inhabitants had less than 90,000 telephones. Instruments were archaic and the exchanges fully twenty-five years behind the times. It took less time to call on a man in person than to reach him by telephone. Few of the services were connected and long-distance service was a rarity.

In 1924 the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, an American enterprise, organized a Spanish subsidiary called the Compañia Telefonica Nacional de España, and a mighty change began. Today Spain has nearly 200,000 telephones that form a network of up-to-date communication at home and link the kingdom with every European country and its own African possessions. Between January and July of this year seventy-two new exchanges were opened. On the Gran Via, the leading thoroughfare of Madrid, the company is just completing a fifteen-story office building which dominates the capital.

Americans have finally been able to drive a wedge into the French telephone monopoly. No visitor to Paris need be told of the horrors of the telephone service, or rather the lack of it. It not only takes an age to get a number but the moment connection is made, communication almost invariably ceases. After long negotiations, the International Standard Electric Corporation of New York, one of the manufacturing subsidiaries of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, got the contract to install one exchange—the Carnot—with the automatic dial system. It was opened on September twenty-second and was the first step in the conversion of all the telephones in the capital to dial operation.

No European country is more inherently resentful of modernization than England. Because of tradition, her industry, so far as big output is affected, lags behind Germany and even France. This state of mind applied to the retail trade as well. For years the great London department stores subordinated progress to dignity. It remained for an American—H. Gordon Selfridge—to bring about a revolution in merchandising almost without precedent.

A Treat for London Ladies

In 1906, Selfridge, then in his early forties, retired from Marshall Field & Co. in Chicago and took a trip around the world. Walking along Oxford Street in London one day, he observed that the buying possibilities of its hinterland were not adequately capitalized. Most of the shops were small and unenterprising. Instead of devoting the rest of his life to golf and travel, he decided to start a business that would give the British a close-up of American store methods.

It was easier said than done. London merchants rose up against what was regarded at the start as unwarranted intrusion. Every possible obstacle was put in the way. Selfridge's was, therefore, not opened to the public until March, 1909. The novelties disclosed were so numerous that the place became a point of sight-seeing interest. What was at first looked at askance is now an institution.

At Selfridge's the London shopper had her first experience with a bargain basement and an electric newspaper that flashes the news of the day as it happens. A huge soda fountain was, of course, a feature. Other details that made people sit up and take notice were a travel bureau, roof garden, an analytical and testing laboratory, an information section, a post office, grill and smoking rooms, and a safe-deposit vault. The swiftness of parcel distribution was almost startling.

In 1918 Selfridge's became the center of a network of provincial businesses that now includes shops in sixteen British communities, among them Liverpool, Sheffield, Brighton and Reading. There is also a branch in Dublin. The following year Selfridge started a series of cash grocery stores in twenty-three suburbs and towns. Included in the chain are five other stores in the vicinity of London in which no article exceeds sixpence, or twelve cents, in price. The most notable of all the Selfridge acquisitions was the absorption last year of William Whiteley, Ltd. Through it the youngest distributing house in London acquired the oldest shop in England.

Scarcely less epochal in its way was the erection of Bush House, the first pretentious American-inspired office building in London, which stands in the heart of the commercial district between Aldwych and the Strand. It realized a long-cherished dream of Irving T. Bush to combine utility and beauty of architecture in a practical expression of Anglo-Saxon amity. Over the imposing Aldwych entrance are carved the words: "To the friendship of English-speaking peoples." Surmounting it are the marble figures symbolizing America and Britain, made by Malvina Hoffman, the well-known American sculptress. There is no doubt that Bush House has influenced London business-building construction. We have also broadened the scope of motion-picture presentation in London as well as in Paris.

The Soap Sold in Castile

The British have taken to gum, which they call "chewing sweets." Even the staid London bobbies have fallen. So many policemen chewed gum as they stood on traffic post or pounded the sidewalks that the Home Office recently issued an order solemnly prohibiting it while on duty. One reason given was that gum might impair an officer's efficiency in dealing with an emergency. It was officially intimated that he might blow the gum into his whistle while summoning aid.

The Yankee product is to be found everywhere, sometimes in surprising circumstances. Last summer a New York woman, visiting in Castile, went into a chemist's shop and asked for some of the soap that has made the name of that ancient Spanish place famous. The clerk said: "Yes, madame, we have the best Castile made." When she examined the cake she saw that it bore the name of a well-known American factory.

Perhaps the last word in Americanization is to be found in Germany. The heart of the beer belt is succumbing to our soft drinks. One of the newest and most popular resorts on the Kurfursten Damm, the center of Berlin night life, is an establishment whose chief attraction is a soda fountain.

Finally, how does the widespread trustification that I have described affect American production? Happily, we are in a position to combat organized effort abroad. Nearly sixty export associations have been formed to operate under the provisions of the Webb-Pomerene Act. One of the latest and strongest is the Steel Export Association of America, headed by the United States Steel Corporation and the Bethlehem Steel Company.

Moreover, most of our 3000 branch factories overseas are in Europe. They make everything from safety razors to automobiles. Uncle Sam is therefore in no danger of being run over by the international-trust steam roller.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Europe.

Gifts from your hand and heart

easily finished by you in lovely DUCO

With Duco you can transform countless gift objects, which you buy unpainted, into gifts unique and colorful

Last year's toys will again spread joy, if you refinish them in Duco's bright colors

Magazine racks make pretty gifts, especially when you finish them in gleaming, lasting Duco

THERE'S a warm reception for the Duco-finished gift you plan and make yourself. With it goes a bit of your personality—expressed in gleaming, colorful DUCO.

Now that Christmas approaches, think of the many gift-objects Duco colors can glorify for your family and friends. Just a few are suggested here. You will think of many others. Even last year's shabby toys can be made new for the little ones' delight.

Get a can or two of Duco today. It's fascinating to use—so easy to apply and it dries so quickly. There is no trouble—no delay. Duco doesn't become sticky—it doesn't print—the color won't rub off.

See your dealer now; he will give you a colorful booklet about gifts. It is time to get started now!

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
Independence Square Philadelphia, Pa.

Inexpensive vases can be given beautiful decorative effects with a variety of Duco colors

Duco colors lend a note of distinction and gaiety to the more practical gifts

Mother will adore this sewing cabinet with its everyday utility and beauty

DUCO
DU PONT
REG U.S. PAT OFF.

Be sure you see the du Pont oval on the can!

DUCO .. *made only by du Pont*

Let it freeze!
Let it snow!
Let it storm!
Let it blow!

As long as winter lasts your car will be safe if it is protected with one supply of Eveready Prestone

GET one supply of Eveready Prestone and no matter what bitter weather winter brings, or how long it lasts, you won't have to worry about a frozen car.

Eveready Prestone is an entirely new conception of winter motor-car protection. It is completely different . . . a decidedly better anti-freeze. It never evaporates or deteriorates in service and is never affected by extreme changes in temperature. It will not boil off. It never becomes viscous or leaves deposits in the circulating system. It is odorless, perfectly harmless and non-inflammable. It is what motorists have been wanting for years, to make winter driving as free from freezing worries as summer touring.

Eveready Prestone has been a tremendous success since its announcement last year. It has been used by thousands of motorists, by bus and truck fleet operators, automobile manufacturers and aviators, with complete satisfaction. No other anti-freeze has ever been so enthusiastically endorsed by users who demand the most certain, permanent, harmless protection against freezing temperatures.

Eveready Prestone is a *pure, undiluted product*—not a solution or a mixture. Although it costs more initially, it is a most economical investment because of its lasting qualities, and because one to two gallons

—depending upon your radiator capacity—is sufficient to protect your car all winter against any chance of a freeze-up.

Make your car safe today with this perfect anti-freeze. Get a supply of Eveready Prestone and you can completely forget about winter driving hazards.

Each Eveready Prestone can is sealed with a special safety cap that protects the purchaser against the possibility of substitution or adulteration. Look for this cap.

Eveready Prestone does not contain any alcohol or glycerine.

THE MIDDLEMAN

(Continued from Page 25

With few exceptions, these merchants lost their money. One case was that of a man named Elton Hodge, in a Western North Carolina town, who wrote in to the house stating that he wanted to sell, and asking if we knew anyone who might be interested. I happened to be in North Carolina at the time, and Norman King wired me to investigate Hodge's proposition, as we had another customer in Tennessee, who was thinking of opening a branch store.

Elton Hodge was considerable of a character. He was a man of about fifty, a bachelor, whom one could hardly conceive of making a reckless or ill-considered move in his whole life. For twenty-five years he had slept in a room over his store and taken his meals at a boarding house around the corner. He belonged to no lodge or society, not even to the local chamber of commerce; and he told me the only time he had ever been away from his business was a dozen years previously when he went on a three-day excursion to Washington. He was a firm believer in the theory of making money by saving it.

Though he had quite a force of people working for him, he never kept a porter, but always swept out and washed the show windows himself early in the morning before his help arrived. Living the way he did, it would have been hard not to make money; and besides, he seemed to have a real flair for merchandising. He had a reputation for straightforwardness that brought him a good deal of business, particularly from the farmers roundabout, and people generally had sort of a left-hand liking for him in spite of his picayunish ways. He told me he was worth about fifty thousand dollars.

I had him down to the two-dollar-a-day American-plan hotel for dinner one evening, though it required considerable persuasion to induce him to come, because, as he said, he didn't feel quite at home in such elegant surroundings. I was curious to learn why he should want to sell out, for it seemed to me the life he was living must be exactly suited to his temperament. He had no worries of any sort, because he did a strictly cash business and discounted every bill he bought from wholesalers.

Finally, after extracting a promise that I would tell no one, he divulged his secret. He said he was afraid someone else might get in ahead of him if his project leaked out. It seems a man was taking his meals at Elton's boarding house who was thinking of starting an amusement park in the town and had generously offered to let Elton in on the ground floor. There was a tract of land that could be leased at the end of the trolley line, and the project included a Ferris wheel, a shoot-the-chutes, hot-dog stands and all the other features of a first-class Coney Island. Elton's eyes fairly bulged out of his head as he described the fairyland of which he was to be president and principal stockholder. The customers were mainly to be recruited from the employes of several furniture factories that were located in the town.

The idea that a man like Elton Hodge, who had made his money by years of small scrimpings, should consider anything so speculative as an amusement park seemed beyond comprehension. I asked him if he had investigated the business history of similar enterprises in other places and he replied he had not, but was sure this one would be profitable, because there were at least a thousand factory employes in town who could be counted on for a couple of dollars a week apiece.

"There's big money in it," he repeated over and over, "and a lot less trouble than running a retail store."

He actually did sell his store and put his money into the amusement-park scheme—that lasted until about midsummer of its first season.

With variations in minor details, the case of Elton Hodge duplicated many others where men sold a business they knew and put the proceeds into something they didn't know. We had a number of customers in the Middle West who sold out to go into apple raising in Oregon and Washington. At one time the wheat-raising states were overrun by promoters who organized companies to build farm-tractors and who sold stock on the argument that farm implements should be manufactured in the sections where they were used, not by grasping industrialists in Eastern cities. Nearly always, in a town where one of these tractor plants was started, some prosperous merchant would give up his business for the brief honor of being an officer and leading stockholder.

Just why these things happen is hard to say, but I think the main reason lies in the well-known fact that a show always is more attractive from the orchestra seats than from behind the scenes. You know all the snags and worries of your own business. You look at a man in some other line who seems to be getting along without worry, and you draw the inference that his business must be free from the troubles that beset yours.

A good thing to remember is this: Business is a game for professionals, not amateurs. There isn't any business that is easy, and there is intense competition in every business. The exceptional man makes money. The average man makes a living. The under-average man goes bankrupt. When you go into a business you don't know you are under average. You are an amateur trying to compete with professionals, and the professionals always win.

There was one incident of my travels for the Gibson Mercantile Corporation that turned out to my lifelong benefit. I had gone to New Orleans to straighten out some matters with one of our customers there, and having finished, had to wait several days for further instructions from the house. At the hotel I made the acquaintance of a humorist named Lawrence Collins who was selling carload lots of apples to grocers for a concern in Oregon, and one day Collins asked me to go with him on one of his selling expeditions around the city. We chartered a one-horse hack and visited a number of the big stores, where I watched Collins go through his salesmanship motions, and after a while I told him jokingly that I believed I could beat him at his own game. The next place on his list was that of a firm named Lemaire & Company, one of the big purveyors of a fashionable residential quarter, and Collins suggested that I make good on my boast by trying to sell this firm. He gave me his samples and then drove on to the next corner to await the result.

I went in and asked for Mr. André Lemaire, the proprietor, who was in the office at the rear. He was a tall man with a gray mustache and goatee, who listened courteously to my eulogy of Oregon apples and the profit that might be made by purchasing in carload lots direct from headquarters. In the end I made my sale. Mr. Lemaire was a man of few words, and the only question he asked was just as he signed the order blank.

"Of course you know all about this fruit you are selling," he remarked. "I suppose you are from Oregon yourself."

On the strength of one trip I had made to Portland a few months previously, I said I had recently come from Oregon.

As we drove back to the hotel, Collins said he was going to make a social call that evening, and as the young lady of his attentions had a sister, he asked me to go along. The two girls were Misses Elinor and Beatrice Madiot, from one of the upper Louisiana parishes, who were attending Tulane University and staying with an uncle and aunt, at whose home we visited them. I was introduced to the aunt, Mrs. Lemaire, but never thought of connecting her with the business man I had interviewed earlier in the day. Perhaps this was because I was so attracted by the personality of Miss Beatrice Madiot, a wholesome, charming girl of twenty-three. About nine o'clock the head of the house arrived. He proved to my embarrassment to be Mr. André Lemaire. His wife introduced me to him as Mr. Draper of Chicago. Mr. Lemaire looked at me sharply and remarked that he had met me before.

"But if I remember correctly," he added, "you were from Oregon this afternoon."

There was nothing to do but make a clean breast of the whole affair, which I did with enough of success to restore my prestige as an honest man. No objections were made when I asked if I might call again on Mrs. Lemaire's niece. Love affairs are seldom interesting except to those directly concerned; and I will only say that the following June Miss Bee Madiot became my wife—a rôle that she has played for nearly twenty years with a charm and a cheerful companionship far greater than my deserts.

IX

AFTER our marriage Bee and I settled in Chicago, taking a pleasant four-room flat near Lincoln Park. As time went on I was able to cut down my traveling, becoming sort of a liaison officer between the sales and credit departments. As in every big organization, there would occasionally arise a case where the sales department would want to do more business with some concern, while the credit department would claim the concern's standing did not warrant such an increase; and when such a situation arose it was my job to make a personal investigation and report my findings to Norman King.

This work brought me into rather close relations not only with Mr. King but with the two other members of the curious triumvirate that ruled the destinies of the Gibson Mercantile Corporation. Old Mr. Gibson came to the office every day, but gave little direct attention to the business. He was a bit fond of publicity, being on the boards of a great number of public enterprises that absorbed most of his time and got his name into the newspapers frequently. He kept a scrapbook of newspaper clippings and when he had nothing else to do would pore over this book with the greatest interest. His son Roy also came to the office when he happened to be in the city, which was approximately half the time, but the only duties he ever assumed were those of official entertainer. At this he was truly a past master. Whenever an important customer came to town who was known to like a little excitement, he was always turned over to Roy, who did the honors adequately and expensively.

The Gibsons, father and son, both stood rather in awe of Norman King. I was always interested to see how Mr. King maintained this ascendancy. I think it came from a certain rigid self-discipline. It was impossible to think of him as losing his balance under any circumstances. For one thing, he always dressed immaculately and in faultless taste. Roy Gibson's expensive clothing always seemed a bit loud in comparison. His manner of speech, too, was impressive. He spoke with an English accent, choosing his words with great care, and in all my association with him I never heard him use a slang phrase or colloquialism. On the few occasions when I saw him angry he never raised his voice above conversational tones, but spoke with a biting meticulousness that was immeasurably more effective than another man's bluster.

Yet with all his undoubted abilities, it was Norman King's management that started the Gibson Mercantile Corporation on the decline, ending a dozen years later in near bankruptcy. The times were changing and he stubbornly refused to recognize it. Up to about 1905 Gibson's had done business exclusively as a catalogue house, issuing an enormous book that was sent to tens of thousands of retailers throughout the country. As time went on, catalogue selling proved inadequate to maintain Gibson's previous volume of sales. More jobbing houses were going after business, and many manufacturing concerns that had previously sold through jobbers began to sell direct. In effect, the problem of business had shifted from manufacturing to selling. Increased use of machinery made it easy to manufacture goods. Henceforth the problem was to be that of disposing of the goods.

The Gibson Corporation finally acknowledged the changed conditions to the extent that it put out a force of traveling salesmen, but never enough to cover the country adequately. Where competing houses were calling on trade every sixty days or oftener, Gibson's men got around three or four times a year. Old Mr. Gibson was against the traveling-salesman idea because he had built up his huge business on a catalogue basis and thought it could be continued that way. Norman King was lukewarm to salesmen on account of the cost.

I always believed that a commercial house pretty well prospers or not according to the caliber of its traveling men, but in the Gibson organization the travelers had a status about on a par with messenger boys. Mr. King evolved a plan by which every traveler had to make out a long report each day, stating what firms he had called upon, and in case they did not buy, giving the reasons in detail. If there were any dealers in a town that a salesman did not call upon, he had to explain why. In addition, the report had to include such matters as what hour a man left one town and arrived at another; whether the train was on time or not; which merchants came to the hotel to look at the samples and which insisted that the samples should be sent to their stores, and so on.

We had one salesman, George Saunders, whom I had persuaded to come with the house after meeting him several times on my trips when he was representing a St. Louis woodenware house. George was an independent sort of character, and one day a letter arrived from him, addressed to Mr. King personally. The latter read it and tossed it impatiently to me with the remark that my protégé was an impudent fellow. The letter read:

Dear Mr. King: When I accepted a job with the Gibson Mercantile Corporation I was given to understand that I was going to be a full-time salesman. I find that this is not so. At least two hours of my time every day is taken up with making out reports, which is a bookkeeper's job and interferes with my selling. Therefore I tender my resignation to take effect as soon as you can send a more competent bookkeeper to take over my territory.

Yours truly,
G. A. SAUNDERS.

Personally I thought Saunders was right and did only what I should have done under the same circumstances. I said as much to Norman King; but he would not be dissuaded from his elaborate system, with the consequence that we never could command the services of really first-grade salesmen.

There was another matter in which I believed the Gibson Mercantile Corporation's policy was detrimental to its continued prosperity. Along about 1910 a great many manufacturers who sold through the jobbing trade began sending out missionary salesmen. For the benefit of those who do not know the meaning of this term, I will explain that a missionary salesman is employed by a manufacturer to sell the manufacturer's goods to retail dealers. But the manufacturer does not ship the goods direct to the retailer. Instead, the orders are turned over to jobbing houses that ship the goods and collect the accounts.

The Gibson Mercantile Corporation encouraged this missionary selling on the part of manufacturers as much as possible. It appeared like an easy way of earning profits, where the manufacturer bore all cost of

(Continued on Page 66

For **PERMANENCE**.. *Give*

Parker Duofold Pens

*GUARANTEED FOREVER

against all defects

Singly, $5 and $7; with Pencils, $8, $8.50, and $11 the pair; or in Very Smart Desk Sets, $8.75 to $100.00

Parker Duofold Duette
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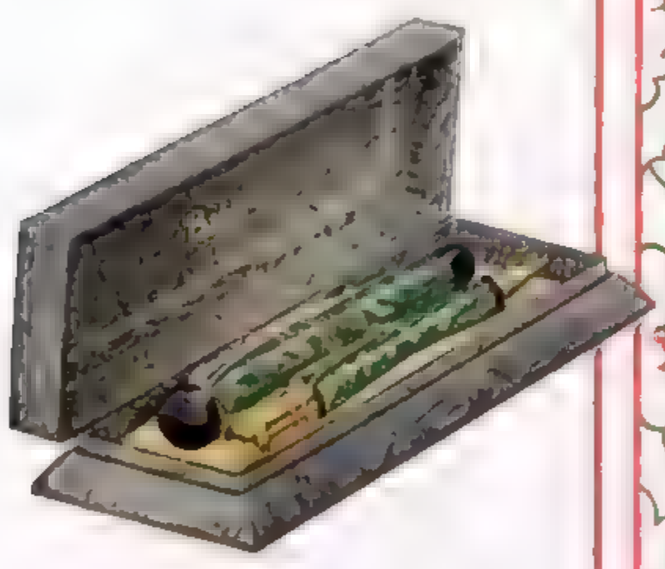
Attractive gift box Free



Five colors are in Parker Duofold Pens and Pencils (aside from the new Black and Pearl in the Duofold De Luxe). These classic writers all come singly or in pairs—a different, beautiful flashing hue for each member of the family. It makes identification easier, and you please each one's color preference.

All Have Pressureless Touch—Improvement No. 47

Geo. S. Parker has spent 36 years in making fountain pens. Now we own 29 patents on pens, pencils and desk sets. The modern Duofold represents 47 major improvements.

Pressureless Touch, our latest improvement, is alone worth the price. It means that the feather-light weight of the pen *itself* is sufficient to start *instant* writing and continue it at any speed. No pressure—no effort—no fatigue.

**Guaranteed Forever Against All Defects*

*To prove Parker Duofold is a pen of lifelong perfection, we offer to make good any defect, provided complete pen is sent by the owner direct to the factory with 10c for return postage and insurance.

Give it, therefore, with assurance that your gift will *remain* and *remind* when other gifts have vanished.

They'll Prize It Because It Is Inscribed, "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD"

Parker Duofold barrels are all Non-breakable. On every one is stamped this imprint, "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD." It's the first thing friends and loved ones will look for when eager hands open your gift package Christmas. For the world regards this Parker mark as the token of highest excellence. Accept no pen or pencil without it, regardless of color.

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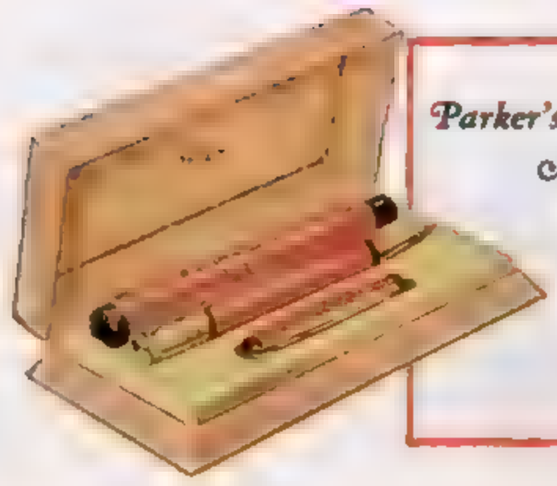


Parker's Pocket Trio

An Innovation

Knife to match Pen and Pencil—this Duofold Trio is a new and original Parker idea. Ask to see these Parker Gifts at your nearest counter.

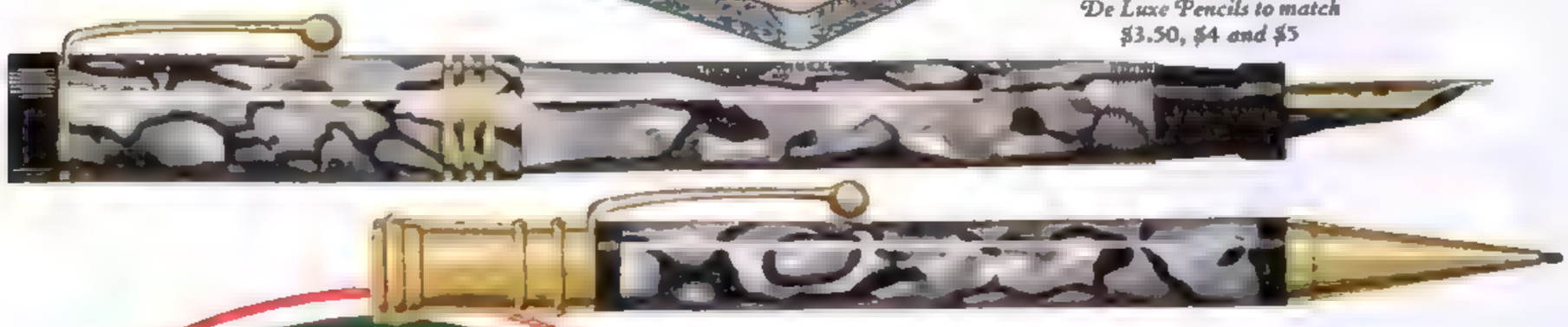
$11 and $13.50

Parker's NEW

DE LUXE DUOFOLD

Senior Pen, $10
Junior, $8.50
Juniorette or Lady, $7.50

Moderne Black & Pearl
Silvery, Luminous, Iridescent
De Luxe Pencils to match
$3.50, $4 and $5



DUOFOLD DE LUXE DUETTE
$11, $12.50, $15
Gift Box Included

Unduplicated anywhere is Parker's design *moderne* in silvery, iridescent Black and Pearl, called Duofold De Luxe. The newest gift of the day—the finest pen ever conceived—the Sovereign of the whole pen world. Extra large, luxuriously writing point, and, size for size, the largest ink capacity known.

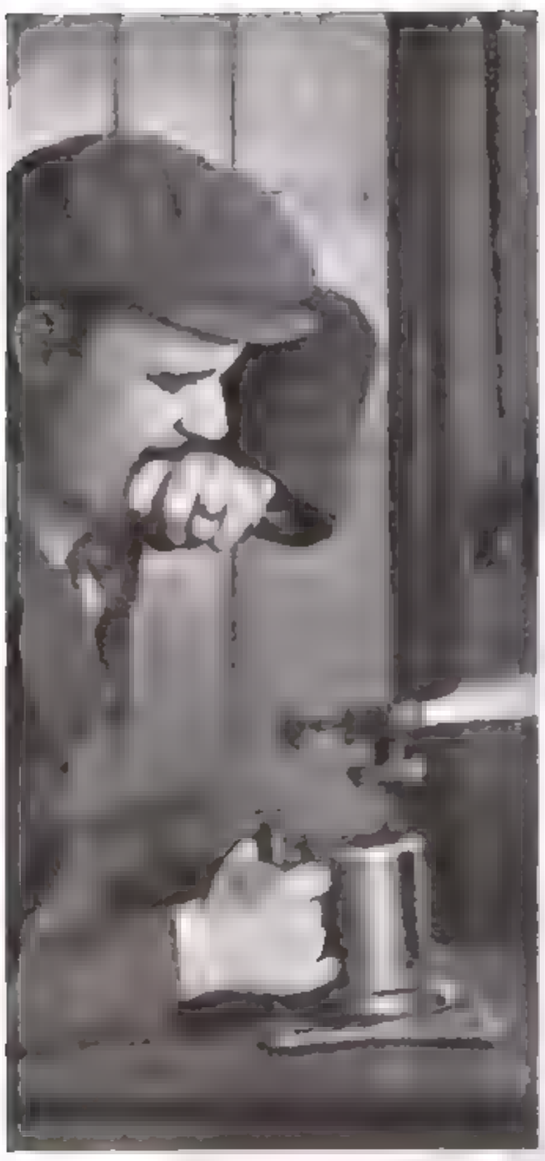
Consort of this imperial fountain pen is Parker's De Luxe Duofold Pencil to match it. Give and carry this regal Duette and no one can outdo you.

Complete Sets, $11, $12.50 and $15

Lady Duofold
in Lapis Lazuli Blue,
Pen, $5; Pencil, $3

Parker

Duofold Pens. Pencils. Duettes



"The flame shot across my wrist"

"It was my first attempt to use a blow-torch. I was not familiar with the mechanism and in attempting to regulate the flame, I got my hand in the way. The tongue of fire seemed to leap out. The resulting burn was painful indeed . . . Then and there my wife applied Unguentine. The pain stopped at once—the burn didn't even blister. Soon the hand was O. K. Not a suspicion of a scar."

* * *

The danger of burns you well know—infection that poisons the whole system, the life-long handicap of hideous scars.

Even with the smallest burn there is no time to lose—Unguentine!

When you apply Unguentine the pain is relieved. At once healthy healing begins. Infection cannot live in Unguentine. And when the new skin forms, almost invariably, most remarkable of all, *no scar is left.*

Rely on Unguentine for scratches, cuts, and bruises, too. In severe cases spread on gauze and bandage lightly. Keep a tube at your office or shop as well as at home. At your druggist's—50 cents. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canada—193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Unguentine

The surgical dressing hospitals use

The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. S-11, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name

Street

City and State

FREE

A trusted name

(Continued from Page 63)

selling and the jobber's only function was to collect the account. I know I am on delicate ground, for a great deal of missionary selling is done to the present day; but I never have thought it was quite a sound proceeding. In the first place, it is selling goods at double expense, for the manufacturer pays the missionaries' expenses and also gives the jobber his regular profit.

In the second place, it weakens the jobber's prestige. Manufacturers send out missionaries for one reason only namely, because they believe the jobbers are not doing a thorough selling job.

An incident occurred while I was with the Gibson Corporation that convinced me of the fallacy of looking for easy profits through missionary selling. I had occasion to go to a town in Nebraska, and on the train met a man named Ellsworth, who was doing missionary work for a Connecticut concern that manufactured a line of popular-priced watches which we handled extensively. This concern had only recently gone into missionary selling at the insistence of Norman King.

The man I wanted to see in the town had been called away temporarily, so I had to stay an extra day, and on Ellsworth's invitation went around with him to see how the new missionary policy was working. The first place we went into was an emporium owned by a German, Franz Weidemann. Mr. Weidemann consented to look at Ellsworth's line and selected a generous assortment.

Ellsworth wrote up the order and then said, "You know, Mr. Weidemann, we sell only through jobbers. What jobbing house would you like your order to come through?"

Mr. Weidemann considered deeply for a moment, and then remarking that he would have to see, went back to his office in the rear. I hadn't disclosed my identity to the merchant, but he was a regular customer of the Gibson Corporation and I assumed he would order his purchase sent through our firm.

Directly he came back and said, "Bill the goods through the Johnston Company of St. Louis."

Ellsworth made the notation at the bottom of the order as directed, and as we walked down the street he joked me goodnaturedly at my concern's losing the profit on the shipment. I asked him why he hadn't tried to influence Mr. Weidemann in our favor; we did probably ten times as much business with his concern as the St. Louis house, and it seemed to me he ought to put in a good word for us whenever possible.

"Thanks for the suggestion," Ellsworth answered sarcastically. "But how long do you suppose my concern would last if it got noised around that we were trying to influence the trade in favor of some particular jobber? We want to continue to do business with the Gibson Corporation; but we also want to do business with every other jobber in the country who has the money to pay for our goods, and the only way to do it is to be strictly neutral."

I saw his side of it and said no more. But it struck me as peculiar that Weidemann had not given his answer at once, instead of retiring to the privacy of his office to make his decision. When I mentioned this to Ellsworth he laughed uproariously.

"Don't you know why Weidemann did that?" he chortled. "He went back to look at his books and see what jobbing house he owes the least money to. The chances are he has recently cleaned up with the Johnston firm but still owes a balance to the Gibson Corporation. That being the case, he naturally throws this business to Johnston."

I said I couldn't see why this explanation should necessarily be true, because Weidemann's credit was first-class and he knew the Gibson Corporation would ship him whatever he wanted without question.

"You don't have to believe it," Ellsworth answered, "but I've been in this game a long time and I'm telling you what I've learned by experience. There's something in human nature that makes a man hesitate to increase a debt, no matter how good his credit is. Everything being equal, he will buy where he has a clean slate. It's just naturally so and you can't change it.

"I'll say something else," Ellsworth went on confidentially, "though it's against my own profession. You don't get something for nothing, do you? Well, it's just that when a jobber asks a manufacturer to go out and sell his own goods and then give the jobber a regular profit. The jobber gets the profit without working for it; but, on the other hand, he loses control of his own business.

"Just like in this Weidemann case. Believe me, if I was in the jobbing business I'd try to make my selling good enough so the manufacturers wouldn't have to send out missionary salesmen!"

Then and there I lost faith in the soundness of missionary selling. And I have a private idea that many of the troubles complained of by wholesale merchants have come about largely because certain wholesalers have asked manufacturers to do work they should have been energetic enough to do themselves.

In the face of changing conditions the Gibson Mercantile Corporation not only failed to develop a really efficient corps of traveling salesmen but depended on its catalogue to produce business after most progressive houses realized that catalogue selling had to be reënforced by personal solicitation. Though we continued to receive about the same number of mail orders, their gross amount in money tended constantly to become smaller. Norman King attempted to meet the situation by enlarging our printing plant and sending out more catalogues.

On one occasion I persuaded Mr. King to let me go out into several communities in the Middle West to learn if possible the reasons for the decline of our mail-order business. In the small towns almost every merchant had a Gibson Mercantile Corporation catalogue, for anyone could get it upon request, the only proviso being that the request should be written on a regular business letterhead. I found our catalogues in the most unlikely places—livery stables, real-estate offices, undertaking parlors—establishments that by no stretch of the imagination could be conceived as regular customers of a great jobbing house. In one town I found our catalogue on the desk of the local butcher, an Irishman named Quinn, whose case was typical of most of the others.

Quinn had been using our catalogue about three years. It seems he wore extra-high shoes that he had made by the local cobbler, and none of the stores in the community carried shoe laces of sufficient length. Someone told him he could get extra-length laces from the Gibson Corporation. He wrote for our catalogue and from it ordered a dozen shoe laces, getting them at our regular jobbing price. From this he got into the habit of ordering other articles for his personal use and the use of a few favored friends, all of whom were highly pleased at being able to buy at wholesale. When I returned to Chicago I had one of the bookkeepers check up on the Quinn account and learned that his occasional orders averaged less than five dollars each. I reported my findings to Norman King, but nothing ever came of it.

Personally my relations with Mr. King were most agreeable, and it is likely I should have stayed indefinitely with the Gibson Corporation except for one thing. In the latter part of 1910 it was announced that Gibson employes would be permitted to buy stock in the corporation, and this announcement was followed up by thinly disguised propaganda calculated to induce employes to invest their savings in corporation stock. I believe this was only a well-meant scheme to insure loyalty to the organization; but it never looked precisely right to me to see Norman King, as I did on many occasions, sitting at his desk in the sophisticated, charming manner he could assume so impressively, and speaking to some middle-aged employe of the advantages that would accrue to the fortunate owners of stock in the Gibson Mercantile Corporation. At that time I was drawing a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, and I made up my mind that no part of it should be invested in company stock where I could not approve of all its policies. I will say for Norman King that, aside from suggesting it once or twice, he never employed pressure to make me do so.

He was a strange man. Sometimes I wonder what his feelings would have been had he lived until 1921, when hundreds of Gibson employes lost their lifetime savings as the stock of the former powerful corporation became practically worthless and its management desperately fought off bankruptcy by issuing notes that sold in the open market for eighty cents on the dollar. No one will ever know; for in the spring of 1915 Norman King set out on a trip to his native England to offer his services to the British Government and went down with the Lusitania.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Florida Coast, on the Gulf of Mexico

... the spice of life ...

¶ Romance, excitement, mystery, mirth—that's the spice of life—that's what takes us out of ourselves and out of the rut of everyday existence. That's what good motion pictures do for anyone—anyone who'll take the trouble to find out where the good ones are, and who makes them. ¶ Watch a crowd as it troops out of a theatre, after a good show, —faces animated, eyes glowing, lips laughing. All because, for an hour or two, they have felt the breath of *life*—laughed, loved, hated!

¶ All of us need color, drama, adventure—to make our lives rich, full and complete. So don't be content to be a stay-at-home, waiting for things to happen. Things *are* happening all the time—right around the corner, or not very far away, wherever there's a Paramount Picture, the best show in town. ¶ But be sure first it is *Paramount*, because that means the best in story, in direction and in casting—in everything that goes to make motion picture entertainment "the spice of life."

"THE SHOP-WORN ANGEL"

Co-starring Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll. Directed by Richard Wallace. Sound and dialog.

"THREE WEEK ENDS"

Starring Clara Bow, with Neil Hamilton, in the Elinor Glyn story. Clarence Badger Production.

"THE CASE OF LENA SMITH"

Starring Esther Ralston, in her greatest rôle. Produced by Josef Von Sternberg.

"SOMEONE TO LOVE"

Starring Charles Rogers, with Mary Brian, Jack Oakie, Wm. Austin, F. Richard Jones Prod.

"WINGS"

Lucien Hubbard Production, directed by William Wellman. With Clara Bow, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Gary Cooper. Sound.

"THE CARNATION KID"

Starring Douglas MacLean, in the Christie Production. Sound and dialog.

"SINS OF THE FATHERS"

Starring Emil Jannings, with Ruth Chatterton, Barry Norton, Jean Arthur, Zasu Pitts. Ludwig Berger Production.

"THE BIG SCOOP"

Starring Bebe Daniels in the Edward Sutherland Production. (Title tentative.)

Your Theatre Manager will be glad to give you the dates of any of these eight Paramount Pictures. Running the gamut—from light-hearted romance to tense, seething drama—they illustrate the great *variety* in Paramount subjects. In only one particular are any two alike—*quality*. Some are enhanced with audible effects—music, sound, and dialog—and at theatres equipped to show "Sound" pictures you hear what you see. Silent or with Sound, *"if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

Of the 40 Manufacturers of Passenger Cars in This Country, 35 Use Timken Bearings at the Points Indicated by Crosses

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x	x		x
Cadillac	All	x	x		x	x
Chandler	6-65 & Royal 75	x	x	x		x
	New Big 6 & Royal 85	x		x		x
Chrysler	De Soto	x	x	x		x
	Plymouth	x	x	x		x
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	80	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	4-M, 50 and 55	x	x	x		
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	6-70	x				x
Essex	8-78, 8-82	x	x			x
	8-91, 8-92	x	x			x
Falcon	All	x	x	x	x	x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	610	x	x	x		x
	614	x	x			x
	619, 617, 835	x	x		x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	Century 6	x	x	x		x
	Century 125	x	x			x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x
Kreiger		x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	All	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Series 6	x	x	x		x
	All	x				x
Peerless	8-69	x	x			x
	6-91, 6-60 and 6-80	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	81	x	x	x		x
	36	x	x			
Reo	Flying Cloud	x	x		x	x
	Wolverine	x	x			x
Rommer		x				
Stearns-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Velie	All	x	x	x	x	x
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	x	x	x	x	x
	Whippet 6	x	x	x	x	x
	96	x	x	x	x	x
	66-A	x			x	x
	70-A	x		x	x	x

Timken Steel The Basis of Longer Life for Bearings

One after another these red hot bars of steel move along. Solid, they go into the giant grasp of the tube mill. Out they come, transformed into tubes of seamless steel from which are formed the races of Timken Bearings.

This is just one of many processes—all focused upon a single purpose—to produce in Timken steel a metal which presents the most stubborn resistance against wear ever known.

Timken Bearings, made from Timken steel, placed at points where wear is most severe, are lengthening the life of motor cars, buses, trucks and industrial machinery.

Protection against friction, side-thrust, torque, shock and speed is provided by Timken tapered construction and Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*—an exclusive combination.

With such compelling assurance of continued, silent, attention-free service, there is small wonder that this question is being asked more and more: "Is it Timken-Equipped?"

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

BEAUTY IRRESISTIBLE

(Continued from Page 13

"No clippers on the side," he warned the barber. "A shave too."

By the time the razor was pleasantly rasping against his cheek he knew he would not be late at the field house. Sitting erect in the chair, he looked into the large mirror and secretly approved of the trimmed yellow hair, the brown eyes and the hard tanned cheeks.

From the barber shop he hurried across the main street in the direction of the football field. At the gateway to the campus he stopped as abruptly as if some power had suddenly jerked hard on a pair of invisible reins.

Twenty yards down the elm-shaded sidewalk, coming toward him, was the girl with the briefest skirt in town.

A week earlier he had seen her at the moving pictures; later, at noonday, had espied her as she passed along this same street. On that occasion he had lost track of her because prudence persuaded him to lag far in the rear. He had no intention of making the same error this time.

He turned around and without looking at her swiftly recrossed the street. At a newsstand he bought a paper. Standing beneath the awning, he held the paper in a convincing position while his eyes sharply followed the girl's progress. When she came across the street, a hundred feet beyond him, he thrust the paper into his coat pocket and promptly picked up the trail.

She went into the post office; Taite backed into a doorway. She reappeared, went into a drug store; he moved up to the post office, stood inside and watched through the glass front. She came into view again, paused at the curb of an intersecting street, then slowly crossed. He followed alertly. Halfway up the next block she disappeared through the wide doorway of a dry-goods store. He promptly retired and waited by a show window filled with football toggery.

The minutes passed and Arnold Taite fidgeted nervously. In addition to watching for the girl, he had to scan all men, while still at a distance, who came along the sidewalk. There were several coaches and assistants who might appear, and such informed persons were sure to halt before the spectacle of the freshman left end perusing the front page beneath an awning while the distant field rang with coaches' orders and shouted signals.

One such informed person soon appeared, a graduate of the university who was an expert commentator on football, confidant of coaches, and amateur referee. Taite saw him fifty yards away, coming along briskly in a gray golf suit, saluting acquaintances with a wave of his yellow cane. Raising the paper to hide his face, Taite waited breathlessly while the man drew abreast, then passed safely on toward the football field.

When he lowered the paper he looked straight into the eyes of the girl with the short green skirt. As he stepped forward her eyes lingered on him with, he felt, a trace of approval. She smiled, looked to the front, then turned the corner to her left.

Ha! His heart bounded in gratification, for he had heard of this strategy. Meetings, he knew, were more easily effected on quieter streets, away from curious glances.

When he rounded the corner she was gone. Then, startled, he saw her just below the level of the sidewalk, going down the cement steps to the basement under the bank building. On the lower landing, her hand on the door knob, she turned her head and looked deliberately up at him. For a moment her expression was dignified; then her head went back in an exaggerated Carmen gesture of audacious challenge; shamelessly, she smiled.

"Hello, good-looking," she said, and vanished.

Taite stood there, excitedly gripping the pipe railing. He stared down at the white-curtained door.

Did that smile, that admiring glance mean he was to follow her? Only one answer seemed reasonable.

He was a little breathless as his hand turned the knob. He pushed the door open and stepped in with the air of a prospective shopper. On the threshold he stopped, stood rigid while his mouth dropped open. He whirled, slammed the door and bounded up the steps, his eyes still carrying a flashing image of what he had seen. There had been half-clad women with their hair disarranged; one elderly woman, bent ungracefully forward, had peered at him sidewise through abundant gray hair that hung almost to the floor; a girl whose boyish head was covered with white soapsuds had eyed him incuriously while she walked toward a basin where running water splashed.

"Gosh!" he muttered, still walking rapidly away. "Why didn't she say it was one of those shampoo shops?"

He wondered if she had purposely tricked him. He walked more slowly now, frowning in deep thought. Suddenly he turned and swiftly retraced his steps, for the obvious solution had come to him. The girl simply wanted him to wait outside until she came out again.

"How long is it going to take her?"

Many times he asked himself this question. For an hour he waited hopefully, glancing at his watch, then at the white-curtained door. Was she having her hair curled and bobbed and shampooed and everything? Was there a back door she could have escaped through? At last, discouraged, he walked slowly away, looking back with diminishing hope every few steps. Football practice was almost over. It would be suicidal, he knew, to face the coach at this belated hour. There was just time enough to catch the 6:51 train.

When he was halfway to his room a new detail flashed over him. A man was supposed to bring flowers! Promptly, as if a long whip had whistled downward through the trees, he broke into a run. He would buy flowers on his way from the railroad station to Marcia Hottelbach's home.

Her home, to his surprise, proved to be ever so humble. It stood in a row of brick dwellings on a quiet side street, and it had nothing to distinguish it from adjoining houses except the presence on the small porch of a young man who announced his arrival by nervously pulling the loose bell handle.

The tinkle of a piano stopped instantly. When he heard footsteps the burden in his arms grew heavier and clumsier. The rapid tapping of heels reached the vestibule and a numbness attacked Taite's stomach. He wanted to leap from the porch and flee; he wanted to sit down suddenly because of the strange paralysis that made his legs intolerably heavy. But the latch clicked, the door swung inward. Diffused light from above showered upon her, and Taite stared at a lovely, shadowy miracle.

"Good evening," said a charming husky voice.

"Hello! . . . I brought you these," he panted, thrusting the box of flowers into her hands.

In the hall, like an excited child exploring some mysterious treasure, Marcia folded back the green crinkly paper and discovered two dozen long-stemmed red roses slumbering in a bower of lacy fern leaves.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed. "And how nice of you to bring them!"

Her direct gaze moved him to intense embarrassment. Desperately he extended the costly five-pound box of candy with a presentation speech of one word: "Here!"

"Mr. Taite!" she cried. "Candy too?"

As he followed her from the hall his embarrassment began to subside; in its place came the peculiar swelling satisfaction of the male who knows he is a good provider. By the time she returned from the kitchen, carrying a green vase, he was sufficiently at ease to light an illicit cigarette and watch her arrange the solemn nodding roses.

She seemed smaller, in this pink dress, and more nearly plump than she had in the yellow sport costume. Her light brown hair, mysteriously coiled at the back of her neck, caught moving gleams from the chandelier above. Her pretty hands were poised now in mid-air, close to the roses, and he saw that they had the same delicate pink, pale and luminous, that gave her face its notable freshness and clarity.

"There." She spoke quietly, as if to herself, and nodded. From the vase she carefully drew one perfect rose and, without speaking, came straight toward him. Not understanding, he made an effort to get out of her way, but she took a firm hold on his left lapel. With his head tilted down at a self-conscious angle, he delightedly watched while a girl, for the first time in his life, pinned a rose on him. In a solemn manner she snipped off the stem, stood back and soberly studied the effect.

He looked at her tentatively, but was abashed by the intense gravity on her face and quickly slanted his eyes back to the consecrated rose. When he looked up again he was astonished to see her two small fists pressed against her cheeks and her sparkling eyes and her entire being silently convulsed in some delicious secret glee.

"Now you're perfect," she murmured, and picked up the ornate box of candy. "Come on over here."

In the corner there was a worn semicircular sofa with back and sides of gilt carving. Here, while they sat side by side, she made a ceremony of removing the elaborate wrapping. When the candy was finally uncovered she gave a murmur of delight and chose a long chocolate, set with tiny silver balls. Her white teeth showed as she daintily bit off half; after holding the other half in front of him and withdrawing it several times, she fed him the first half chocolate he had ever received in this fashion.

She was gay and ponderous by turns and plainly relished the confusion into which her abrupt changes threw him. He felt at a disadvantage, and presently, after a shrewd application of football psychology, he understood why. For several minutes he groped mentally for a maneuver that would enable him to take the initiative, put her off balance.

"You're the prettiest girl I've ever known," he said suddenly, looking her boldly in the eye. "And you've got a perfectly—a perfectly bewitching figure too."

South With Byrd!

WHEN Commander Byrd's staff were preparing their lists of supplies for the Antarctic Expedition, the question of shovels demanded serious consideration.

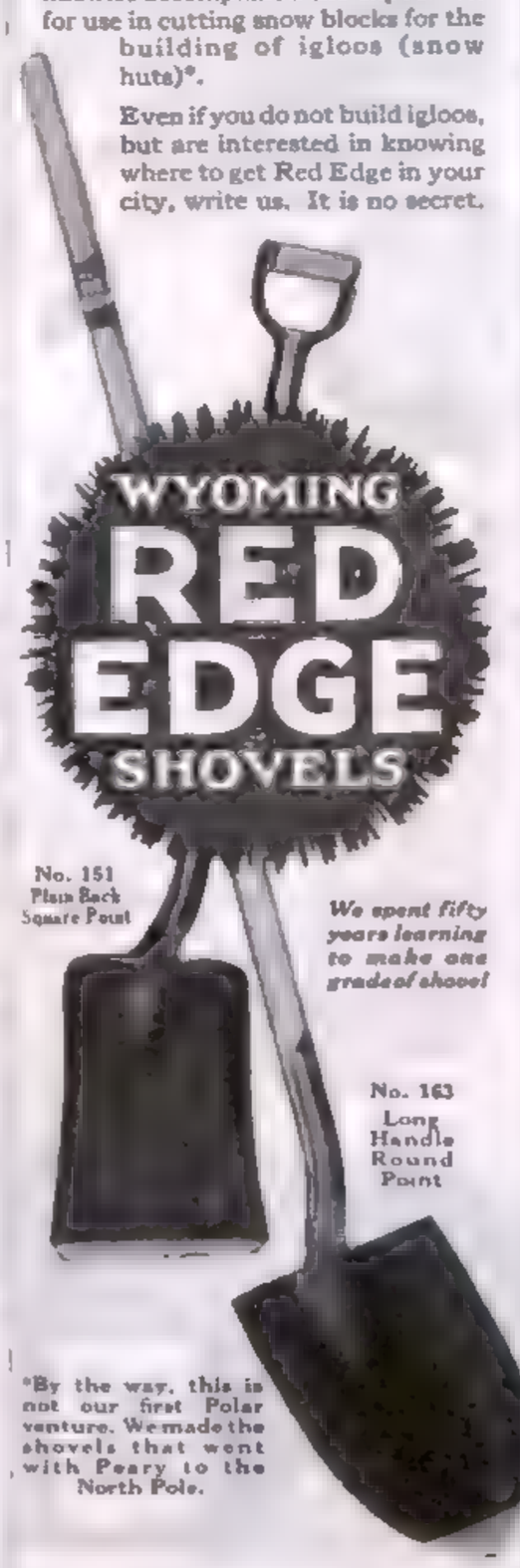
Owing to the scarcity of hardware stores south of Cape Horn there would be no opportunity to replace their shovels. And the digging was to be of the hardest conceivable variety—through ice frozen to iron hardness.

What shovels could best stand this grueling endurance test?

One of the engineers in charge of supplies had a friend who knew shovels. So this friend was consulted. Without a moment's hesitation he said: "Take Red Edge."

Thus it happened that a goodly supply of Red Edge Shovels and Picks sailed for the bottom of the world with Commander Byrd, and will be used in preparing flying fields. A dozen Red Edge Garden Spades likewise accompanied the expedition for use in cutting snow blocks for the building of igloos (snow huts)*.

Even if you do not build igloos, but are interested in knowing where to get Red Edge in your city, write us. It is no secret.


WYOMING
RED EDGE
SHOVELS
No. 151 Plain Back Square Point
We spent fifty years learning to make one grade of shovel
No. 163 Long Handle Round Point
*By the way, this is not our first Polar venture. We made the shovels that went with Peary to the North Pole.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
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BAKES OUT PAIN

Adjusto-Ray is the improved therapeutic lamp. Wonderful for relieving rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, lumbago, headaches, nervousness and many other ailments. Its sun-like rays quickly soothe the affected parts, penetrate to the seat of the trouble, ease pain and help to *remove the cause.* Recommended by physicians everywhere.

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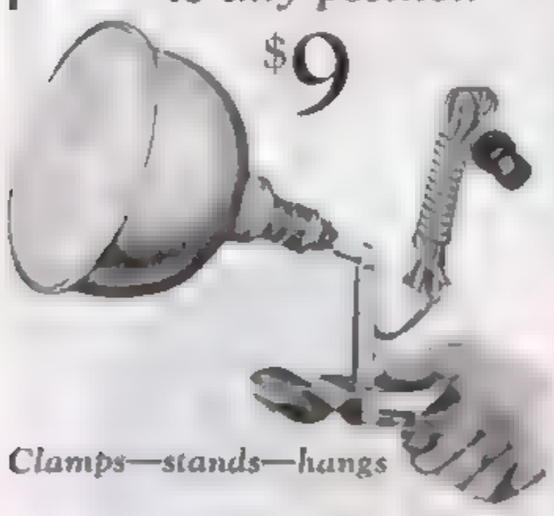


Clamps—stands—hangs

Adjusto-Ray is simple, convenient and safe. No assistance needed—just clamp Adjusto-Ray on your bed or chair—the clamp is leather-gloved and will not scratch. Or stand it on a table—or hang it up—and attach to any electric light socket.

Adjusto-Ray is built on scientific principles. It throws a parallel ray and has no focal point. Complete with 260-watt bulb. Comes in three styles—hand model: $6.50; clamp model (as illustrated): $9.00, floor model: $13.50. Sold by all leading dealers.

Manufactured by
S. W. Farber, Inc., 141-151 So. 5th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

She lowered her face into her cupped palms, shook her head slowly from side to side. "Bewitching!" she murmured wonderingly. "Bewitching, at a hundred and thirty-four pounds—in a slip!"

Determined not to retreat, he pulled both the pink hands from her face.

"I guess I know when a girl's figure is bewitching," he said almost brutally. "I wasn't born yesterday—and I've got a good notion to kiss you."

"Wait, wait—don't!" Holding the candy box between them, she rose. "I'll get something to amuse you," she added, backing away in exaggerated caution. He watched her pick something from the table and return. She settled close beside him, opened a picture album and he proceeded to receive his initiation into another ancient and honorable order.

During the brief interruption his aggressiveness had lost its momentum. He found himself once more hampered by a miserable shyness and he determined to recapture what he considered the upper hand. Gradually his daring seeped back, for she sat thrillingly close, and in laughing over a snapshot, occasionally leaned toward him so that her soft shoulder touched his in a way that spread goose flesh down over his heart. A sweet intoxicating perfume stirred him strangely.

"These were taken last June," she was saying. "Here's one of me in a riding habit. I wonder if anybody would call that bewitching?" She looked up anxiously, but at once collapsed against his shoulder in soft laughter. He edged a little closer.

"This is mother and Herman Muller," she remarked, and Taite recognized the spectacled woman and the Prussian-looking man of the perpendicular hair.

"Who is he?"

"My cousin," she said.

"Looks a little more cheerful than he did yesterday."

"We had three blow-outs coming back from Germantown," she explained, "and poor Herman was cross as a bear. . . . Now here's one of me in a bathing suit. Somehow it seems I just get bewitchinger and bewitchinger."

Again she glanced up, her eyes dancing in a way that indulgently poked fun at him. When her head touched his temple, some soft strands of hair tickling his cheek, he felt as if a lot of butterflies, their feet faintly charged with electricity, were fluttering up and down the back of his neck. Although he leaned closer, he could not gather enough courage to make a frank amorous advance. He longed for sufficient poise to curl his arm around her waist in a calm masterful gesture. Instead, under a weak pretense of achieving greater comfort, he put his left arm behind her and leaned ostentatiously upon it. From there, with infinite craft, he moved the arm until it all but encircled her.

Resting at this point in the siege, he considered a detail that troubled him. From the first he had uneasily suspected that Marcia Hottelbach was at least as old as himself. He wondered if she guessed that he was still under nineteen. He fervently hoped not, for he felt that she could not help but be repelled by the discovery that her suitor was only a freshman of eighteen years and a half.

"Let's see," he said suddenly, bending over a picture. "I thought I knew that fellow, but I guess I don't. Looks just like a man in my class—a senior by the name of Heff Kincaid."

He tried to voice that lie in a casual tone, to pass lightly by it. She had looked up quickly and was now regarding him inscrutably. Then a curiously tender expression, as though she had been genuinely touched, came into her face. When she turned again to the album she impulsively patted his hand and pushed her small fist into his. Eagerly he clutched it, squeezed it hard. He had not dreamed that being a senior would make so much difference.

By now there was no doubt as to the amorous purpose of his left arm. His privileged position amazed him. It seemed incredible that this was really happening to him. Yesterday at breakfast he had been a callow freshman, facing days of the same studies and the same football that he had grown tired of in school, unvarying days of boisterous male companionship. And now here he was, the same Arnold Taite, sitting on a sofa beneath soft light with a beautiful girl; his left arm was actually around her live, pliable waist; his chin actually rested on her fragrant shoulder; and occasionally, exulting in his miracle, he rubbed his cheek against the incredible smoothness of hers in slow, luxurious appreciation.

Marcia remained apparently unaware of his increasing ardor, but he saw that a warmer pink suffused her cheek and throat, even while she chatted impersonally about the pictures. Abruptly, with an unpremeditated gesture, he put the album to one side, his left arm tightening around her as it might around a sweatered gridiron foe. His right palm, of its own accord, braced itself against her other cheek, drew her face upward.

And then, while the arc light out on the corner sent flickering shadows across the curtains, while the crushed rosebud in his lapel showered a few petals across his knees, Arnold Taite dizzily ducked his head and pressed his mouth hard against her soft warm lips in the first real kiss of his life.

"If you'll let me go," she said, moving her head on his shoulder, "I'll play you something bewitching on the piano."

Swiftly, like a back-field man seizing an opening in the line, he swooped down and again kissed the half-parted lips. She pushed against his chest and he reluctantly released her. She jumped up, her hands fluttering about her brown hair. As she crossed the room she bent upon him a sidewise glance of despair, as if to indicate that she found him utterly hopeless.

From the top of the upright piano she picked a sheaf of popular music. He turned the pages while she played and sang. Her voice was low and wonderfully melodious with the faint huskiness that had charmed him from the first. She sang without any visible effort, and could smile, look up or nod for him to turn the page without losing a syllable or a note. The second song was one he had not heard before. At the beginning of the chorus she hunched her shoulders rhythmically, ogled him in a humorous burlesque of coyness while she syncopated the words:

"O-ceans of kiss-es,
O-ceans of love,
And I'm on the crest of a wave.
Red lips that ——"

The song ended abruptly, but she freed her hands and resumed playing. Now he flagrantly neglected the pages for the more exciting occupation of kissing the pianist on top of the head or on the ear. Presently, while he was so occupied, she kept vamping a measure, nodded desperately at the page, and finally put her command in form of an impromptu lyric:

"Pa-lease turn those pa-ges,
Pa-lease turn that page,
And I'm on the crest of ——"

"The deuce with the pages!" he murmured into her smooth warm neck. She struck the keys in a final discordant thump, then her hands flew to her face.

"Good heavens!" She shook her bent head like a person evading a buzzing insect. "Anybody would think you'd never kissed a girl before in your life!"

"I never have," he whispered dreamily into the adjacent ear. "At least, not one as sweet as you."

"Take—oh, take those lips away," she said through her protecting fingers. But already he had become an incurable addict and each kiss made another one indispensable. Under the stimulus of the drug, all trace of shyness and irresolution had vanished. He became dominant and so debonair by the time they stood in the vestibule that he put his two arms calmly around her and smiled with something like affectionate indulgence.

"Wednesday at eight o'clock sharp," he repeated.

"Sharp," she agreed. Her manner was that of a girl who sturdily pretends not to know what is expected of her. He pulled her closer, and even through the thickness of his fashionable chesterfield was aware of the gentle softness of her body.

"Good night," he said with rising inflection.

"Good night, Mr. Handsome."

"Well?" he demanded, and had sufficiently aged during the past three hours to chuckle in fond masculine sternness. "Well, I'm waiting."

With her two palms on his shoulders, she obediently lifted her face. In the dim light he saw that her eyes, even while she proffered her rounded lips, shone with subdued glee, as though she found him the most amusing event of the season.

In befuddled joy, Arnold Taite, a changed man, made his way down the porch steps. During the train ride he lived over the past few hours. The delightful mental tour, while the train rattled fretfully along in the dark night, brought him at last to the farewell scene in the vestibule. A peculiar tenderness spread through him and he sighed violently.

The young ego, aged only a day and a half, thrived precociously on a diet of dreams. Not every fellow, he felt, could have had this happen to him. But because he had grown up in the prep-school tradition requiring him to belittle any accomplishment of his own, he mistrusted the conclusion, guiltily thrust the verdict from his mind. It returned, however, and patiently awaited acceptance.

"She must have fallen for me pretty hard," he thought soberly at last, "to let me kiss her so much the first night."

III

THE autumn days blew by, and while yellow leaves drifted through the air, dappling lawns and rustling crisply in gutters, Arnold Taite lived in a secret world of love and dreams.

Three times a week he turned his back upon the campus and followed his heart to Miss Marcia Hottelbach. The hours just before he saw her were hours of glorious expectancy; the minute he left her the familiar sadness again enveloped him. The intervals were long periods of lessons upon which he could no longer concentrate and football practice wherein his slackness several times brought down the wrath of the young head coach.

Along these gray stretches a little rose-colored light bloomed forth whenever he entered a telephone booth. There was nothing to communicate, but he would lean on his elbow, smiling foolishly at the wall, and gossip for expensive minutes. Because the click of the receiver smothered the rose light, he always prolonged the conversation to the limits of his ingenuity; and one evening, early in November, as he disconsolately left the booth he saw that an unknown student across the way was staring vulgarly, plainly astonished at the long procession of coins that Taite had just fed into the clanking box.

Out on the sidewalk, he paused unhappily. Supper, he knew, awaited him at the two tables in the commons reserved for members of the freshman squad. The food there had the advantage of being already paid for by his father, but the company of his unsentimental fellow players irritated him.

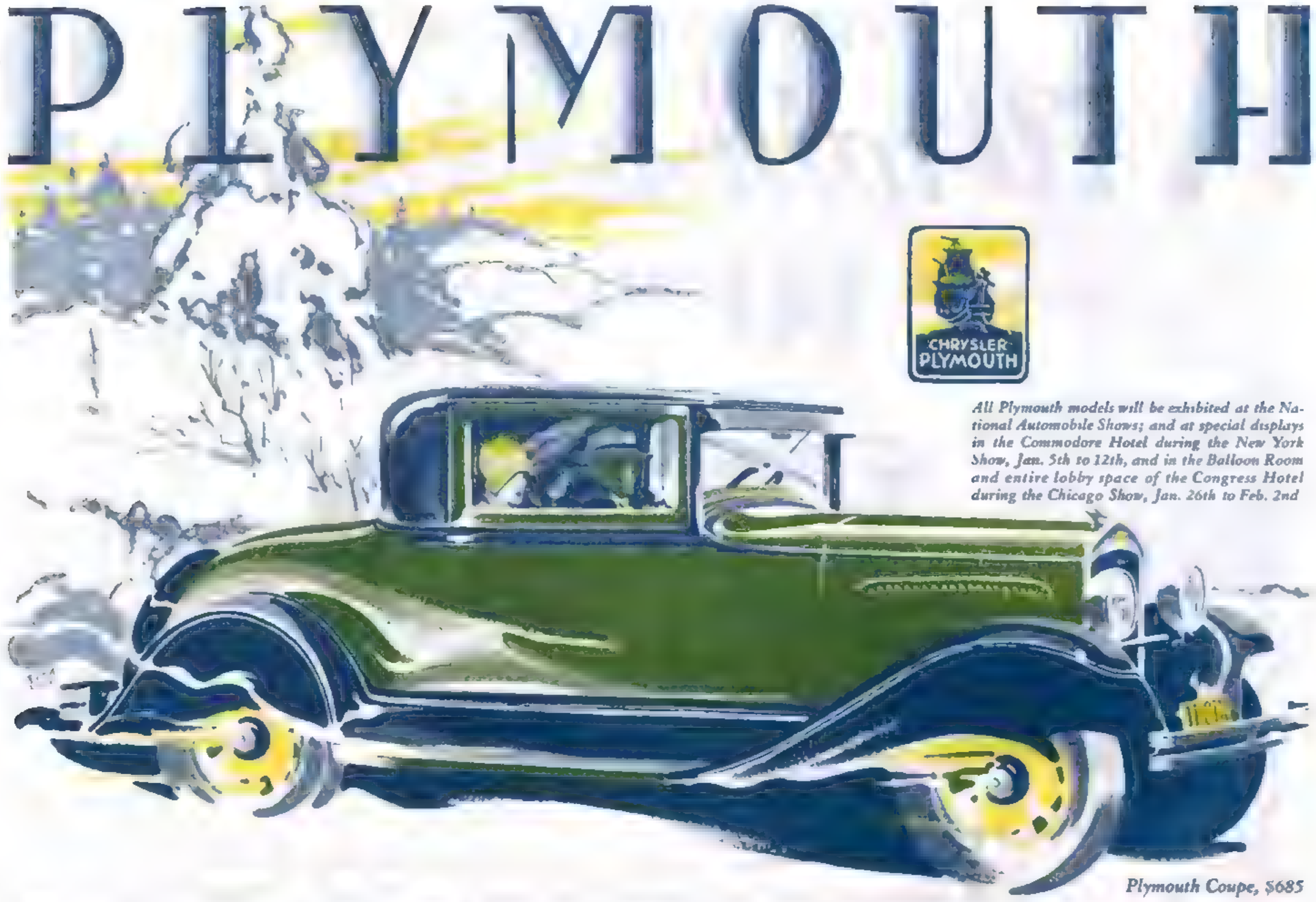
He had been avoiding them at supper during the past few days and his absence had caused no comment; therefore he would eat at the French restaurant again tonight.

Hurrying by with a burdened tray, she eagerly recognized him as he sat down at the rear table he had used the evening before. Throughout the meal she hovered at his elbow.

"This don't go with the regular dinner," she whispered, slipping a lettuce salad in front of him, "but I got it for you."

Continued on Page 73

PLYMOUTH



All Plymouth models will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows; and at special displays in the Commodore Hotel during the New York Show, Jan. 5th to 12th, and in the Balloon Room and entire lobby space of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, Jan. 26th to Feb. 2nd

Plymouth Coupe, $685

The Secret of this Amazing Popularity—

Greater Dollar Value

Greater dollar-for-dollar value is the important difference which people at once recognize when comparing the new Plymouth with the few other cars of its price-class . . . ℂ To place any of these cars beside the Plymouth is to become conscious immediately of contrasts in Plymouth's favor. These begin with its full-size, its new style, and include such luxury features as the new chromium-plated slender profile radiator, "air-wing" fenders, arched-windows, among a score or more of others . . . ℂ Moreover Plymouth has built into it those qualities of performance which distinguish each and every car built under the Chrysler principle of Standardized Quality . . . ℂ Riding in the Plymouth, you sense at once its fundamental strength and durability as well as the abundant power, speed and smoothness of its new "Silver-Dome" high-compression engine and the safety of its internal hydraulic 4-wheel brakes... ℂ Give yourself the joy of half an hour's demonstration in the Plymouth ... ℂ We are confident you will declare it as unapproachable in performance as in dollar-for-dollar value-giving.

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All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Plymouth dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments.

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ROSS

ROSS *Cam* AND *Lever* STEERING

(Continued from Page 70)

Her intense eagerness to please made him faintly uncomfortable. Even while she visibly worshiped him, he saw about her unattractive person the presence of tragedy.

"It must be tough," he thought, genuinely troubled, "to get stuck on somebody who is—well, where there's absolutely no hope."

Because he felt sorry for her, he slipped a fifty-cent piece, as he had been doing for several nights, under the coffee cup when he rose. He did not begrudge this. It would please her a little, and he had a vague comforting feeling that his generosity would, in some measure, atone for any unhappiness he might have caused her.

In his room he sat down and made a determined effort to study the morrow's assignment in geology. He read one paragraph dealing with the rock structure beneath the oil fields of Oklahoma; he reread the passage with intense concentration, but his mind's eye perversely dwelt upon Marcia Hottelbach. He saw her on the sofa, enhaloed by golden light; he saw her playing the piano, watching alertly over her shoulder and making funny little dodges when threatened amorously from above. He sighed profoundly, tried to focus again on the open page.

Suddenly he pushed the book away with distaste and stood up.

"Oh, gosh!" he said unhappily. "I can't study tonight."

He buttoned his coat and slipped out into the cool darkness. The rough wind buffeted him as he turned away from the center of the campus. He wandered in a great semicircle, tramping in reverie along tree-lined roads where the autumnal wind hummed mournfully through clattering leaves. From the far-off junction came the faint murmur of a train, then a melancholy whistle that spread hauntingly across dark fields and forests. On his right he presently saw the long silver inlay of the lake, the bright headlights of a car coming over the invisible bridge, and as he was returning along back streets he stopped when he heard the sound of an orchestra.

The music, he discovered, came from the high school. He crossed a dark playground and reconnoitered the rear of the stone building. He came upon the lower end of a fire escape, anchored rigidly in the ground, and cautiously ascended it. At the second-story level he reached a lighted window. Just within, several couples loitered on the small oval running track, and on the gymnasium floor below a dance was in progress. One youth discovered his presence and glared resentfully through the window. Taite ignored the hostility, for in the center of the dance floor he caught sight of the girl with the shortest dress in town.

He hurried down and around to the front of the building. At the gate he lost his courage. The center of a dance floor, he reflected, was a rather public place for a football man who was supposed to be in bed.

"I ought to beat it back to the room;" he said sternly, but walked in toward the lighted entrance. On the steps he wavered unhappily until, through the double glass doors, he saw the silhouette of a friend. Garbed in double-breasted blue, Stumpy Frothingham was chatting democratically with the ticket collector. He turned at the sound of Taite's step.

"Hello, Pink," he said casually. "Been out doing your road work?"

"Yes," answered Taite, edging forward. "Say, Stumpy, is this a private dance, or can anybody horn in?"

"They draw the line at football men," said Frothingham; "but if I speak for you—and if you've got fifty cents—I suppose we can get you in."

From the edge of the dance floor, with Frothingham at his side, Taite scanned the men present. He discovered none of the enemy.

"There's a sweet dish here in white," Frothingham was saying. "She's got a figure that'd make a professor put his Bible down and bray. She can dance like nobody's business, too, and when I first came in ——"

Taite lost the rest of the tribute as he moved along the wall parallel with the girl he sought. She wore a green dress, and the abbreviated skirt, flung back and forth by her rakish dancing, touched her legs only a few inches above two perfect knees amorously clad in flesh-colored silk. Although her left arm encircled her partner's neck, she seemed interested only in her zestful performance of the dance. With a feeling of superiority for the unhandsome partner and his near-collegiate suit, Taite moved forward and cut in.

"Why, hello!" she exclaimed, and drew back her red head for a better view. "Say, what'd you run for that day?"

"I thought I'd stumbled into a harem!"

She dropped her forehead against his chest and laughed loudly without affecting the shuffling of her nimble, shapely legs. A stranger attempted to cut in, but the girl paid Taite the rare compliment of waving the intruder aside.

"When I saw your face that day," she said, "I thought I'd pass out!" While they danced in a corner he learned that the hairdressing establishment was not restricted to women.

"Lots of men and students," she explained, "come in regular for a scalp treatment or a manicure."

"Oh, do you work there?" he asked, and saw a cloud come over her dark restless eyes.

"Why?" she said coldly. "Did you think I was one of the idle itch?"

"I thought you were darn pretty," he replied quickly. "And you can dance like nobody's business!"

"So I've heard," she said, the smile returning. "Why don't you come in and get that mop of yours treated?" Still dancing, she grabbed a handful of his golden hair and yanked it zestfully. "Golly, isn't it soft!" she exclaimed, surprised. She dropped his arm and, burying both hands in his crown of glory, rubbed energetically until the hair hung over his eyes and ears. Keenly embarrassed, he looked hastily around and saw Stumpy Frothingham a few yards away. The sophomore's moonlike face shone with astonished admiration—a genuine tribute from one Don Juan to another. Taite proudly threw back his hair with a toss of the head and looked down into the live black eyes.

"Let me take you home," he suggested eagerly.

"I'm here with a party of four," she dissented. "Come in and see me at the shop sometime."

"How about tomorrow?"

"You have to phone first and make an appointment."

"I'll phone in the morning."

"Call at ten sharp," she ordered, "and I'll make it a point to be near the phone. Then I can put your appointment on my book."

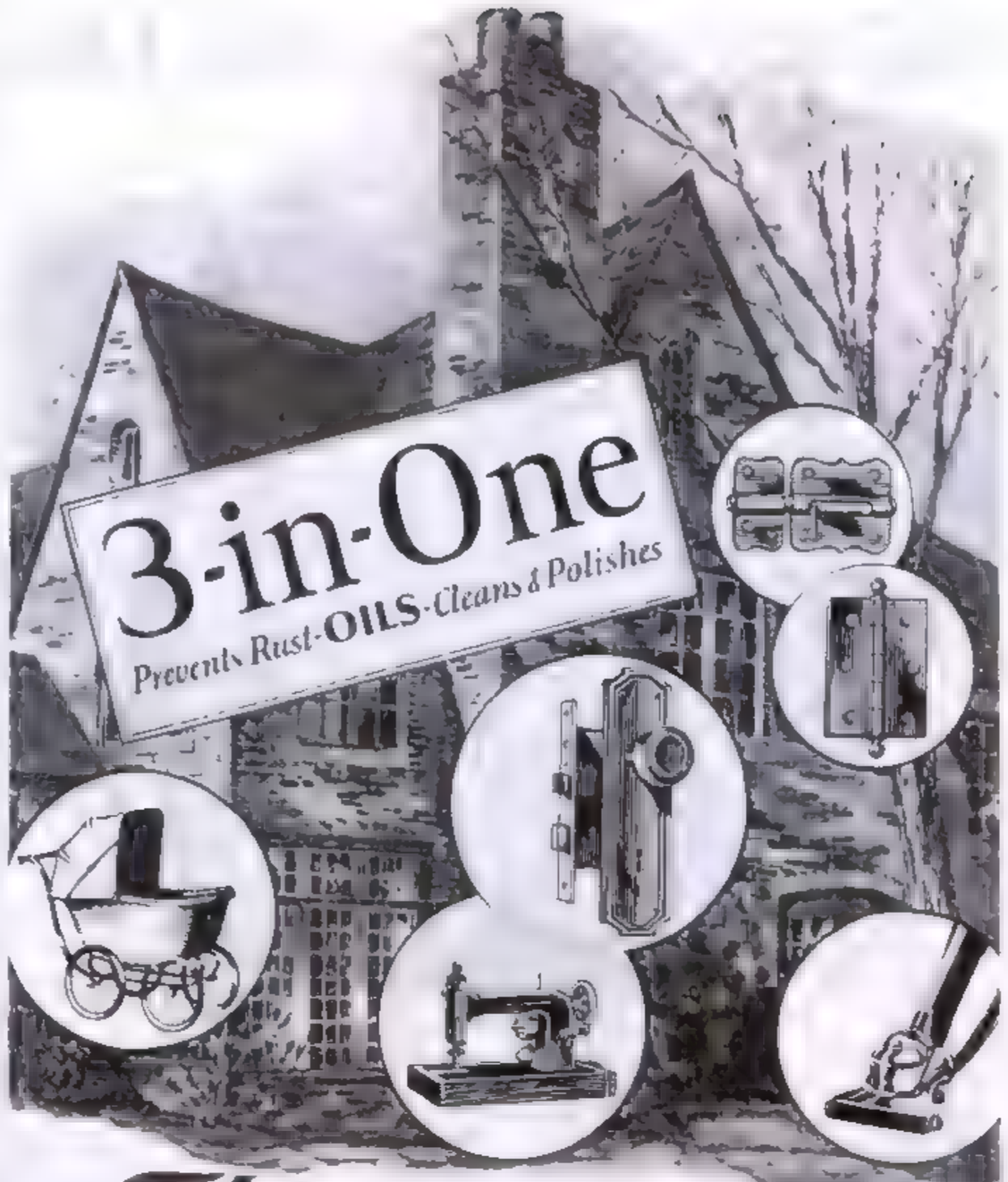
"Look for a ring on the dot of ten."

"All right," she said casually as the music stopped. "I'll give you a scalp treatment that'd grow hair on a honeydew melon."

To call at ten, he cut his 9:30 class. Eleven o'clock, she announced impersonally, was the only hour available that day. He had a philosophy lecture beginning at 10:30, but he swept aside that obligation too. So, while the slow tumbling notes of the old bell filled the morning air, Arnold Taite, a white cloth around his shoulders, sat in a private booth and watched the girl's reflection in the large mirror.

"It's a treat to work on a head like yours," she said feelingly. "I've barked half my knuckles on some of the skulls that come in this place."

She put fragrant liquid on his head and rubbed in a fashion he found peculiarly stimulating. Her firm fingers, pressing down hard, made rotary motions that moved the skin of his whole scalp. He closed his eyes luxuriously, letting his head wag where it listed, and was sorry when this part of the treatment came to an end.



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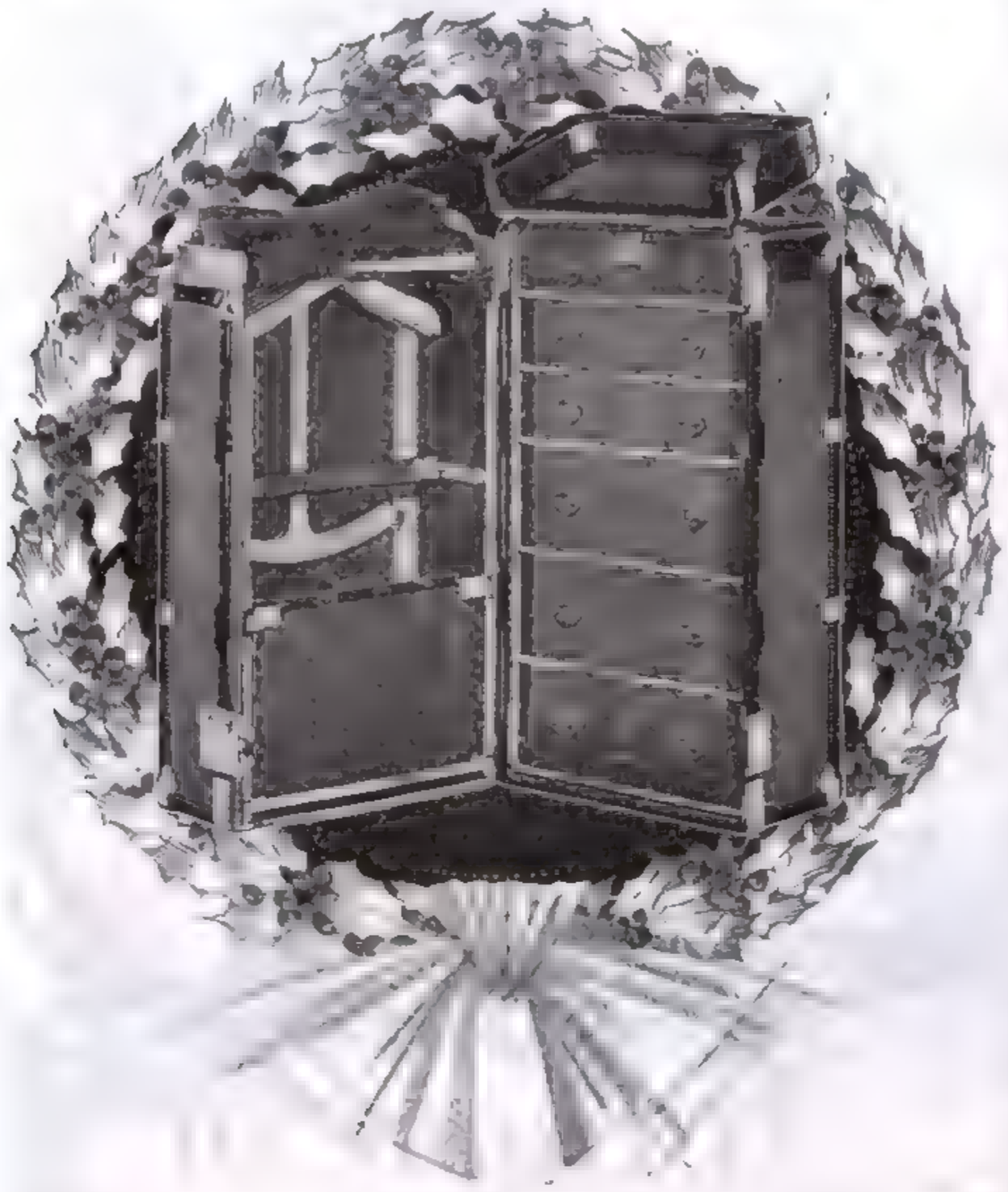
A Complete Christmas Idea



A Hartmann . . . *filled with lasting good wishes!*

THIS year give something that will still bring memories of you when many years have passed.

—give a Hartmann Wardrobe Trunk.

—a price for every purse—a model for every purpose and a style for every taste.

Everybody travels sometime, and there are many uses for a Hartmann in the home.

There's no time like Christmas to double the pleasure of the moment by reminding of the pleasure of tomorrow.

The name Hartmann on a trunk is an insignia of superiority.

—and the authorized Hartmann dealer will gladly aid you to a suitable selection and appropriate holiday delivery.

NOTE: The Hartmann line, on display at local, authorized Hartmann dealers, includes the trunk you want, at the price you want to pay—$19.50 to $400.

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HARTMANN TRUNKS

BE SURE THE RED HARTMANN IS ON THE TRUNK YOU BUY

"Sit up straighter now."

She loosened the white cloth at his neck. He was embarrassed when she opened his shirt generously and began massaging the muscles of his bare shoulders. Her hand, kneading the flesh in rapid circles, traveled over the upper portions of his chest, then down his wiggling spine. In growing distress, he glanced at the mirror and saw that she relished his squirmings.

"It's all part of the treatment," she said serenely.

He nodded carelessly, but did not risk speech. Because he was extremely ticklish he had to shut his teeth hard and hold his breath lest he burst into an involuntary squawk. Finally, when her fingers touched the ribs close to his armpit, the agony became too intense. With a low moan of suffering he slid far down in the chair.

"What's the matter?"

"You're tickling me!" he gasped weakly. She removed the cloth and brushed and combed his shining hair.

"That massage stimulates the circulation," she explained, "and sends it up into the scalp."

"I'll say it does," he breathed.

"Here's something else," she said, "that helps the circulation."

A quick hand under his chin pulled his face upward. She stooped swiftly and silently kissed him full on the mouth; then, her dark eyes dancing, she whipped back the protecting curtains. He was so agitated, so afraid that the woman in the next booth had heard, that he reached the sidewalk before realizing that he had failed to learn her name and address.

"I'll phone her tomorrow," he decided, "and make a date."

Instead, he called her up right after luncheon. From her guarded answers he quickly understood that personal information could not be given over the telephone in the hearing of all. He compromised by making an appointment for another scalp treatment on Wednesday, the first hour she had open.

Before starting down to football practice he telephoned Marcia. His heart seemed to enlarge and grow warm at the sound of her thrilling voice.

"So Lucy and I will be all alone tomorrow," she was presently saying. "Come on over in the afternoon instead of the evening, and you and I can cook supper."

For a moment he floundered badly. Tomorrow would be Saturday and he could not admit to her that his half holiday would be spent in the freshman line. The prospect of a whole afternoon and evening with Marcia pulled at his heart. He wildly considered ignoring the game.

"Could we make it Sunday afternoon?" he stammered, and his spirits soared when he learned that they could.

"Lucy has Sunday off," said Marcia, "so you'll have a chance to distinguish yourself at washing dishes."

He did not, however, distinguish himself on Saturday afternoon. His new distaste for the game, his scanty sleep during the past few weeks, had pulled him down to a par with the other men fighting for his position. This caused him only passing regret; indeed, when he was taken out of the game in the second quarter he experienced a secret relief, for in each scrimmage he had been obsessed with a new horror of suffering some disfiguring bruise on his face.

IV

"NOW here are the plans," she said, counting on her pink finger tips. "First we'll go for a walk. Then we'll come back and cook supper. Then we'll do the dishes. And then"—she spread her palms vivaciously—"I'll sing you some be-yooteeful songs."

"Fine!" he breathed. "Fine!"

Arm in arm, they descended the porch steps into a windy Sunday afternoon and set out along deserted sidewalks bright with pale sunshine. They strode through a small park where the crisp leaves, scudding along the walks, bumped against their legs and danced on recklessly in the wind. Marcia, hanging intimately on his arm, chatted light-heartedly as they swung along. Her clear blond skin heightened into a rosy flush, and whenever she looked up he saw her white teeth gleaming against crimson lips, her beautiful gray eyes sparkling in an excess of animal spirits.

"Goldilocks," she cried impulsively, "I always have such a good time when I'm with you! I like the way you laugh, and you never find fault with me."

"You haven't got any faults."

"And you're always interested in what I'm saying," she went on gayly—"or at least you pretend to be."

"Why, I love to hear you talk!"

"When I'm with you my worries all fade away," she said, with a gesture toward the flying storm clouds. "Do you know what you positively are?"

"What am I?" he asked eagerly.

"You are my golden-haired tonic!"

The sun went down behind the housetops and threw a vast red conflagration up across the western sky. The flaming colors lost their brilliance, faded prematurely into gray, and as they turned again into Marcia's street cold wind smote their backs and drove them along until, laughing and breathless, they ran up the porch steps.

In the kitchen, she donned a white apron, steam began curling from the aluminum kettle and soon the keen fragrance of coffee filled the air. Outside, there were cold and the sound of wind and rain; inside were warmth and Marcia, chatting over her shoulder from the gas range or reaching up into the white cupboard. And Taite, his eyes following her silently, felt his heart caught in the old, old enchantment. He stared into the future and saw himself changed from boy to man by the single step of withdrawing from college; he saw Marcia, her cheeks flushed pink, her eyes shining while she told him the events of her day and poured coffee for two.

"Even though we eat in the kitchen," she was saying, "we must have swell candles." When they faced each other across the set table she regarded him with mild, domestic anxiety. "Arnold," she asked, "how did things go at the office today?"

Between bites, he explained that things had gone very well indeed. Important deals in some vague commodity had been closed in a brilliant manner which attested to the acumen of the president of the firm. A new detail of their imaginary life occurred to him; he hesitated, looked down at his plate and knew that he was blushing violently.

"By the way, my dear," he managed to say, "how did Junior behave himself today?"

"Junior behaved very well," Marcia said, and gave a faint sigh. "But little Marcia was teasing the twins all afternoon, and of course I couldn't leave the baby alone."

"Yes?" he stammered.

"And of course," she went on, dropping her eyes with a faintly injured air, "I really shouldn't be running up and down stairs—just now."

"You mean you're tired?" he asked tenderly. "You need a good long rest?"

For an instant she looked at him, her eyes beaming as though in some secret jest of her own.

"That's it," she said, nodding brightly. "The little woman needs a good long rest."

When the last dish was put away they blew out the candles and went into the sitting room. Here Taite broke another training rule, and Marcia, too, indulged in one of her rare cigarettes, holding it gingerly and retaining the smoke just long enough to eject it.

For over an hour they talked in low tones while the confusion of wind and rain droned against the windows. Their silences grew longer and Taite found himself again contemplating the future he had first seen in the kitchen. Suddenly a different quality came into the vision; for now he was struck by the amazing realization that it need not remain merely a daydream, that it could be made a reality. His heart hurt

(Continued on Page 76)

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TOLEDO SCALES

NO SPRINGS - HONEST WEIGHT

(Continued from Page 74)

intolerably, his breathing quickened. A flood of strange emotion rolled over him, and then, with no control over what he said or did, he was in the middle of an incoherent proposal of marriage.

"Pink, don't!" she whispered unhappily. "Please, Pink, get up!"

He choked off the warm babble of words. Still clinging desperately to her hands, he rose from his knees in front of the sofa

"I can't help it," he blurted. "Don't you like me at all?"

"Of course I do, Pink," she said soothingly. "I like you ever so much, but ——"

"But you mean not that way?"

"I like you best," she said quickly, "the way you were this afternoon."

Although he longed to pursue the topic, he found the conversation skillfully diverted. There was no lessening in her friendliness, but he encountered now a new baffling elusiveness, a quality that suddenly angered him in the vestibule when she quietly evaded his arm.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "We always do, don't we?"

"Do you think we ought to, Pink?"

"Why not?"

"Perhaps it would be better if we didn't, that's all."

"There's no harm in it," he said intolerantly, his arms again going out. She shook her head, her palms holding him away. He caught hold of her and pulled her, struggling, closer to his face. Abruptly she yielded and with that moment came a return of her familiar manner.

"Well," she murmured humorously, "I did my best."

On the trip back to college his troubled thoughts could not fasten upon a satisfying explanation of her aloofness. By the time he approached his dormitory, however, a plausible solution came. As he undressed in the dark he turned the matter over in his mind. Girls, he understood, were greatly influenced by presents, and he had been lax in that respect lately.

"I'll bring both flowers and candy next time," he resolved, pulling down the covers. "I wonder how much a good wrist watch would set me back."

V

ON TUESDAY he telephoned and learned, from the blurred accents of Lucy, that Miss Marcia was out. Wednesday supplied its own diversion when he sat once more in the curtained booth and watched the girl in the mirror.

"I suppose you know you're good-looking," she remarked presently.

"Oh, yes!" he jeered. "They just can't resist me."

"Hardly resist you myself," she said. "And I'll bet you're as good as you are beautiful."

Because this tribute nettled him he tried to imply that the very opposite was true; and when he rose from the chair he daringly took her thin white-aproned figure into his arms. Somewhat to his surprise, she made no resistance; instead, smiling scornfully, she put her arms around his neck. The chatter of women in the adjoining booths, the footsteps passing on the tile floor just beyond the curtains, gave the situation an added excitement as he kissed her several times.

"Tell me your name," he whispered, "and I'll come see you sometime."

"You can't," she said. "I live way over in Freehold."

"Sure I can."

"You'd just be wasting your time."

"I would not," he insisted, tightening his arms. "I'll be over tonight."

"I don't think you better," she demurred.

"Why not?"

"For one thing"—her fingers lightly caressed his cheek, her murmuring lips touched his ear—"I'm already supporting one husband now."

"Husband!"

Backing instinctively away, while she grinned derisively, he pushed open the white curtains.

"The darn fool!" he said wrathfully, climbing the cement steps. "She might've got me into a sweet mess—shooting or something!"

His grievance filled him. Married women, he felt, had a right to stay home, or at least to wear their wedding rings in plain view. They certainly had no right to give way to their feelings just because they met a man they liked more than their husbands.

She passed then out of his life, for the greater worry of Marcia had already returned. Later in the day he telephoned and found that she was out for the evening. A sharp jealousy promptly invaded him. Was there some other fellow that she liked too? The thought was torture.

During the next twenty-four hours he called five more times without once reaching her. The last time confirmed his suspicion. She was, for some reason, avoiding him. He felt her slipping away, and in a state of wild agitation he cut his laboratory period and boarded a train.

Lucy, holding a floor cloth, answered his ring. Miss Marcia would be home any minute. Entering the hall, he passed several rolled rugs and saw a general appearance of house cleaning. He sat on the familiar gilt sofa without removing his topcoat and was cheered by the knowledge that he would soon be talking to her. Everything would be all right again, he assured himself. He pictured her arrival at the doorway, her delighted surprise.

"Well, Goldilocks!" she would cry in that husky voice he loved. "I'm glad to see you!"

Presently Lucy appeared with a number of white doilies which she proceeded to pin to the arms and backs of the plush chairs. She worked in glum silence, and Taite, under the guise of making small talk, indirectly sought some information on the one subject that filled his mind and heart.

"Miss Marcia's been out a lot lately, hasn't she?" he remarked pleasantly.

"Yas," said Lucy unemotionally. "She buyin' her clo' 'ese days."

"Buying clothes?" he repeated.

"Yas," said Lucy. "She fixin' to get ma'ied."

"Married?"

"She get ma'ied Mist' Muller soon."

Married! The word sent a cold numbness through him. He sat perfectly still and stared at the carpet by his feet. Married!

At last he rose and walked to the hall. Near the front door he stopped in the terrifying knowledge that he was trapped. Many footsteps sounded out on the porch. At his right he saw a doorway. He slipped through this, backed toward the rear of the dim room. He watched Marcia's mother, Marcia herself and the solid figure of Mr. Herman Muller pass in the hall.

Above the others, he could hear the gay voice of Marcia; then all voices and footsteps withdrew. A hot shame came over him, a horror of being discovered here, skulking like a burglar. He wanted to get out and go away. But suppose someone—suppose Marcia and Herman Muller—looked out and saw him sneaking off!

A quick tapping of heels was coming along the hall and Marcia stood in the doorway. She looked in anxiously, and when she located him a start passed over her face, as though she gave a little silent gasp. He had a moment of gratitude when she softly closed the door behind her.

"Hello," he said weakly.

"Hello, Pink," she said. "Did—you get my note?"

"No, but Lucy told me."

There was a moment of silence, and in that interval, amid the surrounding wreckage of his dreams, came the awful realization that congratulations were in order. For the first time, in a detached way, he looked down upon the cruel irony of what he was made to face. Never before, he knew, had a man been required to drain so full and bitter a cup. The girl he loved was going to marry another man, and here in the very house where they had spent so many happy hours together—while the other man waited for her in the next room—he was expected to smile and wish her happiness. Suddenly he was profoundly sorry for himself. When he raised his head he looked through a glistening film of humiliating tears.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Pink," she said, moving swiftly to him. "It was all my fault, and I'm awf'ly, awf'ly sorry."

The croon in her voice, a very distillation of tenderness, completed what the self-pity had begun. She nested his head against her cheek, as though soothing an infant, and her voice made a series of wordless, consoling murmurs. He clung to her arms, and dry gasps—more like asthmatic breathing than sobs—escaped through his nose. At last he drew a deep determined breath and straightened.

"It's all right," he said.

"Please don't feel badly," she urged. "In a couple of days you'll forget all about it."

"Oh, no," he protested, shaking his head.

"Yes, you will," she insisted. "You'll meet somebody soon that you'll like ever so much better than me—a much prettier girl, Pink, and younger too."

"She can't be as nice as you."

"Pink," she said in a changed voice, "you know, I'm quite a lot older than you."

"You are?" he asked uncertainly.

"Much older," she said, and added eagerly: "Why, I'm twenty-five!"

"Twenty-five!"

"Just think," she said, nodding, "going on twenty-six!"

There was comfort in this revelation, and while he stared at his hat he struggled with an odd impulse.

"I lied to you," he said abruptly, "when I told you I was a senior." The confession brought him a humble pleasure, but he saw by her expression that it was not news to Marcia. "How did you know?" he asked, amazed.

"Remember that day you spoke to me in the lobby?"

"Yes."

"Well," she said gently, "I saw you before you saw me—before you took off your freshman cap." He smiled sheepishly, then looked away. "Never mind," she said, patting his arm as they walked toward the hall. "You're a great deal nicer and better-looking than any senior ever was."

At the door he suddenly remembered the amenities. "I want to congratulate you," he said. "I hope you'll be very happy, the both of you—honest I do."

"Thank you, Pink!" she cried softly. "Thank you ever so much!"

He put out his hand. The gesture, like a tolling bell, reminded him that this was their last parting.

"Well, good-by," he said faintly.

"Good-by, Pink—and good luck, always!"

He went slowly down the porch steps. He did not turn his head as he walked past the railing, but he heard the door quietly close. That was the end. He would never, never see her again.

"Oh, oh!" he moaned.

In a spasm of misery he clenched his fists in the pockets of his overcoat and shut his teeth hard. The dry ache spread upward from his throat. A warm drop ran down beside his nose and he knew that his face was all puckered. Five yards away a middle-aged woman, pushing a baby carriage, regarded him in alarm; she paused, half raised a hand to him, but he glared at her witheringly, went on and turned out of Marcia's street forever.

"I suppose I'll get over this," he said dully, "but I certainly feel rotten now."

From the train he stared out at the wheeling landscape. The red sun slid down behind wide level fields. Autumn mists, faintly blue and melancholy, crept forward and settled in the hollows.

He felt sad and old and tired. The falling twilight reminded him of the football practice that he had missed. Twice he had done that; his game had fallen off; he had lost the coach's good opinion. He had cut many classes, too, and failed badly in a philosophy test. He had spent his month's allowance, had run up a big bill at the university store.

"I've made a mess of things," he thought bitterly. "I better snap out of it before it's too late."

Because the memory of Marcia brought a sick feeling to his stomach, he concentrated determinedly upon the future. He would start studying again; the threat of the summer school for delinquents lay ahead. He would get down to work in football, take better care of himself. The game with the Yale freshmen came a week from tomorrow. He wanted to start that game; two of his old prep-school cronies were in the Yale line-up. He would go out for the hockey team, after all. He knew most of the candidates—had played with and against some in school games—and he felt he had a good chance to make the team. Football and hockey, he reflected, would do a lot for him on the campus.

He was almost cheerful by the time the first lights of the junction platform floated past the train windows. He descended into the crisp fall evening and for a moment a pang of loneliness went through him. It was the home-coming hour. Soft lights were popping forth in houses over the level countryside, the dim platform was lively with people and their waiting friends.

He sighed resignedly as he walked beside the halted train. He would get to the commons just in time for supper. Life would at least be simpler now. A vague comfort came with the thought of returning to the old Spartan routine. Perhaps it was best, after all. But another sigh escaped his lips as he avoided a baggage truck and went toward the waiting shuttle train.

"My gosh!" he murmured, stopping. "Isn't she pretty?"

Just ahead stood an apparition, a stunning, warm young beauty, slender and dark and tall. She was a lovely infanta, a child out of an impossible book who had grown up only yesterday or, at most, the day before. Upon her had been spent the grace and charm and beauty of an age. A generation of girls had gone homely or dull or stunted that she, like the one important rosebud, might unconsciously inherit perfection.

"Oh, boy!" breathed Arnold Taite in agony. "How am I going to meet her?"

Her hair moving in the evening breeze, her hands lightly in the pockets of her short coat, she stood perfectly still and examined the passengers as they drew near. She was waiting for someone. Was it a man? Oh, was it a man?

Her glance, in turn, rested upon Arnold Taite's face. Did he in that brief inspection see the beginnings of an interest—a flicker of the familiar approval?

Now a ripple went through her. She took her hands out of her pockets and moved forward, smiling at someone beyond. Was it a man? Taite swung around, staring. His heart bounded. It was a man, stout, with white temples beneath a square derby—a man delightfully old who came leisurely, smiling, sure of his welcome.

"Hello, darling," said the young beauty, taking his arm and falling into step. "Now what have you got in that fascinating package?"

They passed, arm in arm, and Taite followed out to the circling driveway that was now a dark confusion of cars and honking taxicabs. Here he lost them. In a panic he darted about, running toward each car as it started. Then he saw them, silhouetted in a huge black limousine that drew slowly away from the curb. He rushed forward, leaning over, peering intently at the license plate. Although he concentrated on it passionately, the full number eluded him.

He dashed wildly back to the cab stand, and within the minute was flying through the night in eager, instinctive pursuit.

"A black limousine," he explained tensely, leaning toward the driver. "It happens I have to get the license number. Can't you give her more gas?"

A new flame burned brightly, all resolutions, all other plans and cares fell away as he was borne swiftly forward in the immemorial quest, lured ever onward by the resistless spell of beauty.

The result of the Conference

AN ash tray of dead butts. Nothing else to show for the hours of talk. What was decided? Who will do it? When? The decisions of the meeting will be as hazy in men's minds next week as the smoke-filled air of the conference room today. Simply because nothing was recorded on paper.

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DYNASTY

(Continued from Page 32)

"He's spraddling all over the state," Hiram said one day when news of a fresh amalgamation of Woodbury's was brought to him. "He's no idea of building. See now! He's bought this Delorme Company which stands off by itself—nothing to connect with—and paid a foolish price. I could have had it for half a million less, but I wouldn't touch it. It doesn't belong."

"It seems to me," said Lillian, "he's unwise to spread himself so thin, especially if Peter C. Woodbury is so angry with him. It's easier to burst through a sheet of paper than a stone wall."

"Exactly. You've got brains, my dear. Lucky my son married you. Peter C. will set up his battering ram and go to work. Then we'll see." He grunted and thumped the ground with his massive cudgel of a cane. "I doubt if even Peter C. could shake the masonry I built. He might dent it, but he couldn't shake it. I built solidly."

"Woodbury must be borrowing enormous sums of money," said Lillian.

"There's where Peter C. will hurt him worst. Influence with the bankers and the credit world—it'll be coming down around his ears."

"And yet," said Lillian, "much as you resent his treatment of you, you won't be happy to see the Worthington properties wrecked. You can't sit still and see this great thing ruined that was built out of your dreams and into which you put your life. No, no, father, you can't sit there and pretend to me it will give you satisfaction."

"The day he goes bankrupt," said Hiram, "I'll celebrate."

But if the danger which threatened Woodbury gave him pleasure, he exhibited it in contradictory manner. Daily he became more morose, quicker to savage rejoinder, sinking into grim reveries, with hooded eyes peering at distant horizons.

"You can see it crumbling. There are ragged cracks in the walls," he growled, "and next the public will be howling around his ears. That's what comes of selling stock in the market. The young fool's squirming now. Money's getting tight. Inexperience and vanity." He glared about him with somberly glowing eyes, eyes of living coal. "Why couldn't he have waited? I'd have taught him."

"But would you, father?" asked Lillian. "Weren't you rather hard on him?"

"No!" The answer was explosive.

"You never," said Lillian, "could be anything but an autocrat."

"He could have learned by observing." Hiram rose, clearing his throat noisily. It was as if some bear growled ominously. "Mark my word, next he'll be getting out of the straight road. Today there is talk of Federal investigations and if he smashes there'll be state grand juries. Peter C. is cuffing the life out of him."

It was true; the alarmed world rang with savage accusations, with demands for action of some sort to protect investors, and with yowlings for young Woodbury's blood.

It was a repetition of the New Haven disaster of a few years before, deriving from causes almost identical, from an orgy of ill-considered expansion, the paying of absurd prices for acquisitions, and from the turgid, flaunting egocentricity of one man. It came because Woodbury cast overboard such charts and aids to navigation as Hiram Bond had kept ready in his pilot house for half a century; because those stable policies were a constant irritant and reminder to the boy of another's greatness. Even when Woodbury's judgment directed him to abide by a decision of Hiram's, his vanity compelled him to disregard it. It was a species of revenge; from every breaking of one of Hiram's laws Woodbury derived a malign satisfaction, as if he had somehow affronted the old man in person.

Directors rebelled in panic; stockholders went to the courts; Federal and state grand juries threatened. There was no strength, no reliability, no reality in Woodbury to meet this condition of havoc. His neurotic energy could function only in the sunshine before an applauding public. Courage to meet and confront adversity did not reside in him, nor the knowledge which comes of experience. He took to his bed and malingered, not equipped with the armament to meet and fight the lamentable facts. Executives came frantic to his door only to be denied admission.

"Mr. Worthington is too ill to see anyone," was the answer given, while Woodbury remained in his bed, not actually ill of body but so fevered of soul that it amounted to disease. An ostrich! A small boy hiding his head under the bedcovers.

One man, bolder than the rest, forced a way to his room. "Mr. Worthington," he said, "you can't lie here. You must face things."

"I'm a sick man," Woodbury rejoined in what amounted to a whimper. "My nerves! I can't endure to talk to anyone. I must be left alone."

The man turned, disgusted, and left the room.

Finally Woodbury dragged himself from bed and dressed; then, desperate, clutching at any straw, his troubled mind turned to the one source from which some succor might come. Hiram Bond! He had been reared in the tradition of Hiram Bond, in an atmosphere which credited Hiram with infallibility, almost omnipotence. Hiram Bond could do something! Hiram Bond could save him! In this he could see the shame. He was a youth frightened by the results of his own actions, who rushed in panic to the one visible stable rock which promised safety. It was his only hope—to appeal to the man he had resented from childhood, whom he had insulted, cast aside and attempted to break.

He summoned his car and sat inside with drawn curtains, afraid to let his face be seen as he passed through the streets of the town in which he had been born, in which his grandfather had deserved and received every honor.

"To the Bond farm," he said to his chauffeur. "Fast—drive fast."

Hiram Bond sat in his great chair under the elm, motionless, absent in memories. He was thinking of Libby Bell. When had he thought last of that sweetheart of his young manhood? He did not know, but now he dreamed. In this reverie he abolished his disappointment and his defeats; even fate, which had shocked him by its superiority to his will was not a victor. He had loved Libby Bell, and now he recalled the feeling of it poignantly—the romance, the fierceness of his craving for her. Now he was dreaming through the years with this girl, his wife. He had married Libby, she was in his home, his constant, familiar, loving companion.

His daughter-in-law, who had been reading to him, heard him sigh and saw a look in those old eagle eyes which was strange to her - melancholy, gentle. He was visioning happiness—the sort of happiness he had imagined at thirty to be possible and which Libby Bell would have bestowed upon him.

Then Bessie, grown stout now, suffering in the night from shortness of breath, mild, grandmotherly, came down the steps and advanced not lightly across the grass. Lillian saw Hiram lift his massive head suddenly, to stare at his wife as if she were some stranger, some astounding phenomenon. He scowled, set his teeth, glared. But the glare faded into a strange expression of perplexity. It was Bessie, his wife. It was not Libby Bell. What then? His eyes followed her, asking a question which he did not quite put into definite thought. What, then, of Bessie? If he had married Libby, there would have been no Bessie. Possession of one meant lack of the other. It troubled him, filled him with unease.

Bessie drew nearer and lowered herself into the chair at his side.

"Where have you been?" he demanded. "You have been gone a long time. Why have you been gone so long?"

"Lillian was reading to you," she said. "I didn't think you would need me, Hiram. I've been gone only twenty minutes."

She didn't think he would need her! His giant hand, with its great swollen veins and visible cords, closed and unclosed on the arm of his chair. . . . Libby Bell. . . . Bessie. . . . He bent forward, leaning upon his elbows to stare at her.

"What is it, Hiram? What is the matter?" she asked apprehensively.

It was at that moment he might have spoken, might have made some discovery important to him and to her, but before he found the words, or even came to the thought, a motor car swung up the driveway and stopped. From it alighted Woodbury Worthington, who stood as though bewildered, staring about him with hunted eyes.

The old man stiffened; every muscle in his magnificent old body seemed to swell as he leaned forward, head outthrust, and glared at the young man. Lillian's lips parted in alarm as she saw the expression of hatred on his face.

"Father!" she exclaimed.

"Be still!" said Hiram in a terrible voice; and then he sat, as one carved from stone, awaiting Woodbury's advance.

The young man came forward, unsteadily, limping, fingers opening and shutting, hands twitching at the wrists. His eyes wandered, could not meet any pair of eyes then fixed upon him; but still his feet dragged him onward until he stood before the chair in which Hiram crouched. He wetted his lips, swallowing, struggling blindly to hold in check the hysteria which effervesced within him.

"Hiram!" he cried. "Hiram!"

"The name," said Hiram, "is Bond. Do you think I permit familiarities from every whippersnapper?"

"Help me!" said Woodbury. "Help me! They're talking of indicting me. I You can do something. Won't you—won't you help me out of this?"

Hiram's face was younger—younger by ten years. His shoulders straightened themselves, sardonic curves bent the lips under his white mustache.

"Get off my farm!" Hiram said grimly.

"No! You mustn't send me away. Think—think of grandfather! You were grandfather's friend. You must help me—for grandfather's sake!"

"Hiram," said Bessie softly.

"Be still," said Hiram. And then: "So I've my uses, after all—the old hat on the rubbish heap! Help you!" He snorted again.

"You—it was you who did it all!" Woodbury cried. "You made my grandfather. You created the business. I was wrong. I should never have—let you go." He was groveling, and Hiram could not endure to see the soul of any human being in so unsightly a posture; it embarrassed him, made him ashamed. "Come back now. You must come back. Nobody can do anything but you. I'll do anything. I'll give you anything."

"Do you think," growled Hiram, "I would take a crust from you?"

Then Woodbury struck a note, not adroitly, but by chance—a note which rang and reverberated down the avenue of Hiram's mind.

The business! His business! The masterpiece he had spent a lifetime in constructing! Bankrupt, to be laughed at, sneered at, spoken of as one speaks of an absconding debtor! Suddenly he was upon his feet, gigantic, portentous, full of grim savage strength and purpose. The women saw a glow in his eyes, an eagerness upon his lined old face.

His chin was high and the call to battle was in his ears. No more armchair; no more slippers in the sun. Action again, and conflict, and the clashing of powers! Rescue from oblivion!

He jerked his thumb toward the motor car. "Get in," he said.

"You're coming? You'll come back?"

"Be still," said Hiram.

So they rode to town together, Hiram still as some bowlder upon a mountainside, Woodbury not daring to speak.

"The office," said Hiram, and at last they stopped at that door through which he had passed, humiliated, two years before. He strode in, the young man at his heels, and stood in the middle of the huge outer room, confused now, a machine out of repair, and let his eyes pass once over the clerks and stenographers at their desks.

"Get to work," he said harshly. "Nonsense is over with." Down the aisle he strode to his own office and thrust open the door. Woodbury would have followed, but Hiram waved him back peremptorily. "Clear out," he said. And then he was in the midst of things. Stenographers came scurrying at his summons; telegrams were dictated, letters, telephone messages dispatched.

"Call a meeting of the directors. Notify Boston and New York newspapers I am in charge. Send copies of this wire to So-and-So and So-and-So and So-and-So. Send McLean here. Get Peter C. Woodbury on the phone." Orders crackled from his lips in constant dynamic procession.

Where had been frenzy, now was steadily directed energy; a headless thing became endowed with such a capable intelligence as seldom has been at hand in such circumstances—an intelligence with a seeing eye to perceive what required to be done and what was superfluous. Vital, throbbing, driving force seemed to radiate from that office occupied by Hiram Bond.

There followed an astounding week. It commenced in the morning when the newspapers of the nation announced that the old grizzly had been drawn from his den. Hiram grunted with grim humor at this epithet—and was proud of it. The Old Grizzly! Well, he would teach them that something more than a roar was left in him; that there remained claws and massive muscles and a savagely ruthless courage.

"What do you want?" was the question which came from near and far, from frantic men to whom his emergence meant sudden hope. "What do you want?"

"Time," he replied arrogantly—"time, and more time. Hands off. Give me time to move."

XXVIII

THE first step was to establish some species of confidence; to quell the panic and to bring the minds of men to a state of reason. Hiram Bond held power without authority, therefore it became essential to hold meetings of stockholders, of boards of directors—harassed, worried creatures, sullen and demanding creditors to be quelled or cajoled or bullied according to the need.

"I will not be hampered," he told his directors in meeting. "I ask no permissions and answer no questions. Pass a resolution giving me absolute authority."

"But we are responsible—under the law, we are responsible," objected an official.

"You are nothing," said Hiram fiercely. "If you're afraid—resign. I'll elect office boys in your places. They can run errands."

He spared no man's vanity, bent to no man's desires, but forged straight ahead like some charging grizzly. And they all gave way before him—first, because he had a plan and courage to carry it out—courage and a tremendous force; second, because the public was with him, behind him. To the public who were not personally interested in the matter it was a great spectacle—this emergence of the old grizzly from retirement to fight so great a fight. They cheered him on, but he cared as little

(Continued on Page 83)

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IF YOU could get two or more months' "B" battery service for 20 or 25 cents it would seem like a bargain, wouldn't it?

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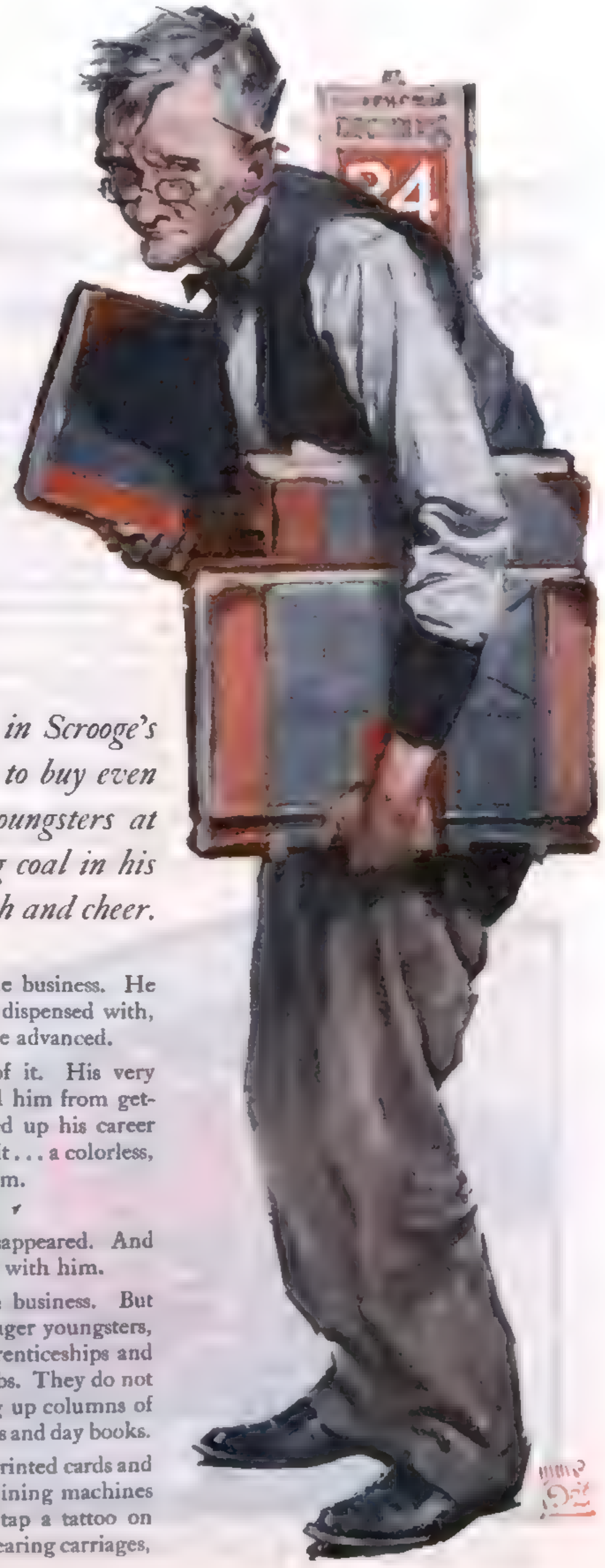

OLD BOB CRATCHIT. *Shivering on a high stool in Scrooge's outer office on Christmas eve. Not enough money to buy even a spray of holly as a Christmas message to his youngsters at home. Not enough heat, from the single burning coal in his dingy cell, to give him a hint of Christmas warmth and cheer.*

THAT was Charles Dickens' picture of the old-time clerk of business. It is hardly more than a generation since this figure of pathos was present in nearly every business office and counting room.

Was it kindly consideration that kept the bent and broken office drudge on the payroll long after his prime? Was it gratitude for long and faithful service?

Neither. He stayed because the cruel exigencies of business kept him there.

For in the old days, the aged clerk was looked upon as a Human File and Index. His "memory" was a repository for Business Facts and Figures. Record-keeping was slow and costly. It had to be done by hand, head and pen. So records were few and meagre. It was cheaper to retain human archives than to maintain inanimate ones.

The old clerk knew things. He had been brought up in the business. He knew too much to be dispensed with, and was too useful to be advanced.

That was the irony of it. His very knowingness prevented him from getting on. So he finished up his career about where he began it . . . a colorless, ill-paid office grub worm.

* * *

THE aged clerk has disappeared. And his high stool has gone with him.

We still have clerks in business. But they are bright-eyed, eager youngsters, serving their office apprenticeships and preparing for bigger jobs. They do not spend their days adding up columns of figures in musty journals and day books.

They insert ruled and printed cards and sheets, in bright and shining machines and appliances. They tap a tattoo on keyboards, shift roller-bearing carriages,

and pull levers. In an instant, out comes the card or sheet and the job is done. A complete cost record, statement, invoice, or sales comparison; added, multiplied, totaled, posted and perpetuated!

Nor do these clerks remain clerks long. They have plenty of time free to think and learn. And so they move up and on, to creative and better-paid positions.

* * *

IN THE modern American business, the records are kept and routine detail is handled, largely, by automatic systems and machines. Thinking men are thus freed for thinking jobs.

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Remember the ride that was an event?

REMEMBER that day when you first took it out—a new car? Almost like a parade of one, the finish gleaming, the high-lights sparkling, the color glowing on the body and fenders. That was the ride that was an event.

Why not repeat that day? Why not move your own car up to the head of the procession again? In your own community there is a Duco Authorized Refinishing Station which can make your car look like new with Duco; gleaming, lasting Duco that will make it look like one of this year's cars.

The du Pont Process was worked out by du Pont chemists, in collaboration with leading automobile and body makers. It prescribes the proper succession of "anchored" coats, controls the time, and standardizes the quality of the materials from the priming coat that is applied to the bare metal to the final color coat. And the product applied is genuine, unrivalled Duco—the same remarkable finish used by leading manufacturers for years on their new cars.

The Duco Authorized Refinishing Station in your own community uses the du Pont Process. It is operated under the supervision of the du Pont Company. The men have been trained in the du Pont Process. They can make your car look like new.

Outside every shop which is equipped to apply Duco by the du Pont Process there hangs this sign: Du Pont Duco Authorized Refinishing Station.

How to get your car refinished by the du Pont Process

The du Pont Duco Authorized Refinishing Station sign is now displayed by more than 2000 shops throughout the country. Only at these shops can you be sure that your job will be done by the du Pont Process.

DUCO—*made only by du Pont*

There are more than 2000 of these stations across the country. There is one undoubtedly in your neighborhood. Look for the sign. Drive in today or tomorrow. Let Duco, properly applied, make your car look like new again. Get it refinished. *The du Pont Process is your assurance of satisfactory results.*

If your car does not need a complete refinishing job, if the original finish is still in good condition, you can make it look like one of the latest models by a Duco recoloring job. A recoloring job with Duco can be done quickly and at a moderate price.

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DUCO Authorized Auto Refinishers

(Continued from Page 76)

for their enthusiasm as he would have cared for their opposition. He was alone.

"Call off your dog," he wired Peter C. Woodbury.

To which Peter C. replied: "What about the cub?"

This question Hiram answered not by words but by act. He dispatched a messenger to the Worthington house, where Woodbury hid under pretense of a nervous breakdown.

"Tell him to come to the office," said Hiram. "If he malingers, carry him here."

The young man came, limping into the room, at no pains now to conceal his infirmity—perhaps even glad of it for the first time in his life because of the pity it might arouse. He stood before the huge old man, divested now of flamboyant posturings, frightened, so harassed and jostled by events that he could not even be resentful.

"You sent for me?" he asked.

"Sign these!" said Hiram, pushing papers toward the young man.

"What are they?"

"First, your resignation; second, a transfer of your holdings to me as trustee."

"You're going to strip me?"

"You've stripped yourself," Hiram said grimly. "At this moment the company is bankrupt."

"But—but how shall I live?"

"I've no time to think of that. Sign!"

So Woodbury signed, and word of the fact was sent to Peter C., who replied succinctly: "I'm satisfied."

This was the first great forward movement toward solid ground -the reëstablishment of traditional friendship with the Woodbury interests and the removal of their opposition. Next Hiram found time to call in various persons of authority and influence.

"Is it more important to save the money of the widows and orphans and little investors—or to send a man to jail?" he asked.

"If this company goes to the wall, it will cause terrible suffering. Hundreds of families will be reduced to poverty."

"Then see to it that criminal proceedings against Woodbury Worthington are dropped. The cub is spanked. I won't have him killed—for his grandfather's sake."

He could thus arrogantly state his will to the commonwealth itself, and because money is ofttimes more important than strict justice, his will prevailed. Indictments, warrants, criminal prosecutions were abated—and for the first time in months Woodbury Worthington slept of nights.

To creditors, to bankers, his cry always was the same: "Time! Time! Don't crowd! Give me time!"

But bankers are not moved by sentiment, nor by admiration for the titanic endeavors of any man. There came to Hiram from the financial world a man who demanded what security he could give in exchange for time.

"My word," said Hiram arrogantly, "or go to the devil."

But there were great bankers to be protected and placated, and Hiram's word, no matter how they might regard it as men, was not sufficient for them as trustees of the money of the public. To them Hiram went privately, they sitting around a table, he standing at the end of it ready to pound with those bear paws of his at any sign of opposition or antagonism. One would have thought they were asking a favor and he granting it, and when he was gone they looked at one another, smiling somewhat, but admiring altogether.

"Old Grizzly!" they said. "Things will get themselves done, and we will come well out of this."

But before they took this view, Hiram did a notable thing.

"Security! You demand security!" He glowered at them. "You let yourselves be drawn into the wildcat schemes of a young spriggins and then come asking for security. What was required here was a little intelligence in the first place." Then he threw upon the table a certain list enumerating securities in the way of bonds and stocks to the amount of the twenty-odd million dollars which had come Hiram's way in the course of the years. "Mine," he said. "Is it good collateral?"

"Excellent—gilt-edged."

"There's what security will have to satisfy you."

"Do you mean," asked an astounded banker, "that you are going to pledge your personal fortune to try to extricate Woodbury Worthington from this mess?"

"Woodbury Worthington is through—forever," said Hiram grimly. "What I'm extricating is what I created. I'd pledge two fortunes if they were mine." He stood glowering at them from his great height, hostile, overbearing, imposing as an embodiment of will and force. "What is money?" he sneered. "I created a thing. Do I care if it was mine or another's? Not the ownership but the thing was worth my while. I made it; if money will save it, there is money!"

So he stemmed the freshet at this point. It was the most perilous. He held together the racked structure for that week and the worst was past, but salvation was not assured. What he had gained was time, and now with time at his disposal he labored day and night, tirelessly, driving others as relentlessly as he drove himself—the men said he grew younger under the tremendous outlay of energy. He spared no man, concerned himself with no individual, but only with what was required by this threatened masterpiece of his. He cut, slashed, repaired. Inessential companies purchased at exorbitant prices he forced back upon the sellers—by bullying, if that served; by court action, if that seemed best; by playing Peter against Paul, if that course promised results. It was centrifugal action, a throwing off of adscititious encumbrances at the outer rim and a condensation at the heart.

The primary cause of the debacle was Woodbury Worthington's obsession with mere bigness. He had bought for exorbitant sums corporations which had been deliberately overcapitalized, which had been operated not to produce something of value to the world, but to be operated upon the stock exchange. These concerns Hiram surveyed with seeing eye. Nothing could be made of them, and they sucked the blood from the central heart. The greater part of these companies had been paid for by Woodbury by an exchange of securities, shares of the Worthington company for shares in the company to be acquired, or with bonds chargeable upon the whole—preferred stock or bonds. The interest requirements of these obligations were enormous.

In this matter Hiram moved slowly, collecting facts and evidence before he acted. With facts and surveys before him, he called in the first of these venders, a certain Walter H. Pringle, who had sold to Woodbury the Pringle Power and Light Company for some twenty-five million dollars.

"Pringle," said Hiram without preface, "you unloaded your concern on us for twenty-five million. My surveys show your physical assets never reached a value of fifteen million. You took our bonds in exchange."

"I sold at a fair valuation," said Pringle pompously.

"I'm going to sell back to you at a fair valuation," Hiram said. "Your company never belonged in our system. I don't want it. You are going to take your company back and return our bonds."

"Not likely," said Pringle.

"In addition to interest charges," said Hiram. "Your company runs at a loss. It is inefficient. Will you take your outfit back—or ten cents on the dollar? I am the underlying security," said Hiram arrogantly. "I represent creditors, stockholders and bondholders with unlimited authority. Deal with me today, or tomorrow I repudiate the purchase, throw the entire matter into the courts—and give the facts to the public. Think it over, Pringle, and think quickly. Your hands are dirty. There are three issues of bonds. Yours are of the third issue. I'm sitting in the driver's seat, Pringle, and I'll manipulate the senior bonds so you don't get a nickel—and you know I can do it. I give you ten minutes to decide."

Pringle decided. Others decided in the same fashion, coerced, bullied by Hiram, who used his unlimited powers ruthlessly. One by one, he rid the Worthington company of those encumbrances which young Woodbury had imposed upon it. Before the year was done he had reduced the fixed charges for interest and preferred dividends alone by a sum which would amount to three-quarters of a million dollars annually. He was seeing daylight ahead.

He cut and slashed and pared. Stopping the leaks was his primary object in the beginning—ridding himself of those companies which showed red ink upon their ledgers. It was a gigantic if ruthless operation, not bloodless by any means, but removing malignant growths which sapped vitality and made impossible any vigor.

During this year he traveled much from city to city, village to village, inspecting plants, imposing his will upon executives.

"You are here to make money," he said again and again. "It is not enough to stop waste. That is negative. Money is only to be made by production. I want results. Give them to me and give them to me quickly—or somebody else will be in this job."

In these days he had little time for the farm or for his family. Neither rest nor sleep seemed necessary to his old iron frame, but sometimes of a Sabbath afternoon he would find leisure to roam about the place, to chat with Lillian or to demand insistently that Bessie appear from wherever she had hidden herself. It was on such an afternoon in April of 1928 that an ironic event befell. A date only a month later than Hiram's seventy-seventh birthday, which had left him in excellent humor because the world had seen fit to elevate it into an event of national interest. Nothing seemed to tranquilize his unquellable, restless spirit so much as some token from the outside world that he was appreciated, not forgotten, his value perceived and his accomplishments admired.

"Not that it matters," he said grimly. "I know what I am and what I have done."

Nevertheless it gave him pleasure to be called Old Grizzly and to be referred to as the last of the great ones. He would regard for long minutes some portrait of him in the public prints and then, grimly jocular, say, "Not the man who drank two under the table. That boy is gone." That old drinking bout! He referred to it many times—seemed to take an especial pride in it. "There," he would say, "is a mark for your son to shoot at."

"Father Bond, my son is no rowdy," Lillian would rejoin.

"I was a rowdy"—and at this rejoinder the hooded old eyes would glow.

But that April event. Young Hiram, his grandson, growing more gigantic as shoulders widened and muscles increased his girth, came toward the old man with a girl at his side. She was slender, petite, a little birdlike and pert in her carriage, and, it was easy to see, very beautiful in young Hiram's eyes.

"Granddad," he said, "I want to introduce my wife."

"Married?" roared the old bear.

"No, but we shall be this summer."

"What's her name?"

"Elizabeth."

"Elizabeth what?"

"Winston," said young Hiram.

"Never heard of her," the old man said, and glared at her appraisingly.

"You used to know my grandmother," said the girl.

"Did I? And who was your grandmother?" He spoke as if she took some liberty in having had a grandmother.

"Her name was Libby Bell," said the girl.

"I call her Libby," said young Hiram, wagging his head toward his sweetheart. "She doesn't like it, but that's what I call her."

Suddenly the old man laughed—he laughed aloud, a sort of barking, growling laugh. They stared at him amazed, for how were they to understand the irony of this event, and how they stood before him, not two children in love, but symbols of something monstrous, far-reaching, implacable—of the only power which ever had flung him into rout? They stood for that inexorable fate which is satisfied only with the futility of mankind.

Libby Bell—he had desired her, and lost her. Libby Bell's daughter—heiress to that vicarious romance—who was to have married his son. That overshadowing project of his middle years brought to nothing by fate! In those matters his will had been helpless, his strivings the inadequate movements of a shadow upon a wall. And now this eccentric force, captious, reasonless, had decreed that this thing should be. . . . His blood and Libby Bell's blood united at last! And he did not care.

He looked over this girl from top to toe, but she was able to perceive that the old bear was not inclement. He snorted. He thumped upon the ground with his bludgeon.

"In 1881," he said, "if a girl had walked down Main Street with a skirt as short as that, she wouldn't have got a block. We had enterprise in those days."

Already she was one of the family; he had accepted her, could speak to her in that manner; and young Hiram, comprehending, grinned in his huge, inarticulate way.

"Come on, Libby, he's satisfied," he said, drawing her away.

Satisfied? He shrugged his shoulders. The fact was he was indifferent. Let events assume what posture pleased them—it was all one to him. Libby Bell! Well, what of it?

XXIX

HIRAM drove other men as he drove himself, but his huge body, though now in its seventy-eighth year, took kindly to this usage. He seemed younger, more vigorous. His mental vigor was astounding as his physical endurance: and as a certain degree of stability began to replace the crumbling of his company's fabric, and organization replaced chaos, a sort of elation emanated from him.

A new spirit appeared throughout the organization, inspired in the beginning by fear of the Old Grizzly, but ennobling itself into genuine effort for the sake of accomplishment. This was one of Hiram Bond's loftiest achievements.

"What are we to do?" an executive from a distant town asked.

"Do?" Hiram roared the word at him. "You are to work."

"But the conditions at headquarters, Mr. Bond—they are demoralizing."

"The conditions here are none of your business. Your job is to produce and to make the men under you produce. I'll attend to conditions."

"But no one knows if his job is safe."

Hiram smashed his great fist on the desk. "I'll see to your infernal jobs!" he said. "There's just one thing will hold them for you, and that is to earn money for this company. More kilowatt hours of electricity manufactured and sold, more logs at a lower cost, more lumber manufactured and piled and sold! Keep your eyes off headquarters! And remember this: The day is gone when politics is a means of promotion in this company. No man can bamboozle me. I look to the reports. I don't care what you think of me. Telling me I'm a great man will get you nowhere. Nothing will get you anywhere but production."

"Yes, sir," said the thoroughly intimidated man.

"Repeat what I have said—let it be known."

"Yes, sir."

"You—your job is to win back the confidence of the customers in your district.

(Continued on Page 86)

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LAST FOR THOUSANDS OF MILES—IS THIS
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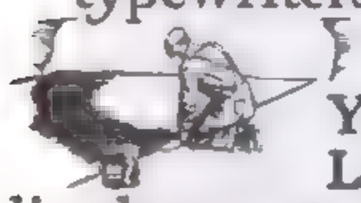
TERPIECE BODY BY FISHER. MAKE
ISTMAS DAY. GIVE THEM A BUICK!

BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Office Easy Chairs

SIKES CHAIRS PHILADELPHIA

YOU insist on noiseless typewriters



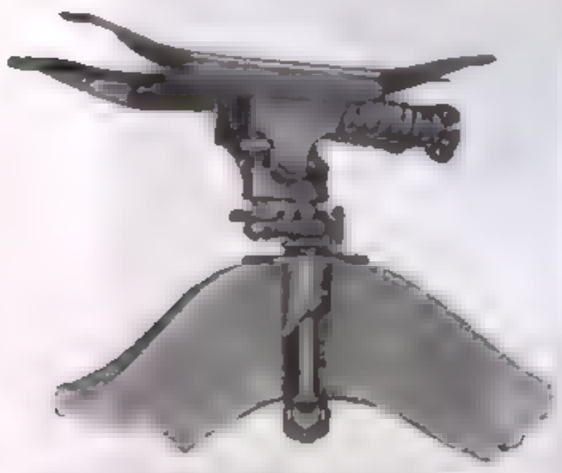
YOU LAY linoleum on the floor to deaden sound

Why tolerate a squeaky office chair?

An office chair that shrieks a noisy protest every time its occupant changes his position may not produce a nervous breakdown, but it certainly doesn't make for real efficiency.

A chair that wobbles on its base, or requires the exercise of real strength to revolve it is a handicap to any man's best efforts.

Sikes Office Easy Chairs neither wobble, squeak nor stick. The new improved Sikes Chair Iron with its self-oiling mechanism will take care of that.



After years of experiment and observation we discarded ball bearings in favor of a chilled steel pivot operating in a bath of lubricant. This pivot, which carries the weight of the chair, revolves with the smoothness, ease and silence of the jewel bearing of a watch. The lubricant being in an enclosed well cannot escape and its evaporation is a matter of years.

Let the nearest Sikes dealer show you chairs that are "seen and not heard." Chairs, too, that have many other exclusive features to recommend them.

Sikes

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

When in Atlantic City visit the Sikes Permanent Exhibit at the Boardwalk National Arcade, Boardwalk and Tennessee Avenue

(Continued from Page 83)

Give them a dollar of value for every dollar they put into our treasury. Create something and turn it into cash. That's what we need. If you can do it, your job is safe. If you can't do it, another man will be in your chair. Leave this nonsense of high finance to me. I'll take care of that if you men earn money for me. Now clear out and get to work."

News of Hiram's frame of mind spread through the organization, so that now even important officials found it worth their while to report on minor achievements.

"Sawyer Jones in Number 4 Mill cut so many thousand feet of spruce in a day."

"Raise his pay ten dollars a week," ordered Hiram.

"Power Plant Number 7 cut costs by 8 per cent and raised production by 10 per cent last month."

"A bonus to every man of one week's wages," Hiram directed.

No beneficial happening escaped his eye or went without reward; no shortcoming or malingering was overlooked or passed without sudden, ruthless punishment.

"Results—show me results and you go up; fail to show results and you go out." That was his word, and he lived up to it exactly, honorably, mercilessly. No man might expect favor by reason of name or relationship or length of service; no man who demonstrated efficiency was neglected by equally inevitable swift reward. It was a hand of iron which ruled, but an impartial and just hand. It knit the organization, wrenched it into coherence and wrung money from it.

As was inevitable, there had been loss, shrinkage in disposing of young Woodbury's ill-considered purchases, but what remained became dense and unfriable. The crumbling quality had been driven out of it and cohesion took place to a notable degree—notable not only by Hiram but by those men who opened or closed the gates of the sources of credit.

From time to time, as conditions grew less alarming, and as it was apparent Hiram Bond was making headway, Woodbury Worthington sought interviews with him, but Hiram declined to see the young man—no time in such turmoil of labor to be annoyed by him. So Woodbury prowled in a sort of limbo, useless to himself, shamed, divested of vanity and all flamboyance, but acutely worried about himself and his future. He was incapable of planning for himself or of initiating. He came and went in a furtive sort of way, dependent upon Hiram for any dollar which he might have in his purse, but dubious as to the future. What was to become of him? What did Hiram propose for his benefit? Thus he demanded to know in a lengthy letter which Hiram answered briefly:

"You have nothing—not a dollar of your own. If you will go to Europe and stay, I will settle a reasonable annuity upon you."

Strangely, incomprehensibly, Woodbury desired to see the old man. It was almost an obsession with him to have one last interview; it is doubtful if he could have stated a reason had he been pressed—perhaps to express gratitude or in some futile effort to justify himself. He wanted to stand in that presence again, but Hiram would not tolerate him, could not endure the sight or presence of him.

"No," he replied. "Get to Europe before I change my mind."

Presently Woodbury vanished, almost stealthily, and when word of it was brought to Hiram he replied only with a snarl. There was no condonation in him, nor anything resembling forgiveness; only bitterness nursed and delighted in. The third generation of the Worthington dynasty had become a pensioner.

Sometimes, in his few hours of leisure, if alone with Lillian, he became almost garrulous—always upon the subject of himself. For years, since the death of Professor Witmer, there had been none to whom he could disclose himself; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say there had been no peg upon which he could hang his searchings into himself for his own behoof.

"People have not understood me," he complained, but he understood why; it was because there existed few, or none, of his own caliber, and he was to be comprehended only by an equal. "I have been accused of this and that. They say I have been ruthless and vindictive." He snorted. "When an operation is required, it must be done; and is the surgeon vindictive because he cuts?"

"But," said Lillian, "he uses anæsthetics."

"They are given by an assistant," he said. "I had no assistant. I was alone. I was always alone. I worked with things, not with men. There are definite, dependable laws which govern things. They are trustworthy. You know how they will react. But men—you never can tell about them. In similar circumstances they will not behave twice alike. Therefore I eliminated men from my calculations as much as possible. What I required was certainty of response."

And again: "I never harmed a man for the pleasure of harming him. If people were hurt, it was because they impeded me. It was all impersonal."

"But none the less painful to the individual," said Lillian.

He regarded her fixedly. "You never had a purpose," he said, and considered that a sufficient defense.

"You loved Amasa Worthington," she said.

"The old gentleman! One has to be fond of someone—habit. After all, he was an admirable muddler, concerned more with some abstract idea of right and wrong than with the actual doing of any act." He paused. "The test must be results. How can any man judge if a thing be right or wrong till he sees the result of it? . . . I was fond of Amasa Worthington. He depended on me. You grow fond of anything that rests its whole existence on your shoulders."

He sat still for a long time, and then, old eyebrows closing down craggily, he said: "Yet you crave something. When you are young you crave something, and when you grow old you regret having missed it."

"Romance," she suggested.

"Who knows the name for it? Something intangible. A woman must be mixed up in it. Nonsense—nothing but nonsense—but a man is empty without it."

"You have not been empty," she said. "Where has there been a lovelier romance than your life with Mother Bess?"

He grunted and frowned at her. What did she know of it? What did she know of the history of their marriage, the reason for it, the bitter disappointment preceding it? Today he did not desire to think about that thing.

It was in the early summer of that year that Bessie fell ill; when she did not respond to the demand of his harsh voice; when she lay under the care of so many doctors and nurses, summoned by Hiram in sudden terror, that there was scarce room in the house for the family. It seemed to paralyze Hiram. No matter what the need or the demand, he would not leave the farm, but wandered up and down, in and out of the house, up the stairs to his wife's door, where he would stand listening with great face set and forbidding. He could not speak to her, for she slipped from delirium to unconsciousness and from unconsciousness to delirium; and Hiram lay in wait for every doctor, every specialist, demanding some tenuous hope for a happy termination. . . . On a night two weeks after the inception of her illness, at an hour verging upon morning, he walked, fully clothed and thumping his great bludgeon of a cane, into Lillian's room and stood over her bed.

"Wake up," he said harshly.

"What is it, Father Bond? Are you ill?"

"Be still," he said, and continued to stand, massive, brooding, somehow terrible in the darkness. His son's wife waited apprehensively.

He was incapable of speaking in a whisper, of lowering his voice. His sole method of concealing emotion was to speak more loudly, more gruffly, more overbearingly; and now, as she listened to his words, it seemed as if he were upon the borderland of some tremendous rage.

"She mustn't go without me," he said, and one might have concluded he was taking Bessie to task for such a piece of independent conduct as dying without his approval.

"She wouldn't leave you, father, if she could help it. She worships you. You must have been very good to her, Father Bond."

"Good to her? . . . Good to her?" There fell a profound silence, and then she heard him mutter those words again and again. "Good to her—good to her——"

Then presently, as if the words were wrenched from him by hideous torture: "I loved her. For nearly fifty years I've loved her. . . . How was I to know? How was I to discover it? I love her."

"Of course," said Lillian.

"Don't be a fool. I never told her. Even when I asked her to marry me, I did not tell her—because I didn't love her. . . . Now she'll never know. I love her—and she'll never know."

"She will know, Father Bond."

He snorted. "In heaven, eh? To what good?"

"At least," Lillian said gently, "she knew she worshiped you. It is better to love than to be loved—if you cannot have both. It made her happy to love you."

He disregarded her words of comfort. "I never told her because I never knew." He stood glowering. "If I had known, I might not have told her. . . . Romance!" He thumped the floor angrily. "For half a century I've craved what I possessed. There's irony for you. . . . I'm glad I'm drawing near to the end of a life that can do such a thing to a man."

Lillian saw in the dim light how his hands clenched into great fists, and the darkness shadowing his massive face made its expression the more terrible.

"I want a woman to know, not a spirit," he said.

It was pitiful—inexpressibly pitiful. He walked across the room and returned, thumping his bludgeon on the carpeted floor. Then he turned suddenly to the door.

"I had to tell somebody," he said, and banged the door behind him. She heard the thump of his cudgel down the long hall, heard another door open and shut, and then there was silence.

But Bessie was not to leave him yet. Perhaps he held her back from those dark portals by the very power of his will; perhaps it was her love for him, her knowledge of his need for her, that held her. Her condition ameliorated. With surprising rapidity she became convalescent.

"Is it safe to talk to her?" Hiram demanded. "Is it safe to talk about important things?"

"She's on the road to recovery," said the doctor. "Talk as much as you like."

So Hiram invaded his wife's room. Two nurses were there, and a physician. He fixed savage eyes upon them and glared under bushy white brows.

"Clear out," he said arrogantly.

When they were gone he stepped to the door and turned the key. Then he returned to Bessie's bedside and stood over her, erect, unbending, almost menacing.

"I've got to tell you something," he said.

"Yes, Hiram."

"I love you," he said harshly. "I've loved you for fifty years."

"I hoped so, husband," she said softly, but the glow in her eyes was as if she had been permitted to glimpse some hidden glory.

"Now," he said, "I can get back to work."

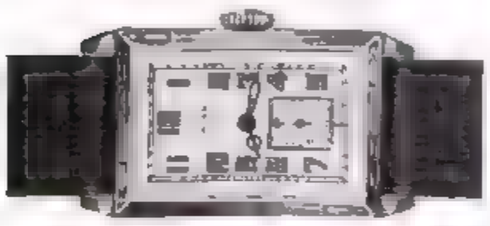
Twenty-four months of herculean labor had passed over his head. And other months remained. The feat was near accomplishment. By dint of such efforts, such devotion, such discretion as few but

(Continued on Page 91)

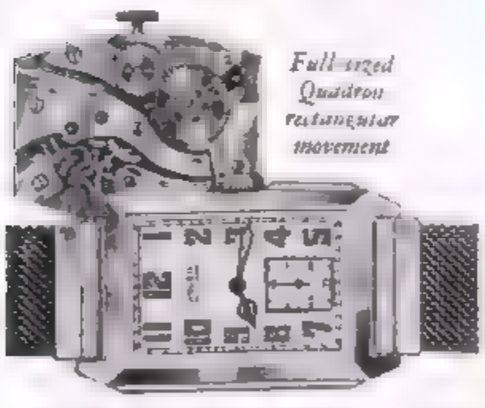
Let GUILD craftsmanship make your gift *everything a gift should be!*

Gruen Cartouche, $35
With raised figure dial, $37 50

Gruen Cartouche, 14-kt solid gold $40*
With raised figure dial, $42 50



Gruen Quadron, $50 With 17-jewel PRECISION *movement, $60. Other Quadrons, $250 to $50*



Full-sized Quadron rectangular movement

Gruen Crown-Guard Quadron, 14-kt solid gold, 17-jewel* PRECISION *movement, with mesh band, $85*

Gruen OctaThin, $45. Other pocket watches, $500 to $27 50

EXCELLENT gift, indeed, is a fine watch! Beautiful, useful—combining two essential gift qualities as few things do.

But you want still a third quality in the watch you give.

Character, individuality! Something to reflect your personal taste and care in selection.

Gruen Guild craftsmanship supplies this third essential that makes your gift everything a gift should be!

It is this highest development of an art centuries old which gives to the Gruen Watch recognized prestige. For every Gruen Watch is the product of a modern *guild* pledged to maintain the old time guild traditions of precision, accuracy and fine workmanship!

Such are the watches pictured here. Beautiful, dependable as only Guild craftsmanship can make them. And expressing the newest vogue in design.

Surely, there is one person you have in mind who deserves an especially fine remembrance this Christmas! Make it one of these exquisite Gruens.

Any Gruen jeweler can show them, together with many other Guild watches to suit the taste of every member of the family. Prices $3500 to $27.50.

**For that finest gift, choose a Gruen in a solid gold case*

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD, TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Branches in various parts of the world
Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild

PRECISION
Trade Mark Reg.

This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of higher accuracy, finer quality and finish Made only in the Precision Workshop

Look for the mark PRECISION on the dial

Gruen "Mode du Bijou" Cartouche One of a series of strikingly modern diamond watches. This design has 32 diamonds, set in platinum. Solid gold case and mesh band, 17-jewel* PRECISION *movement, $375. Others up to $10,000*

Gruen Cartouche, set with diamonds, $85*
Other diamond-set designs, $250 to $60

Gruen Cartouche, 14-kt solid gold, $50*

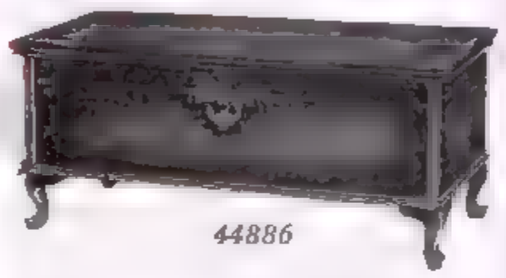
Gruen Strap Watch, $35 Other designs, $175 to $27 50

Gruen Ultra VeriThin Pentagon, (Pat'd), $100. "The Croix de Guerre for American Achievement." Other Pentagons, $2500 to $75

Gruen Guild Watches

Give her a LANE for Christmas

Made with beautiful hardwood exteriors. Matching other fine furniture

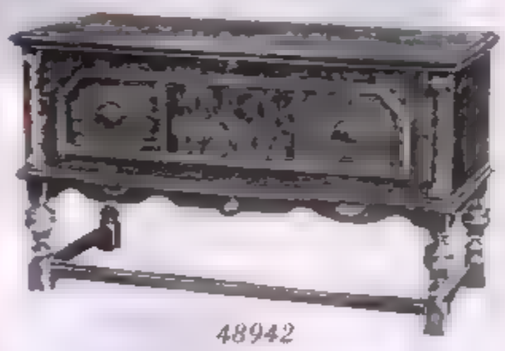


44886

A charming chest in the popular Queen Anne effect. The exterior is genuine walnut veneer, the front panel being attractively decorated with bead moulding and composition ornaments

48793

An outstanding chest in genuine walnut veneer exterior of Spanish influence. The top has beautifully matched veneers



48942

An English Renaissance chest in the console type. The finely matched butt veneers make this a handsome piece indeed

48767

A rare and charming window seat design of Sheraton influence, so popular in the 18th Century. The mahogany veneers on the top and bird's eye maple veneers on the front and ends combine in making this one of the most beautiful pieces in the Lane line

1620 . . . A BRIDAL SCENE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE TYPICAL OF THE PERIOD

The Romance of Up through

The First Hope Chest

IN the shadows of a cave, a hollowed-out *log* . . . toying with its contents . . . on her knees . . . a prehistoric woman . . .

The first hope chest.

Then the passage of time.

Up through the Biblical era . . . when Jacob, further to win favor of Rachael, gave her a chest a cubit in height and of gold embellished with jewels.

Up through the Middle Ages . . . when Italy's greatest artists and craftsmen gave to the Bridal Chest their tenderest care . . . decorated it to match the magnificence of palaces . . . painted it to depict scenes of romance . . . emblazoned it with the arms of both families.

And he came and lived with the family

Finally up into the 16th Century when the Dowry, or the Hope Chest, came into its richest significance.

In those early days no sooner was a girl baby born than plans were made for her Hope Chest. The more elaborate the chest, the greater the accrued family prestige . . . and the better daughter's chance of an early marriage.

So a cabinetmaker was called in almost as soon as the child was born. The work began. Only choicest woods were used, cedar being favored for its fragrance and eternal life. And the cabinetmaker was the most skilled the family purse could command.

He was artist, designer, carver, finisher, all in one. He came to the house, lived with the family, carried on the work.

At length, after weeks, months, sometimes years, he finished the chest.

Then came a celebration. Friends and relatives foregathered. They were wined and dined. They felicitated the father, admired the chest, dropped gifts into it. Then they toasted the cabinetmaker who went on his way rejoicing.

The child is growing older. She is taught to sew, to spin, to weave; to make many lovely things further to enhance the precious contents of the Hope Chest.

Finally comes the bridal day! The groom is satisfied that the Hope Chest and its contents are all-sufficient. The marriage takes place. The husband drives his ox cart up to the door . . . loads in the chest—has his bride climb atop.

Into it they dropped gifts

And a new chapter begins as they drive away to the Castle of their Dreams.

Thus glorified by the romance of the ages come the Hope Chests of the present . . . no less desired, no less

48143

A pleasing design in the natural cedar finish. The overlay is of matched cedar set off by a panel of fancy turns, carvings and mouldings

LA

Aroma-tite

Certi

the Hope Chest of the Ages . . .

cherished, by the maids and matrons of Today . . . and for whom no gift is more lovely.

And what chest is more worthy of supporting those ancient traditions than a Lane? What chest is more expressive of your own tender sentiments?...would She rather have?...than one of these...so beautiful, so fragrantly remindful, so well known and accepted.

For the Lane is the chest made of aromatic red cedar heartwood ¾-inch thick in accordance with the U.S. Government recommendations for a moth-killing cedar chest construction. And is so certified.

Every Lane is hence a positive safeguard against mothworms which ruin more than $200,000,000 worth of furs and wool a year. And which threaten every unprotected home in the land.

As recommended by U. S. Govt. tests

Wonderful reproductions of early French and Italian masterpieces. Chests of Spanish influence. American designs, modern and colonial. Some in natural cedar finish. Others with exquisite hardwood exteriors matching the finest boudoir, living room and bedroom furniture and never surpassed in beauty of finish.

And every chest with the certified ¾-inch red cedar that gives off the aroma that makes Lane Chests so impervious to the moth miller and so deadly to the worm. All with the inseparably interlocked joints and many other exclusive Lane refinements including the greatest of all recent chest improvements, the new Lane *Aroma*-tite Top.

The annual damage caused by mothworms

Sanctuary for the lovely silks, linens, embroidery, she is receiving...for the wool blankets, down comforters . . . for those precious possessions she now hoards away in closet, trunk or bureau drawer . . . a place of beauty and fragrance, of safety and convenience where moth and dust will not corrupt nor inquisitive fingers pry . . .

Such are the offices of the Lane . . . built to carry into the Future the traditions of the Past . . . and offered this Christmastide in designs more appealing than ever. Always identified by the name Lane on the lid, the sign of the certified chest.

The Certified Label on every Lane

At your dealer's . . . now at especially attractive prices. Write for our new folder illustrating ideal Lane Hope Chests. Address THE LANE COMPANY, Inc. Altavista, Virginia. *World's Foremost Cedar Chest Makers.*

NE Cedar Chests fied]

This popular window seat design is in natural cedar finish. The ball feet gives it a touch of early American authenticity

Give her a LANE *for Christmas*

One garment saved from moth ruin can easily pay for the chest

48895

The design of this chest was inspired by a 17th Century dowry chest. The finely matched combination of veneers is a work of art. A chest anyone would be proud to own

48891

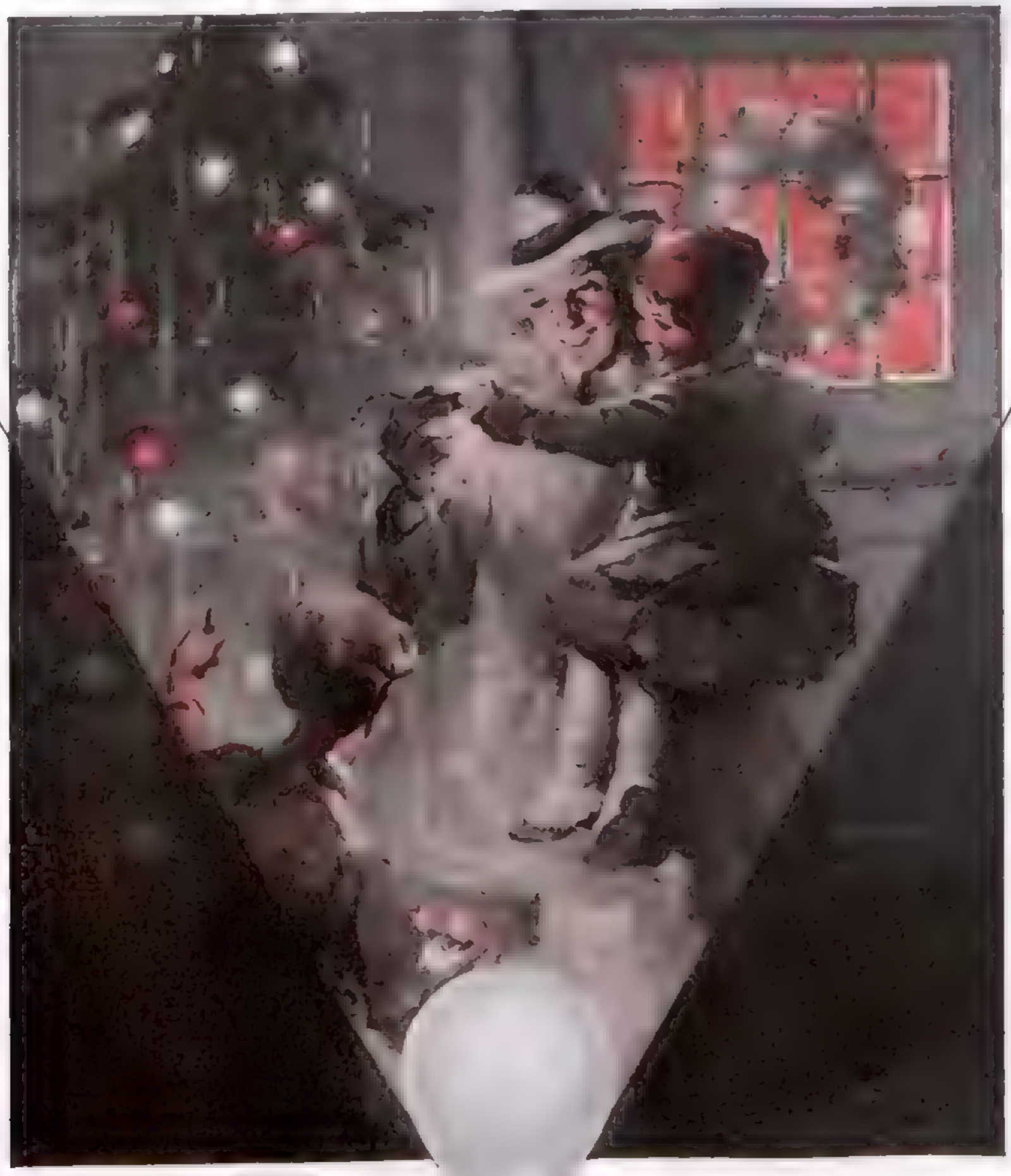
A chest of semi-console type, made of rare Oriental walnut veneers. The graining and coloring are most charming. A beautiful piece for any room in the home

48939

This console-type chest is after the early Jacobean period. The top has splendid matched walnut veneers set off with a marquetry inlay border, while the front decoration is a combination of rare veneers in panel form

An early American two-drawer chest that affords convenient storage. The veneers on the drawers are of finest matched butt walnut

Light up..for Christmas



TURN your tree and porch and shrubbery into glittering masses of cheerful color with Edison MAZDA Lamps. You don't know how beautiful your house and lawn can be until you see them decorated with colored lights.

And while you are buying your Christmas lamps, buy a carton of six Edison MAZDA Lamps for the home and have a convenient supply on the shelf. Empty sockets are an annoyance, and a danger. Be thrifty and wise.

*MAZDA
the mark of a research service

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

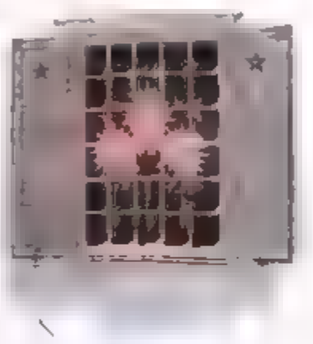
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Light up for Christmas *outside*

Time was when only the Christmas tree was lighted. But that was before the days of electricity and colored MAZDA Lamps. Last year the most cheerful homes glittered with myriads of lights on porches, in shrubbery, on trees and gates. This year you will see more beautiful *outside* lighting than ever before.

Make your home the most cheerful in your street. Edison MAZDA Lamps in Christmas colors cost little, and the current they consume is negligible.

Wind a string of colored MAZDA Lamps around a Christmas wreath, and hang it in a window or on the front door. Kept lighted during the Christmas weeks, it will mean good cheer to all who pass.



For an attractive Christmas display, set two, three, or more electric candles in a suitable window. They can show any color combination to suit your individual taste, and may safely be left burning at night.

With fir, pine or cedar, make a bank of greens on your mantel. Then wind in a string of colored MAZDA Lamps to make a beautiful setting for the children's stockings Christmas morning.

If you are a motorist, hang a wreath with electric candle in the rear window of your car, attaching the wire to the tail light. This effective decoration is inexpensive.

(Continued from Page 86)

Hiram Bond could have brought to the market place, he had snatched the Worthington company from the ruin which engulfed it, had carried it on his great shoulders until it was capable of resting upon a foundation prepared by him, and then had given it permanent place and stability. Reorganized from extremity to extremity, set in efficient motion, it was back again close to the position it had occupied when young Woodbury took the reins for his reckless drive. The task was done.

Hiram closed his desk on an afternoon and walked to the door of the outer office.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said harshly, standing huge, arrogant, forbidding in the doorway, "I announce to you that the Worthington company will resume dividend payments on the first of the month."

They dared not applaud, dared scarcely to rustle, as he walked down the aisle and to the outer door. He opened it and stepped into the street. There he paused and looked down the enormous reach of buildings which made up that division of the plant buildings upon the site of the little original mill which had been Amasa Worthington's in 1881. His eyebrows shaded his eyes so that they were all but invisible as he stood there motionless. What was he thinking? That tomorrow the world would resound with tidings of his accomplishment? Of the splendor of the thing which he had made a fact the resumption of dividend payments? One cannot know.

He stepped into his waiting motor.

"Home," he said arrogantly.

(THE END)

ALL MESSED UP

(Continued from Page 21)

Mareno buttered a slice of toast and took a swallow of coffee. He smiled pleasantly and nodded.

"You're smart," he said approvingly. "Nothing doing right now. May be something coming up in a week or so. I'll let you know."

"Any time," Kiernan said, rising.

"Fixed?" Mareno asked.

Kiernan nodded. "I've got my cut out of that thing last night—four hundred and some."

Mareno shook his head. "Thin sugar!" he said scornfully. "You'll do better with me, kid."

"Sure," said Kiernan. "I know."

"If you run short, squawk. I'll fix you up."

"I'll be all right," Kiernan assured him.

He walked out, his nerves tingling. Talk with the dark, dapper, pleasant-spoken young man at the table thrilled him with the consciousness of danger. He had never seen Mareno in other than a pleasant mood, but he knew the young racketeer's record as a baseball bug knows Babe Ruth's home-run score. Mareno was a real prince of the underworld. He killed and ruled at will; declared war, planned battles, distributed favors and granted sanctuary. If he decreed death to one of his subjects, that man died. If he conferred favor upon another man, that man grew rich.

And Kiernan now was one of his subjects, bound by unspoken oaths and unwritten laws to do his bidding and depend upon his bounty. He stopped for a moment on the corner, watching a cop direct traffic. There was amusement and contempt in his eyes as he studied the officer. After a little he chuckled and walked along, swaggering a trifle, a new sense of power thrilling him like a high wine.

Kiernan spent the early part of the evening watching a program of fights in an uptown boxing club; thereafter an hour at a restaurant, punching the bag with a number of fighters and managers. A runner for a floating crap game dropped in and steered the crowd to the flat where that night's action was under way. Kiernan won eighty dollars and left the flat, alone, at five o'clock in the morning. He took a taxi downtown, stopped at a restaurant for a snack and strolled into the lobby of the Maselin at six o'clock.

A number of night-club workers—musicians, entertainers, attendants—were sitting about, smoking, gossiping.

Kiernan nodded to several acquaintances, got his key from the sleepy night clerk and took the elevator to the fifth floor.

The Maselin was seldom quiet at that hour in the morning. Kiernan could hear a man and woman squabbling angrily. In another room near by a well-oiled party was harmonizing to the accompaniment of a saxophone and a banjo. From above came the sound of a hoofer illustrating a routine of tap steps. It was just the shank of the evening to the Maselin dwellers.

The way to Kiernan's room led him past Kitty Malarkey's door. He stopped to knock, meaning to stay for a cigarette's length of chat if he found her in. Before he could rap, he heard her voice raised in a sharp exclamation of protest. A swift rush of steps and the door was flung open. Kitty, her hand on the knob, cried out at sight of Kiernan standing in the hall. Kiernan, looking past her, saw Tony Mareno, coatless, flushed. Mareno smiled thinly, took Kitty by the arm and laid a hand on the door.

"All right, kid," he said to Kiernan confidently. "The light's green. Step on it!"

He drew Kitty toward him and half closed the door. An unreasoned tide of anger flooded irresistibly through Kiernan. He shouldered through the door and banged it shut behind him.

"Hey!" he growled. "What's comin' off here?"

The expression of Mareno's face changed so suddenly and completely that it was as though a magician had substituted one mask for another too swiftly for the movement to be seen. The killer showed naked. He leaped backward, reaching for his coat, which hung across a chair. Kiernan was on him as he moved, slugging furiously. The gunman slumped to the floor, out. Kiernan rifled the coat of two automatics and stood straight, panting, trembling, facing Kitty across the body of the temporarily unconscious killer.

"What are we going to do?" she breathed. "Ted, he'll kill you!"

Kiernan nodded. "I know it," he whispered fearfully. "I'll have to lam. Wait a minute!"

He snatched a sheet from the bed, ripped it swiftly into strips and trussed Mareno.

"Oh, Ted," Kitty cried, "what did you do it for?"

Kiernan shrugged. "Search me," he said. "It hit me all of a sudden. I got started before I had time to think. I had to go through then. Sweet mess!"

Mareno moaned, struggled to rise, opened venomous eyes and glared at Kiernan, cursing softly.

"Serves me right for going simple on a lousy little night-club rat!" the gunman said. "What do you two tramps think you're going to do with me? You think you're going to get away with a shake—with me?"

He laughed and then yelled sharply, once. Kiernan gagged him then, dragged him to a closet and shoved him in. He faced Kitty.

"I ought to knock him off," he said. "I can't. I didn't know that before, but I know it now. I could if we were fightin', maybe, but not this way."

"What are we going to do?" she asked.

"Run for it," Kiernan said. "Get your hat on. Never mind packin' anything. Let's go!"

Kiernan locked the closet door, followed Kitty into the hall and locked the room door. They went down in the elevator, walked through the lobby, out into the street. Then the Subway to the railroad station.

Less than ten minutes after their arrival there they were seated in a day coach aboard a west-bound train, with tickets bought to a small city a hundred and fifty miles distant.

"He won't smother, in the closet there, will he?" Kitty asked fearfully.

Kiernan shook his head. "He'll be all right," he assured her. "The maid'll find him when she comes to clean up." He looked at Kitty. "He the big shot you was tellin' me about?" he asked. "The one was goin' to fix you up?"

She nodded. "I'd been stalling him along," she explained. "He was in there in my room, waiting, when I came home this morning. I got scared and run to the door. I didn't know you were there."

"I had to be!" Kiernan said bitterly. "Just my luck. I was just goin' to knock to see if you was in."

"I'm sorry."

"So'm I," Kiernan said. "He was the one goin' to fix me up too. I was all set with him. You know what it means, any guy workin' for his mob—plenty o' money an' not a chance in the world o' gettin' in wrong. He can take care o' you for anything from murder on down. An' all of a sudden, here I am on the lam. Just a tramp with nothin' but the money I got in my clothes, an' I'll never dare show my face again any place where anybody knows me. Sweet!"

"I'm sorry," Kitty repeated tearfully. "It was all my fault."

"You couldn't help it," Kiernan said.

"I could," she insisted. "You see, Ted, I—I didn't like him. I tried to make myself, but I couldn't—I just couldn't. I was going to go ahead with it anyhow, but but I just couldn't do that either." She wept softly for a little time and wiped her eyes. "I can't do anything like that. I don't know why. I just can't!"

Kiernan nodded. "I know," he said gloomily. "I should 'a' knocked him off up there in the room before we left. I couldn't do that either. I guess we're just a couple o' saps!"

A half hour of silence. Kiernan went into the smoker for a cigarette, returned, sat beside her once more.

"What do you figure on doin'?" he asked.

"I'd like to go home," she said wistfully. "I never told anybody where I come from. Nobody'd ever find me up there."

"Good idea," Kiernan agreed. "You got folks there?"

"My father and mother. I got a kid brother living home too."

"You're all set then. Nothin' to worry about."

"I hate to face 'em," she said drearily. "I never wrote 'em I wasn't doing so good. They think I been getting along fine."

Kiernan shrugged. "Aw, well," he said, "what the hell?"

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Stay hid," Kiernan said. "The place I'm runnin' away from is my home. Born back there—never been any place else. I don't know where to go."

"You could come along with me."

"All right," Kiernan said disinterestedly. "Good there as anywhere. What'll your folks say?"

She flushed. "I suppose we could tell 'em we're married."

"Sure," said Kiernan. "Why not?"

She looked out the window. "I hate to lie to 'em," she said.

"All right," Kiernan said irritably, "let's get married then. No difference to me. We're both of us all messed up anyhow. A wedding ain't goin' to make it any worse."

They were married that afternoon by a justice of the peace, in the little city upstate to which they had bought their first tickets. Thereafter they bought other tickets and entrained for Kitty Malarkey's home town.

"It must seem kind of slow up here after the city," Mr. Malarkey said.

"Oh, I don't know," Kiernan replied. "It ain't so bad."

They were seated in the Malarkey parlor. Mrs. Malarkey and Kitty had drawn their chairs together and were holding hands. The kid brother was on the sofa, watching Kiernan with adoring eyes. This well-set-up, self-possessed young man was his idea of a brother-in-law.

Mr. Malarkey lit his pipe and fiddled with the radio. "I'll see if I can get the orchestra at the Blackstone," he said. "They ought to be playin' about now." He got the Blackstone. Music livened the room. "Stand another bottle o' that brew?" he asked, rising.

"Sure," said Kiernan. "Never tasted better homemade stuff."

"I make up a new batch every month," Mr. Malarkey explained, fetching two more bottles. "Cheap an' healthy an' ain't much trouble when you get the hang of it." They poured and drank. "You folks want to use the car any more tonight?" Mr. Malarkey asked.

"Guess not," said Kiernan.

"I'll put it in the garage, then," Mr. Malarkey said. He went out.

"I'm sorry you folks wasn't here las' night," Mrs. Malarkey said. "They had John Gilbert an' Greta Garbo at the Élite. I forget the name o' the picture, but I bet you'd 'a' liked it."

"Ah, that!" the kid brother said scornfully. "You should 'a' been here last week. They had Doug Fairbanks for three days. He was some kind of a foreign cowboy. That was a picture."

Mrs. Malarkey took tight hold of her courage and asked Kiernan a question. Five minutes later, when Mr. Malarkey returned, he found his wife weeping happily.

"John, they're goin' to stay!" she cried.

"Well," Mr. Malarkey exclaimed, "that's great!"

"Think you can get me a job at the mill?" Kiernan asked.

"Sure!" said Malarkey largely. "Don't reckon you'll get as much as you been used to, but ——"

"They're goin' to take the Horton cottage around on Oak Street," Mrs. Malarkey said.

"Um!" said Mr. Malarkey, frowning. "They're askin' twenty for that, but if you hold out you can get it for eighteen."

Kiernan laughed. "Just thinkin'," he explained, in answer to his father-in-law's inquiring expression. "The last hotel room I lived in cost me sixteen a week an' the bath was down the hall. I get a laugh out o' gettin' a whole house for twenty a month."

"Sixteen a week!" Mr. Malarkey exclaimed. "That must 'a' been some hotel!"

"Yeh," Kiernan said dryly. "Some hotel!"

Kitty was in bed. Kiernan, in shirt sleeves and stocking feet, sat by the open window of the little room on the top floor of the Malarkey home, listening, interested, to unfamiliar night noises. From across the hall came a subdued murmur of voices as Mr. and Mrs. Malarkey happily discussed the return of their daughter and her husband.

"You say them things makin' all them noises in the trees is just little bugs-like?" Kiernan asked incredulously.

"They're about the size of grasshoppers," Kitty said.

Kiernan grinned. "What do you know!" he said. He listened for a little. Then, stooping to draw off a sock: "Your folks kind o' like me, don't they?"

(Continued on Page 94)

HUDSON

Hudson 127-inch
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Essex is available in four body types, priced from $735 up, f. o. b. Detroit

Essex Super-Six 5-pass. Sedan

(Continued from Page 91)

"Why wouldn't they?" Kitty said. "They've always wanted me to get married an' settle here where they could see me now an' then."

"That ain't bad brew your dad makes," Kiernan said as the other sock came off. "He's goin' to show me how, so's I can make some." He stood and stretched. "He figures we got enough to make the down payments on a radio an' a secondhand car," he said. "I'll say one thing—you get a break for your money in this town, don't you?"

He blew out the light and settled in bed. The moonlight shining through the trees made weird leaf patterns on the wall. "They sure never find a guy up here!" he said exultantly. After a little, he stirred, raised on one elbow. "What are you cryin' about?" he asked.

It took coaxing to get an answer. At last she sobbed:

"I'm so ashamed! You d-don't love me. You're just staying here 'cause we can get a car an' a radio an' dad's beer is good an' "

"How'd you get like that?" he exclaimed. "I do so!"

A little silence. Then, in a small voice: "You do what?"

Another little silence. "What you said," he said doggedly.

"What?" she persisted.

"Love you, damn it!" he said, blurting the word explosively.

"You can't!" she wailed. "You didn't marry me because you wanted me. It—it just happened because ——"

He interrupted her. "Because I—I"—his tongue stumbled again at the word and then managed it with an effort—"love you. That's what got us all messed up. That must 'a' been why I socked Mareno. Can you think of anything else would 'a' made me do such a sucker trick?"

"Maybe that's why I couldn't go through with what he wanted," she whispered in an awed voice. "I bet it was!"

"Sure!" he said comfortably. "Prob'ly was. What do we care? We're goin' to be all right up here."

He slipped an arm beneath her neck, tucked her head on his shoulder, lay quiet, listening to the night noises.

"A little thing like a grasshopper!" he marveled. "What do you call 'em?"

"Locusts," she said, snuggling.

"Makin' all that noise!" he exclaimed. "That's the limit! Sounds kind o' pretty, don't it?"

THE PASSENGER FROM PACIFIC

(Continued from Page 27)

She was unnerved and sobbing hysterically, and the brandy started her heart to pumping courage and control into her.

Overemotional, I thought, looking into her black eyes and pale and sensitive face. Temperamental, probably overvaluing herself, and inadequate at a crisis. I give you my thoughts, unjust as they may have been to a girl just snatched from drowning.

Backus went into the kitchen to shake up the first batch of cocktails. He was the soul of hospitality, and it was his custom to keep open house on holidays between half-past twelve and half-past one. He called me inside.

"Applejack," he announced, lifting a glass jug. "The real old Jersey lightning, from Toms River. But, pardon me, I didn't get your name?"

"Nippers," I said, shaking hands.

"Delighted, Mr. Nippers," he said, and he poured. "To you, Mr. Nippers! Pretty good stuff, eh? Here's some Jamaica rum, from Miami. Here's the base—California white wine. This is all real. I've dealt with many bootleggers, and the only honest one I ever met is the one I'm buying from now. His name is Harry Price, and he's in business over in Baybright. I'll give you a card to him. None of your garage gin for me or for my friends." He poured our little glasses full again, saying, "Isn't it a joke?"

The neighbors were drifting in, some in flannels, some in bathing suits; everybody welcome. Backus filled a dozen glasses, introducing me as he served.

"Meet my friend Nippers! Mr. Beasney, Mrs. Beasney, Mr. Sturt, Mrs. Sturt, Bignold, Brembridge, De la Pommerais, Kinnear, Winspear, Lumley, Geach, Fairlie, Whitcome. Here we go, folks! Iron men and wooden ships—ein, zwei, drei—tzubo!"

Mrs. Backus, a dear old soul, went about with appetizers of caviar and chopped onions. The guests had tossed off their drinks and were sitting serenely, confident that everything would be all right now. They exchanged remarks with no acute interest; their minds were with Backus, who had returned to the kitchen to recharge his shaker.

"We had some awful good drinks at the bridge luncheon at Amy's yesterday," said Mrs. Bignold, offering a topic. "Vanilla ice cream and gin, shaken up. Did you ever try it, Ethel?"

"No, and she won't!" bellowed Backus jollily. "None of your antifreeze compound for us. You know where this stuff comes from, folks?" He told them where he got it as he refilled their glasses. "Come on," he urged the reluctant or merely diffident ones. "Can't walk on one leg, can you? This stuff won't hurt you; this is real. Yes, sir, this stuff comes right from headquarters. Isn't it a joke?"

The life-saver appeared behind the screen door. "Hello, Ross, come on in!"

The life-saver entered, with a questing glance that found Miss Hiorns. Backus put a glass in his hand and poured. The boy—he was twenty-two or twenty-four—looked about at the laughing company and took off his drink like a man. He sat on the floor beside Miss Hiorns' chair.

"That's my theory, Nippers," said Backus. "Don't forbid them the stuff and they won't want it." He smiled paternally at the lad. "One of our own boys. His mother brought him here when he was six years old because he was sickly. Can you imagine that young bull being sickly? . . . Nippers, I think as much of these kids as I could of my own. Finest crowd of boys and girls in the country. Ross is in the Birmingham School at Yale; graduates next year. Yes, sir, I love this little spot of earth. No rough element. We elders are in absolute control; our own boys do all the work and we pay them full wages. Keeps them out of mischief, eh? . . . Here's Bob Hiorns, looking for Bess. Come on in, you old stick-in-the-mud! There's Bess. Look her over. Say, Bob, come over here and meet my old friend Nippers."

I tried to talk with Mr. Hiorns, but without success—a middle-aged man who was meant to be sociable, but who was cursed with a mastering shyness. He acted like a man taking the witness chair in court for the first time, meaning to tell the truth, but doubtful that that would do him any good. He said yes and no, caressing his hands slowly and smiling, but always letting the topic fall with a thud.

"You're not drinking your cocktail, Mr. Hiorns," I said.

"No." He reflected at length, but could find no room for improvement. "No."

"Bob never touches the stuff," explained Backus, clapping Hiorns on the shoulder and causing the latter to look up with a startled and grateful smile. "The best fellow out, but queer that way. Don't you worry about Bob; if he never takes another drink, he's had his share."

"No," said Hiorns, sturdily refusing the credit of being a reformed drunkard. He twisted his neck in his collar and said with a great effort, "Never touch it. Never did. No objections to others ——"

"Bob is all right," said Mr. Lumley, looking at his neighbor with sympathy.

"We're drinking to old Bob Hiorns, folks," said Backus, lifting a glass.

Backus was the life of the party. I saw now that I had overestimated his age; he was hardly more than fifty. By universal request he told a comic story about a German friend, using dialect and accent, and it was excruciatingly funny. Mrs. Sturt was the only one who did not laugh loudly, but her reticence was not caused by lack of humor. She sat before Backus with a fixed and encouraging smile, interrupting him constantly to repeat lines from his story to people who were hearing it for the first time, saying to them challengingly:

"Now, isn't that very funny? . . . Oh, Philo, I think you're a scream. Isn't he a scream?" She leaned toward me. "Ross and Bess are engaged, you know, Mr. Nippers. I think it's so romantic that he saved her life when he is engaged to her. Don't you think it's romantic?"

"Yes," I assured her. And she nodded her head satisfiedly.

After five cocktails the company disintegrated, going home to their waiting dinners. They went away talking as if they were still in the sea and with the deafening roar of the waves about them. I withstood a pressing invitation to stay and dine, and returned to my hotel on the bay front.

In the afternoon I walked around the village. I encountered Mr. Bignold in the Community House.

"Built by subscription, and belongs to the village, Mr. Nippers. Thirty thousand dollars—not bad for a little summer resort of twelve hundred people, we think. Mr. Backus gave us that fireplace back there; that's his name on the bronze plate. We give movies here four nights a week—the only ones in Pacific—and every Sunday night we put on a free show with local talent. See the idea? This is strictly a family resort, and we keep every angle of the thing in our own hands."

He showed me the new fire house and the schoolhouse and the smart little yacht club.

"Would you like something, Mr. Nippers? We can get anything we want here now, since Backus has been chairman of the house committee. There's just one rule that he insists on—no selling to women by themselves, or minors. You think that's a good rule, don't you, Mr. Nippers?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," I said. "That's a good rule."

I sleep lightly. That night, at about two in the morning, I was awakened by a creaking of the boardwalk under my window, and I looked out to see a dark figure pushing a laden handcart. I had lain down without undressing, and I was downstairs and out in a jiffy.

The first figure and cart had disappeared toward the community dock, but a similar apparition, also coming from the direction of the ocean, was before me at once. The man was barefoot and his cart wheels were bound in burlap, so that he went about his mysterious business with little noise. I went toward the ocean, passing two other such carts on my way.

There were people out on the sand; the moon had set, but flash lights were twinkling. A light was turned on the surf and I saw a small boat riding in over the breakers; men leaped from it into the shoaling water before the light went out.

I went to Backus' house and rattled the screen door until he called to me from an upper window.

"This is Nippers," I said. "Some people are running rum ashore in front of your house, and I thought you'd want to know it."

"Oh, they are, are they?" he cried aggressively. And he was down to me in short order.

We started for the sea front. Another piled cart passed us in the fifty yards between Backus' house and the crest of the dunes, and again the man behind it was intent on his own business, conveying to us mutely a suggestion that we mind ours with strictness too. Backus was not about it.

"They can't get away with this in Pacific, Nippers. I'll show them."

A flash light was in our faces as we came to the head of the boardwalk.

"Hello, Mr. Backus."

"What's going on here?" demanded Backus gruffly. "And who the deuce are you?"

"It's all right, Mr. Backus. This is Harry Price."

"I don't know whether it's all right or not," retorted Backus, only slightly less fierce. "This is a piece of infernal cheek, Price. What do you mean by this?"

"I thought it would be all right, Mr. Backus. I didn't know you'd take it this way. We're not making any noise, are we? Anyway, the stuff is all ashore now, and we've got to get it out of here. We'll be all through in another ten minutes. . . . Come, boys, don't sleep on the job! The cutter'll be back at three o'clock."

"See that you do," snapped Backus. "And you haven't heard the last of this, Price. Not by a darned sight."

We sat on a bench. "We couldn't do much anyway," he said to me, much less decidedly. "There isn't a policeman in Pacific, nor a telephone, and this fellow knows it. He's been the pet bootlegger here for two seasons, and this is his thanks. Risking a public scandal. I only hope they don't wake people up. But did you hear what he said about the cutter? He means the Coast Guard cutter. And how does he know the cutter won't be back till three? He knows it, you can bet. Isn't it a joke?"

I thought I had seen, by a fitful flash, a uniformed man on the beach. I left Backus and went through the salt grass and over the face of the dune to the sand. And, sure enough, a Coast Guard was down there.

I edged up to him in the darkness and said, "Are you sure about the cutter?"

"Don't worry," he said. "I got it straight. At the station."

"Point o' Beach station?"

"Point o' Beach."

"I'll see that you're taken care of," I assured him earnestly. "Your name is Jones, isn't it?"

"No, I'm Jonson."

"Johnson. With an *h*?"

"No. But what do you care? I don't want no check."

"You won't get one, Jonson." And I left him and circled back to Backus.

We sat and watched the dark shapes striding up the beach from the water. Another boat had ridden in over the combers. We could now make out a ship of some size lying to, close in.

"A great sight, Nippers," said Backus, resigning himself to viewing the invasion as a spectacle. "These are what they used to call free traders in England a hundred years ago. I was reading a corking story last week about free traders. Of course, in those old days there was something fine about such bold chaps; I could read that between the lines—like the old pirates. These fellows are nothing but the scum of New York."

"Not so loud, Backus."

"Oh, I speak my mind, Nippers. What they're doing is beating the blockade in the inlet. There's probably a boat lying at the community dock in the bay right now, loading this stuff aboard. A fine piece of impudence, I call it."

We sat there about half an hour before a lantern was hoisted on the all-but-invisible ship. A boatswain's whistle was blown near us, a clear and piercing call, audible afar, but so thin and eerie and drifting that it was consonant with the sighing and piping of the sea wind among the dunes; having heard it perfectly, one yet listened again.

(Continued on Page 99)

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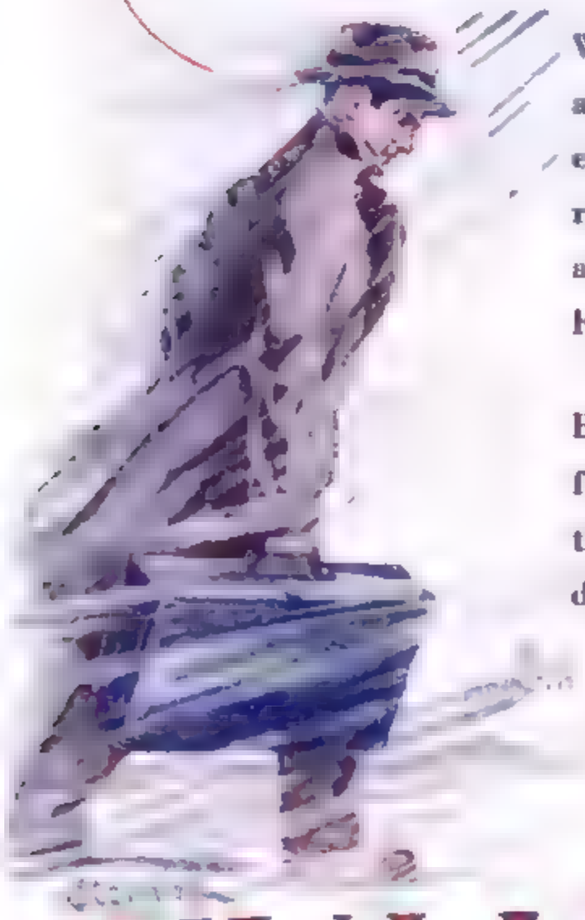

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MOTORS

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The Mark of Quality

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . Harvey S. Firestone

(Continued from Page 94)

The cart pushers passed us, hurrying. A boat was launched, men holding its gunwales and wading waist deep, squirming up into it, bow oar first and so in succession until the helmsman went over the stern asprawl. The lantern had come down from the ship. We heard its motor firing and then all sign of it was gone.

"Well, I wouldn't have missed it," said Backus, as we retreated from the dunes.

"Looking at this sort of thing in a large way, Nippers," he said, "when a law does not chime with public opinion, should it be obeyed? I don't know but that it's the duty of any red-blooded American citizen to violate it, as the Boston Tea Party violated the law in those days. Looked at like that, fairly and squarely, these people are really a sort of patriots. I must admit that every one of them I've known personally, including Harry Price, is a stinker. But look at it in a large way. Know what I mean?"

A man carrying a small hand bag approached us from a crosswalk.

"Our village physician," said Backus. "A most competent man, paid from the taxes. By the way, we have also a physical instructor to give the ladies calisthenics on the beach at the bathing hour. When you see more of us, Nippers, you'll find out there's not another family resort like little old Pacific. . . . Good evening, doctor!"

"Is that Mr. Backus?" called the physician. "I was going to see you. We've had an accident."

"What is it?" asked Backus, alert for duty.

"Mr. Hiorns was knocked down and robbed."

"In Pacific!"

"Within the last half hour. He was found lying in the poison ivy outside his own door. I don't think the skull is fractured, but there is a concussion."

"I'll go right over. And by jingo, doctor, when I find the guilty party, he'll be sorry he ever saw Pacifi '"

He went away, venting threats, while I returned to my hotel. Beyond what I heard from the physician, I don't know what happened to Mr. Hiorns, but I believe he made a complete recovery. In the course of my duties I left Pacific by the early boat the following morning.

I revisited the pretty little resort on the Saturday before Labor Day, again on a matter of business. Crossing the bay behind Pacific I sat on the upper deck of the ferry in the sunshine and had a short talk with this Ross Chattock. He was in an odd humor, a sort of depressed gayety—I don't know just how to express it. He laughed and was restless, moving about uneasily, and at times looked quite glum. I asked him how he came to have been across the water in Baybright on such a fine day, when he was needed on the beach, and he told me then that he had lost his position. He didn't seem to want to go into the matter. I thought he was a very nice boy—impetuous and willful certainly. And a bright boy, too, I thought. To change the subject, I asked for Miss Hiorns.

"She's getting married today," he said.

"Hello! Congratulations are in order, aren't they?"

"Not yet," he said, and he didn't mean to be funny. And then he caught my hand and wrung it, and walked away.

I saw Backus on the Pacific dock. He didn't notice me at first, being scowlingly intent on a group of men and women who had been offensively noisy on the boat and who were now disembarking with glad whoops, like people new come to the land of liberty.

"More trash," he grumbled. "Hello, Mr. Nippers."

"And how's everything, Mr. Backus?"

"Oh, you can see for yourself—no use blinking it. I don't know what's happened to Pacific, Nippers. We're getting the toughest, roughest people; they take these little bungalows over the week-end and drink and carry on until it's a burning disgrace. That element is imposing on us because we have no means of handling them. We never needed a police officer here before. Pacific didn't appeal to that sort, but now they see their advantage. We'll have to organize a vigilance committee or call in the state troopers. I think I'll apply for troopers; we're an incorporated village and we're entitled to something for what we pay the town. Just look at this pair here. Could you match them outside a night club in Greenwich Village?"

The couple he indicated—a pretty and slovenly girl and a distinguished-looking and slovenly man of twice her years—weaved along the walk ahead of us, quarreling with tired fury; after them dawdled fascinated children. The couple went into a store, passing a young girl who was coming out with a package under her arm. The whole store front was taken up by a cigarette advertisement, occulting its interior. Backus plucked the package from under the girl's arm and ripped the wrapper away, disclosing a bottle of gin.

"Dorothy," he said whisperingly; and he dashed the bottle down, shattering it, "I'll see your mother about this."

He strode into the dirty little store. The couple who had preceded us were at the end of a counter, pouring drinks from a gin bottle. They listened approvingly while Backus berated the proprietor.

"I caught you red-handed this time, Albert! You just sold liquor to little Dorothy Katzenback."

"Oh, no, Mr. Backus, honest I didn't," quavered the proprietor. "She said her father sent her for it, and how was I to know?"

"Never mind that. I told you what would happen if I ever found you selling to the young people."

The man looked at him with veiled insolence. "Well, of course, Mr. Backus, nobody ever knows what's going to happen."

"Sold to that little girl, did he?" said the man of the drinking couple, glaring at the proprietor. "I've a good mind to cross this bottle over his head."

"You be quiet," said the proprietor with mingled fear and contempt. We left them quarreling.

"That place is a curse to the village," said Backus, his face grim and set. "It ought to be closed up tight."

"Why don't you close it up?" I asked.

"Well, Mr. Nippers, you're a man of the world, and I can speak frankly to you, I think. We have to move a little carefully there, or there might be a scandal. That fellow was steward of the club while we were serving liquor, and he could make a lot of trouble for us, so we're keeping a tight rein on him, but going a little slow. You appreciate the situation, I'm sure. I've had my suspicions of him for some time, and this is the last chance I'll give him. Just let me catch him at it once again."

There was a wedding in the Union Church on Midway Walk. We halted to see the happy couple emerge from the church vestibule. The high light strikes on a wedding, I think, when the couple turns away from the altar and submits the accomplished fact to a candid world. With some hundred other would-be soothsayers, we studied their faces as they came down the steps, looking for a sign, an augury of happiness or woe. I suppose every man thinks of his own case when he sees young people starting out like that with the world before them. I thought of my wedding and of all that the wife and I had been through since, and, "Thanks be," I thought, "that we're not that couple, to have it all before us again."

The girl was Bess Hiorns. She was smiling, but not with a soft radiance. She was keyed up, looking people between the eyes. She looked determined, and it's common sense that you can't live in a state of determination. Circumstances change, and we ourselves change, and what has seemed heroic becomes plain foolishness.

"Hello," I exclaimed, staring at the bridegroom, "what happened to that strapping life-saver? Who is this that she has married?"

The bridegroom was a stranger to me—a short and plump young man in eyeglasses. A commonplace and meek young man, I thought with a touch of chagrin; an honest young scrub, no doubt, but a scrub.

"Young Willie Notz," said Backus. "Fine unassuming young chap. Been courting her for years—before that loafer Ross Chattock came along."

"Ah, there's Ross Chattock!"

The big young life-saver—handsomely dressed in gray trousers and blue-serge jacket with flower in buttonhole, as if the day meant something to him too—was in her path. She marched up to him; the chubby husband, embarrassed, was pulling at her arm. People moved back and watched the encounter soberly.

She said, halting before this Ross Chattock, "Well, I've done it. I'm married."

Well, he must have expected to hear that, since he had told me himself that the girl was getting married, and yet he took it as an utter surprise. I couldn't make him out.

I didn't get the whole interchange, although I am as inquisitive as anybody; I'm a small man, and some bulky lout chose to thrust himself before me for a gape at the wedding party. And then Ross Chattock passed me, pushing blindly along: I had one look in his face and felt embarrassed and ashamed.

"Ross!" I heard the bride cry.

Mr. Hiorns said—I had seen him beside her—"Now, Bess."

"Serves him right," said Backus; and I knew that he had looked into Ross' face, too, and was only arguing with himself. We walked away together.

"What happened between young Chattock and Miss Hiorns?" I asked at last, breaking an unpleasant silence. "I thought they were engaged."

"They were. It was broken off on account of his disgraceful behavior, and perfectly right. Bess threw him over and took up with young Notz. And he'll make her a darned sight better husband than Chattock would ever. A clean, well-behaved boy, and no rowdy. I'm giving them the wedding dinner. I have a case of champagne on the ice. I must be getting things ready. I guess the wedding party is going around to Hiorns' first."

"You weren't at the wedding."

"Nobody was invited. There was a certain feeling about the whole thing, and Bess decided to have it strictly private—only the family. I didn't feel entitled to oppose that, but I insisted with Bob Hiorns that he should bring them around to my house later for a real celebration. Come along, Mr. Nippers."

"Thank you. But what happened between them, if it isn't a secret?"

"Oh, it's a matter of public record, in the court over in Baybright. It seems that some of our young people and some of this rowdy element that's come among us lately staged a drinking bout on the beach one night, and it ended in a fist fight between Chattock and one of the men, over the man's wife. The husband got the worst of it and he went over to Baybright and took out a warrant for Ross. Well, it seemed that there had been trouble between Ross and Bess before, over mash notes he had received, and this affair with a married woman just capped the climax."

"Did Ross admit it?"

"He was at least gentleman enough to deny it. But you can't tell me that a dozen girls are making love to him without a lot of cooperation. Any man is competent to judge of that from his own experience. He was found guilty and fined, and I thought it was time to stop this boozing among our young people, so I ended his official connection with the village. Can you imagine a lot of kids sitting down together and drinking up eight or ten bottles of gin and whisky? It's ghastly. People have no idea of what the young people do nowadays."

"Some people say the war did it," I suggested.

"That may be partly so. But more than that, Mr. Nippers, it's a lack of good moral instruction. I'm going to give the elders a talking to when they meet at my house before dinner next Sunday, and pledge them to send their children to the Union Church Sunday school. Come in, Mr. Nippers. Oh, come right in; you know everybody."

We went into Backus' house and found a company of representative villagers waiting in the sun room. Beyond the French doors to the living room I saw a long table, festively decorated, and five or six of the ladies hovering about it.

"We might break the ice, folks," offered Backus.

"But what about the bride and groom?" objected Mrs. Sturt.

"This is strictly *entre nous*, Sadie," said Backus, throwing off gravity and putting on a wedding air. He went into the kitchen and returned with a tray of shimmering cocktails. "Ein, zwei, drei—tzubo!" he cried, and everybody drank. I don't know why Backus chose to drink cocktails in German, nor what the word meant that I reproduce as "tzubo," if it meant anything. He was fond of ritual and liked to drink with pomp. I dare say that he wouldn't give a cent for a drink of the best liquor, taken tramp-fashion out of the bottle.

A second cocktail was served. "We'll get a running start on them!" cried Backus. He and the motherly Mrs. Sturt drank this one standing up, arms intertwined so that each drank the other's cocktail. That went so well with the company that Backus said he would declare a dividend. And everybody drank again.

"Wonder what's delaying them."

"Whatever it is," said Mrs. Backus fretfully, "it's ruining the dinner. The roast is almost ruined now. And just look at that soup."

"We might sit down to the soup," bargained Backus. "They'll be here any minute now."

We sat down to the soup, and, incidentally, to another cocktail, and both were voted prime. Mrs. Backus had some extra help, and these supernumeraries brought on the fish.

Mr. Backus—a napkin tucked under his red and shining face—said, "After all, Ethel, when fish is cooked it's cooked. And they'll be along any minute. Wonder would it be uncalled-for to pull a cork? . . . Hey, there, bring on one of those pails!"

And so, with expressions of polite reluctance and grieving for the happy couple, the company embarked on the dinner. It was quite a snack, beginning with Consommé aux Quenelles and Filet de Sole Farci au Vin Blanc, and working through Filet de Bœuf aux Olives Farcies and Poularde à la Chevreuse and matters appertaining thereto, and culminating in Canards à Tête Rouge—Froid—and Terrine de Foies Gras à la Gelée. Whence we declined gracefully through Pouding Favorite and Glaces Fantaisie, until we found ourselves safe with coffee and cigars.

"Put that menu card in your pocket for a souvenir, Nippers," said Backus. "I spent two weeks in thinking out this dinner, starting on the very day I heard of the wedding. But that reminds me—what's happened to those people? Fred, look down the walk. . . . Yes, I like nice things to eat, Nippers. And after all, when you come to think of it, what more is there to life than eating and drinking? It's all you get that's really substantial and reliable, isn't it so? I thought it would be a nice idea to get up these fancy menu cards for a souvenir. Let me sign it for you, Nippers. What do you think of that Clicquot? Harry Price got me that. Do you like it? I'll give you a card to him."

"You gave me a card to him," I said, "but I didn't find him in Baybright."

"He's moved to Pacific. He'll be in to see me before the day's over. . . . Hey, is Harry Price out there?"

"He's out here in the kitchen with Albert that used to be the club steward, Mr. Backus!"

"Oh."

"Tell them both to wait!" I called.

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We had toasts and speeches, with Backus as master of ceremonies.

"To the bride, folks!" offered Backus, arising, and we all followed suit.

And then we drank to the groom and to the parents without a dissenting voice. It is true that the absence of the wedding party threw the current of emotion somewhat awry, directing it increasingly toward Backus. Mr. Bignold's speech was typical. He said in part:

"Particular pride and pleasure, as representative of the people of Pacific and also of ourselves, to feel that we have with us today, on this happy occasion, a man who has been a trustee of this village, which we all love, for a year last past. Rare good fortune to have him on the bridge and lending his influence generally, because we have had the worst times during his term that any of us can recall to memory. It has been a time of storm and distress. We have seen our fair village invaded by numbers of doubtful characters, our property values depreciating, and disrespect for law and morality spreading among old and young alike—especially our young people. He has fought tooth and nail, giving himself no quarter, and the people of Pacific want him to know that they appreciate all he has done and is doing. Need I say to this gathering that I refer to our most prominent citizen and genial host—Philo Backus?"

We had sat down to dinner at half-past two, and it was ten minutes to five before we could sit back with a feeling that we had done all we could to make the marriage a success and that we were now justified in letting the newly married look out for themselves.

But the fun was still raging when a gentleman wearing a clerical collar knocked on the screen door and, succeeding in making himself heard, said, "May I ask if the wedding is here?"

"What does it sound like from out there, dominie?" chuckled Backus, throwing the door open with a bang. "I know you won't mind a bit of a celebration, dominie; it happens only once, you know. Well, it was certainly a wonderful wedding, wasn't it? Yes, it was the nicest wedding we ever had in Pacific, and I know they're going to be happy."

"Are they married, sir?" asked the clergyman, lifting a hand to his lips.

"Eh?"

"Did I understand you to say that they are married? Pardon me, I believe you are Mr. Backus."

"Yes," said Backus. "Joe—Ted—would you mind coming over here for a moment? Thanks. Now, dominie, what did you say—about them being married?"

"If it's the same party," said the clergyman. "I refer to the Notz-Hiorns wedding. I understood you to say that they are married."

"Do I understand you to say that they're not?"

"Not by me, certainly, sir. I received a wire from Baybright this morning, telling me not to come until half-past four. I wired Mr. Hiorns in reply that I would be here by the half-past-four boat. The wedding was to be at half-past one, and I wired the time of my arrival at one o'clock. Has there been any confusion?"

Backus turned to his wedding guests. "Was anybody here in the church? Does anybody know if there was a wedding?"

"There wasn't anybody inside except the family, Philo. Bess wanted it private. On account of the circumstances."

"Why, you said they were married, Backus!"

"There was reason to suppose so," I put in. "I certainly heard the girl say so. Is it possible that the wire from the parson here was delivered to them in the church, and that they went home to wait for him? But I heard the girl say she was married."

"But she wasn't," grumbled Backus disgustedly. "I see how it was. She wasn't married at all, and she just said that to stir up Ross Chattock. It's just like her. They weren't married. Here's the dominie, and he ought to know."

"Well, I must say, Philo," said Mrs. Sturt, "that you gave them a perfectly lovely wedding dinner, in any event. It's no reflection on you, Philo."

"I should say not, Sadie," said Mrs. Fairlie. "Everything was just lovely."

Backus thanked them, but he looked melancholy, seeming to feel a reproach on his management.

To make conversation, I said, "I miss quite a few of the people who were here last Fourth of July."

"Quite a few of them have moved out of Pacific," he said sourly. "The Beasneys, De la Pommerais, the Brembridges, Geach and the Winspears. Well, it's a free country, but it's too bad so many houses are on the market just when I was thinking of getting out myself."

"You're thinking of leaving Pacific, Mr. Backus?"

"I'll tell it to you, Nippers. I'll give it to you straight. There's altogether too much drinking in this village. I'm no fanatic, and I love this little spot of earth, but there's altogether too much booze."

"I think so myself," I agreed. "Lots of others think the same, though they haven't the courage to come out with it like you do, but write anonymous letters."

"Anonymous letters?" he repeated, pulling himself together and looking at me sharply. "Who's been writing anonymous letters?"

"Here's one," I said, passing him a sample letter. "Do you recognize that writing, Mr. Backus? That one lays an information against Albert the ex-steward of the club. It's our policy never to disclose the author of an anonymous letter, but it can't do any harm to show it to the man who wrote it."

"See here, Nippers, what are you trying to get off? Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm a Federal agent, Mr. Backus. Sent here to investigate the conditions complained of in these anonymous letters."

"Mr. Nippers, between ourselves, I don't mind acknowledging that letter. That speak-easy has been a plague spot in this village. That scoundrel has been selling to everybody and anybody who has the price."

"That's business, Mr. Backus."

The fluttering roar of an airplane overhead smothered our conversation. It was the sight-seeing plane that had been operating on the beach, but now it was coming from the direction of Baybright. It tobogganed down to a landing out on the hard sand beyond the dunes. While I was watching it an officer and man in Coast Guard uniform had approached me.

"Hello, Mr. Nippers," said the officer. "Here's the man from the Point o' Beach station that you applied for. Sign for him, please, and you may have him."

"Fine," I said, complying. "Spells his name without an *h*, I believe. Hello, Jonson."

I went inside and got Price the bootlegger and Albert of the speak-easy and brought them out. The officer marched off.

"Just a minute, Nippers," said Backus, drawing me aside. "The policy of your organization is not to bother private citizens, I believe."

"Our policy," I said carefully, "is to enforce the law. As a matter of practice, we find that it doesn't pay to bother with the petty consumer."

"Doesn't pay, eh?" he said with a jolly smile and wink.

"Even looking at it in your way—for revenue only. Price has just offered me two thousand dollars."

The company was straggling out of the living room and gathering about us, trying to learn what was going on.

It was Mrs. Sturt who cried "Look who's here!"—pointing to three individuals who were coming down the boardwalk from the beach.

The arrivals were Ross Chattock, Bess Hiorns and the aviator.

Young Chattock wore a glad, confident smile and was striding with a swing that was almost too much for Bess. But she kept up with him, hugging his arm and looking up at him with softly shining eyes.

"Hello, Mr. Nippers!" shouted Ross, grasping my hand. "I'll take those congratulations now. Meet the wife!"

He was in frolicsome humor, but he was ready to change if his mood was disagreeable. He balanced himself on the balls of his feet and surveyed the company hardily.

"Married?" cried Mrs. Sturt, putting out her arms to Bess. "Oh, isn't this romantic? He ran away with her! Good boy, Ross. Don't you think it's frightfully romantic, everybody?"

"I don't believe it," said Backus angrily. "It's some trick."

"A trick it was, Mr. Backus," said Ross swaggeringly. "Good afternoon, pastor. Sorry you had your trip down here for nothing, but you were coming to marry the wrong man. I couldn't explain all that to you in the telegram, so I simply asked you to take a later boat. I would have asked you not to come at all, but I didn't know that I could persuade Bess to change her mind. She did, though, an hour or two ago, after first giving me the fright of my life. So we flew right over to Baybright and had it done."

"You'll take that girl right to her parents, Chattock!" snapped Backus.

"That's where we're going."

"And she'll have a chance to change her mind again. I happen to know that she's not eighteen until next month, and that means she can annul this silly marriage if she wishes. I'll see Mr. Hiorns about this at once. It's a scandal. You abducted her. I give you warning that I'm a peace officer in this village, with full police powers."

The aviator pulled my sleeve. "You're Mr. Nippers, aren't you? I have a letter for you."

He gave me a note from my superior:

——— and therefore you must report here at once. The boat that was to meet you at Pacific has been sent down east to meet this new emergency. Return by this plane, with or without prisoners, but it is of vital importance that you be here without the least delay.

"How many can that plane carry?" I asked the aviator.

"Two, besides myself."

"Can't you carry at least three passengers?"

"Without crowding, he means," put in Jonson, the delinquent Coast Guard. "Don't crowd yourself, fellow, just for us."

"Impossible, Mr. Nippers," replied the aviator flatly. "It wouldn't take off. The tide's coming in and the sand is soft."

Mr. Backus, abandoning his wrangle, moved to where I was standing with Price, Albert and Jonson. I lifted a hand to stay any suggestion from him.

"Have you a jail here, Mr. Backus?"

"Oh, no. We've never needed one. But if I may say a private word to you, Nippers ——."

"No."

From the dignified countenance of Mr. Backus, my gaze wandered to the Coast Guard who had betrayed his service, to the bootlegger who had begun to do business in a big way, to the soulless speak-easy chap who peddled booze to boys and girls. I could take only one. Who was the principal in this choice group? Whose removal was most likely to restore Pacific to its former status as a safe and decent family resort? It was a problem, and I had to solve it under the gun. I made my decision. I pointed to my man.

"You! Get in the plane! Right now!"

"You mean me?" he cried, striking his breast. "What about ——"

"Never mind them," I said. "Come, forward, march!"

And that is how I came to make this arrest at Pacific last fall, bringing down on myself much unfavorable criticism and occasioning innuendoes. I'm not questioning the integrity of the people who made the outcry, and I ask them not to question mine. As I said before, there was room for an honest difference of opinion. I don't suppose this statement will satisfy everybody, but I felt that it should be made.

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BULL TAVERN

(Continued from Page 5)

any time prior to that disastrous date. Though he was constantly comparing today with yesterday to the calamitous detriment of the modern age, he was, nevertheless, cheerful by disposition as well as by long training in the tradition of the public host.

"Doc tells me, boys, I'm too fat. He says any sudden movement and perhaps up will go my toes to kick the bucket. Now let me ask you—has anybody here or anywhere else, alive or dead, ever seen me make a sudden movement?"

They would roar with laughter, not through filial flattery but with genuine mirth. Death hovers around some old people, throwing its shadow on the passer-by, but there are others who in spite of great age dispense so vital an aura that the thought of their imminent dissolution can gain a foothold only as a joke. Of such was Jasper Bull.

"Ease is my middle name," he would continue, "and ease is what's gone out of these foolish times. Shakes and fever of the body has been your portion, boys, and it seems like Laurie, Young and George was born to shakes and fever of the mind. In my day nobody was ever expected to hurry unless it was a hostler, but now every man is cracking a whip over his own head. No masters and men any more; only one solid low-lying mass of hostlers driving themselves to death."

"Guess you're right, father. Motor cars, tractors, lime drills, corn seeders—and the other day I seen where a young fellow went to Ireland in a flying machine."

"Pah! You grow more corn, but can you eat any more? You move faster, but do you think you're going to live as long as me? They tell me wages are high, but what can you buy for ten dollars that I couldn't get for three? Gallons of gas and oil, gas and oil, when all we needed was our own corn and two tins of harness soap a year! When did I ever make a sudden movement? I bowed two inches from the hip to the finest gentleman in the land and four to his lady, but I did it so slow they thought my forelock touched the ground."

"That's right," murmured Aunt Laura, who was older than any of her brothers; "they used to stand stock-still waiting for his head to come up, but he never lost sight of a man's choker or the third button on a woman's bodice."

"What a funny place for buttons!" remarked Laurie, encouraged that she had been able to enter unnoticed.

Her aunt was sitting in the evening light beside a window, preparing to thread a needle, but the male members of the family and two flashy young men, evidently city-bred friends of Young, were still gathered in a loose group around that end of the table where sat Jasper Bull in the famous broad armchair of his own invention. It had short rockers with safety buttons on the ends and a contraption by which he could release two hickory bows. When they were curved the rocker rocked, but when they lay flat it became a solid throne.

Somebody would be sure to shout, "Nothing to eat—the girl gets nothing to eat!" thought Laurie. Then they would take sides for and against with astonishing rapidity, considering that the line-up was never twice the same from one week to another. Only Elmer, her father, fully as round, though not nearly so fat as Grandfather Jasper Bull, would hold out from the general bedlam long enough to make sure of the old man's stand; then he would break the tie among the menfolk by casting the deciding vote accordingly. There was nothing weak or servile in his emulation of his monumental father; it was more as if he were in thoughtful training to receive the mantle of Elijah. Should the die be cast against her, there was always Aunt Laura in the background, waiting to feed her later in the kitchen or prepared to smuggle her supper to her room.

But tonight she was met by silence from the men and by consternation from her aunt. The thread she had been about to moisten stopped halfway to her lips.

"Why, Laurie!" she gasped. "What has happened?"

"Nothing," said Laurie. "I'm late—that's all."

"All!" exclaimed Young angrily.

He flushed with embarrassment as he cast a sheepish look at his friends. Eyes on the floor, they were pretending they had not seen her, but the quirk of their lips betrayed them. Quite evidently they were brothers, though Rex, the elder, had dark hair, while Berry, his junior by three years, was startlingly tow-headed. Berry, with unreadable china-blue eys, full lips and a mocking expression, looked harmless and foolishly vain, but Rex was of another type.

Some strain of the castaway Spanish blood which filtered into Ireland over three centuries ago and has been playing biological tricks ever since must have endured in his veins. Without boasting any striking regularity of feature, he still caught the eye and held it to unwilling admiration of a beauty obscured by clouds, a sort of luxuriance gone wild and choked by its own weeds.

The mere sight of him aroused Laurie to combat—a feeling she naturally mistook for instant dislike. She dismissed him promptly from her consciousness, diverted by an attack from a fresh quarter.

"Looks to me like she been on a coon hunt all by herself," suggested Uncle Jap, his eyes roving around in anticipation of approbation, "and the critter sure give her a chase."

"Stealing strawberries," chimed in George helpfully, "and the farmer caught her."

"Aren't you ashamed to stand there like that?" asked her aunt in a low voice. "Go pin up your dress and wash the blood off your face."

"I'm hungry," said Laurie.

"Do as your aunt tells you," ordered her grandfather, "and then we'll see about your eating what's left on the table. No hot vittles for a tomboy that can't hear the supper bell."

She went to her room with leaden feet, but was galvanized into action by her first glance at the mirror. No wonder she had taken their wind! Her hair hung in wisps. Her face, even after scrubbing, would show one deep scratch and two shallow ones. Her frock was much more shamefully torn than she had thought, and there were ladders in both her stockings broad enough to increase a general impression of nakedness. She prepared to wash and then drew upon her scanty store of fresh clothes.

During her absence from the main room Berry ventured to draw a flask.

"Outside, young man," said Jasper Bull, speaking pleasantly but with no hesitation. "Lord knows this room has seen plenty of drinking, but it's never put up with robbery in any shape or form, coming or going."

"I was going to offer you a shot that would remind you of old times," said the pale-haired youth.

"Not for me, thank you just the same," said Jasper with a slow and courteous nod. "I suppose you boys think that being hidden away back of nowheres we could've kept up our trade like there wasn't any law and made a mint of money."

"Sure!" said Rex with a puzzled frown. He leaned forward interestedly. "Why didn't you?"

"Well, that's just why we couldn't—because ninety-nine people out of a hundred have brains geared the same as yours," continued Mr. Bull with a mollifying chuckle. "Ninety-nine out of a hundred can't help including a lot of the state and county police, and if I've got one pleasure left in life, it's seeing the face of a bug-eyed sawdust-throated trooper on a hot day when he finally lets himself believe that the reason he don't get a drink is because there ain't any."

All laughed heartily except Rex. "Never touch it myself," he muttered. "Never had a drink in my life."

For an instant Jasper Bull lost his habitual air of raillery and cheer and his eyes gleamed from amid a vast expanse of sober face.

"Then the more shame to you for peddling it," he remarked in a low tone. Young looked up in surprise.

"Come on, Berry, we'd better be getting started," said Rex, scowling. "How about it, Young? Can you tear yourself away?"

He had half risen as he spoke, but sank slowly back in his chair when Laurie slipped into the room, got herself a clean plate and began collecting an excellent cold supper. She had run a comb through her hair and tied it at the back of her neck, changed into another frock and put on fresh stockings. High-heeled slippers had taken the place of her sandals and the tap of her quick footsteps now made a music all its own.

Rex drew a quivering breath of surprise more than of wonder as he stared. Dark hair and blue eyes. Color burned beneath the glaze into her cheeks by the warm sun. Real red in her lips—not that phony salve—and a figure to knock you cold! He was stricken by doubt. Was this the same girl he had seen a scant five minutes ago, or was it another?

"I thought you were in a hurry, Rex," said Young from the door. "How long do you want us to wait?" His whole manner had changed and there was an exultant lilt in his voice as he turned to his sister. "Come out here a minute, Laurie. I've got something to show you."

She set down the plate and followed him out to the portico. "What is it, Young? I'm starving."

"Have a look at my new car."

"Not yours, Young!"

He laughed with pleasure at the awe in her tone. "Whose did you think it was? We just ran down to park the old flivver. All they wanted to allow me on it was fifty bucks, and I said I'd sooner give it to my sister for her birthday."

There was a long pause before she murmured with caught breath, "But you were joking, weren't you? Just talking?"

"No joke except the flivver being what it is. Want it and it's yours."

"Oh, Young!"

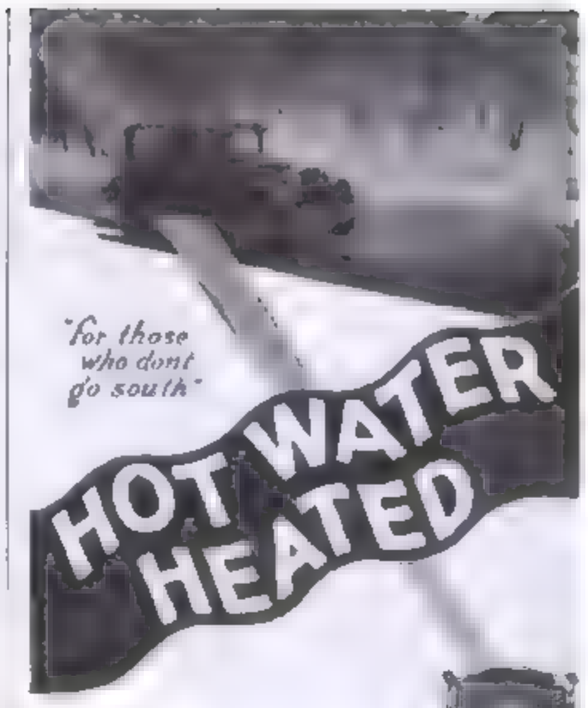
She made a movement as if to throw her arms around his neck, but he dodged her and was gone to join his friends. They climbed into the roadster three abreast. There was a spluttering roar and presently its headlights lit up a pale-green bank of foliage only to plunge into the cavern of the narrow road and leave blackness behind. She descended the shallow step to the lawn, laid her hand caressingly on the crumpled mud guard of her new possession and for a time forgot she was hungry.

II

LAURIE slept in a small four-poster bed which looked frail but to all intents and purposes was eternal. As it always had been, so it was today, and nothing short of fire or an ax could prevent it from lasting forever. It was so placed in the largest of the gabled rooms that if she turned her head one way she faced only shadows, but if she turned it the other she looked out into high trees.

The nearest of these happened to be a white pine planted by some dead and buried Bull—the only white pine for miles around. The black level bars of its limbs and its dark green tufts of needles, truncated and framed by the tall window, formed an exotic pattern which reminded her of a Japanese print she had seen at school and by that faint suggestion never

(Continued on Page 106)



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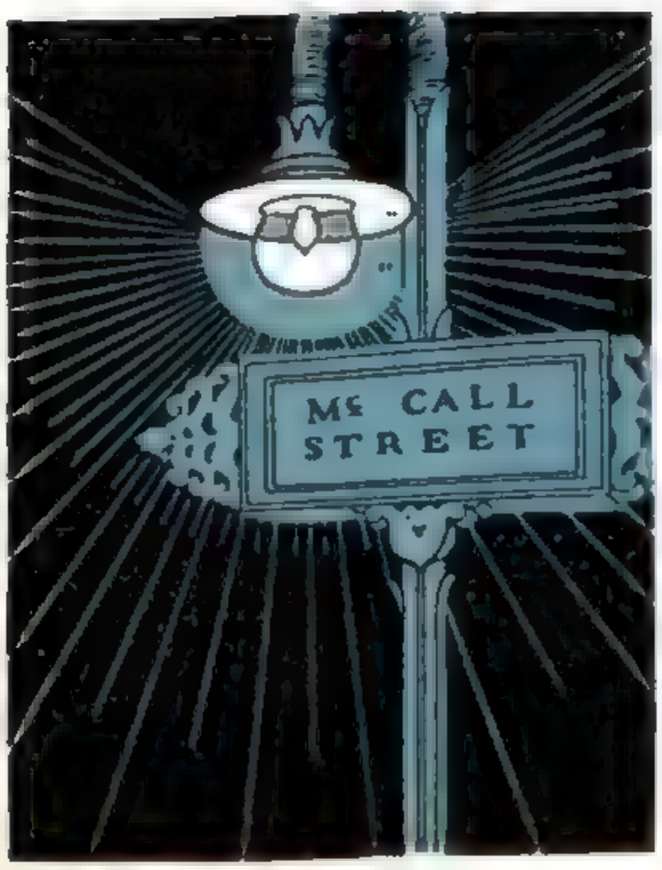
"THIS IS MY SON"

Overhead a star, radiant in an unearthly glory, hovers as if to announce a miracle. The simple shepherds push through the door, standing in awe before an event they can only dimly comprehend. Three Wise Men from the East, bringing gifts kneel in adoration . . . But Mary is thinking not of the star, nor of the shepherds, nor yet of the Wise Men. She is dreaming of the years in which

He shall be hers to care for . . . to nurse . . . to protect. ✒ Of the time when He shall be grown in strength and wisdom and she shall find herself saying in her mother's pride, "This is my Son". ✒ And then of the day when He shall be ready to do His work in a man's world—remembering the precepts He learned at her knee—holding to a vision of what is good, even though it lead to a Cross.

Only to a mother is it given to know wholly the beautiful story of the Nativity. Only a mother can know the hopes . . . the fears. Only a mother can know the true spirit of Christmas—to give without thought of thanks or expectation of reward.



McCALL'S

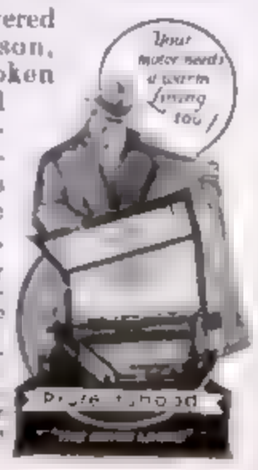
A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

Spare the Choke . . . and Save the Car!

ARE you beginning to choke your car to death? Permitting raw gas to drench the cylinders?

You pay heavily for this cold weather habit. But you can avoid this abuse to your car by installing a Protectahood. Protectahood—the perfect insulation—keeps cold outside and engine heat inside the hood. This retained heat assures a quick-starting motor, without excessive use of choke.

New cars delivered late in the season, which must be broken in during cold weather, especially need Protectahood. It helps limber up the starter and motor.



Your dealer will gladly show you how Protectahood can save your car and safeguard your pocketbook all year 'round. Or if you want further facts, write for our pamphlet "The Silver Lining"

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WARMS MOTOR QUICKLY
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PROLONGS MOTOR LIFE
PROVIDES BETTER LUBRICATION
PROTECTS HOOD LUSTER

PROTECTAHOOD
The Silver Lining FOR ALL CARS

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(Continued from Page 103)

failed to give her a sense of freedom and distance. It was as if far places could be made to come to Bull Tavern, which was convenient and lovely if you hadn't the money to go to them.

But on this second dawn of her nineteenth year she was vexed with the pine because it obstructed the view of the stripped touring car even when she ran across to the window in her bare feet, which was against the rules. It was absurd the way she felt about the little car. She had driven, fought, conquered and hated it many a time, but now she knew only a tender and excited affection for the dilapidated machine simply because it had become her own. All she had to do was to earn or wheedle enough money to fill its gas tank and she could go anywhere in reason, even across the Barrens—the bugaboo of prouder cars. She could drive the length of Stow Creek, for instance. She need never walk four miles again.

Her thoughts drifted off to an ending as vague as the fading out of the majority of the Barrens roads, so pleasant while they lasted, so ineffectual in their diffuse conclusions. She played with a thought as a cat plays with a mouse, putting off the actual killing of it as long as possible. The man in the boat was thus barred from her mind, though he was permitted to stand outside the closed door. His predecessor, the sinister person seen upside down, was eliminated completely; even such lasting evidence as the scratches on her face could not give him substance or earn him credence. It was as though he had never been.

Young's two citified friends fared better and worse. She was no unsophisticated flower of the wilds in the ancient poetical sense, because the conditions which once made that floral phenomenon plausible if not possible have passed forever. The traditional pose of city looking down on country has been largely reversed, and Laurie had a confident feeling it would be easier for her to make fools of the two uneasy youths than for them to have made a fool of her.

If she had tried to put her estimate of them in words, she would have said that in appearance they were above the average, but that as soon as they spoke they became somehow lopsided. Something she was accustomed to find in men—not polish or grammar or manners, for Bull Tavern held all these at a discount—was lacking. She could not have defined the missing quality, but whatever it was, both Rex and Berry were conscious of its absence and would like to have had it. In spite of shrewd eyes that missed nothing, they had an air of being It in a game of blindman's buff.

Too impatient to wait for breakfast, which was at six, she hurried down and went for a short ride. She had been out early before, but never so early as this. The dawn had a cold finger—not cold like an icicle or wet like spring water—but cold like a cool hand. The whole earth was young and smelled like a child fresh from its bath. She drove back into the yard just as the gong was struck. There was a note of exasperation in the sound, as if Laurie vagabonding at six in the morning was a straw too much.

"You'll hear from Young," said her father, "when I tell him you've been using up his gas, running his car around for nothing."

"It isn't his car," retorted Laurie.

"Whose is it then?" asked George quickly.

"It's mine," she answered. "Young and Aunt Laura were the only ones who remembered yesterday was my birthday."

"Was it now?" said Jasper Bull with a touch of remorse. He pretended to scorn lying in bed mornings, but, as a matter of fact, he was far more comfortable once he was up and established in his versatile chair. "So it was, Laurie girl, so it was." His moment of contrition bore fruit. "Elmer, get me a five-dollar bill."

"Where am I going to find that much money?" began her father. "With the seed we've had to ——"

"Get me the bill," interrupted his father.

Elmer looked at his son and nodded. George disappeared none too willingly and returned presently with five one-dollar notes. Grandfather took and held them for a moment between disdainful fingers. "Where are the solid old silver cart wheels that used to give weight to a man's pocket?" he asked on a near-plaintive note. "They've rolled away—rolled away down the long, long hill. They'll never come back, no more than the hogsheads of whisky that rolled from Drunken Bridge. There you are, Laurie. This is from Elmer, George and me, to buy gas and string for your new car."

"Oh, grandfather! Thank you—thank you all. But it isn't new, you know."

"That's why I threw in the string," said Jasper with an absent nod. "Plenty of string with an old harness. String has pulled many a heavy load out of a bog."

When the able men were gone to the fields and her aunt upstairs, she sat on, keeping the old man company for an hour as was her custom. The habit arose from no sense of duty, for it was numbered among her pleasures. She liked to hear him talk early in the day better than at any other time, because his mind seemed to partake of the crystal quality in the air. It magnified without blurring the past and seemed to give her several lives to live besides her own. Just now she was unusually curious.

"How did they ever come to call it Drunken Bridge?" she asked.

"You know where it stands, don't you?"

"Of course. Why, it's only a few minutes by the old path!"

"That's it. . . . Well, Laurie, it marked the top of tidewater, so to speak. A boat could get up that far along Stow Creek and no farther, and tie up to the bank. Then we'd warp the hogsheads of whisky out of her, wrap each one on 'em with a couple of saplings to act like wheels under their bellies, roll 'em across the creek by Drunken Bridge, which is how it got its name, and trundle 'em all the way along the path to our cellar door. We paid for man power with a grog apiece, and it was a lot cheaper and quicker than carting by the long road around the bend."

Laurie sat entranced before the resurrection of a vivid scene. She beheld the broad-beamed sloop with furled sail, disgorging its barrels on the sylvan shore. She saw men and boys crowding around, making a game of labor. And then the procession, like some distorted Bacchic festival—the parade through the laughing woods, led by a startled, protesting, fat-bellied hogshead of unwilling and uncertain tread. She could hear it grunting, see it holding back protestingly, only to be propelled forward by undignified heavy rushes.

Immersed in recollection, old Jasper's face took on a benign expression and his head threatened to nod. That would never do.

"Grandfather, please don't go to sleep."

"The old sleep by day, the young by night. I don't sleep very well nights, Laurie."

"Don't you? I sleep terribly hard at night. . . . Tell me, grandfather, what is it that looks like a sort of spear, only it isn't—a long iron rod, twisted into a handle at one end and with a blunt hook at the other."

"How thick is this here rod?"

"Not very thick. About a quarter of an inch, I guess."

"Then that would be a terrapin hook. Where did you see it?"

"It was lying across the thwarts of a little boat a man was poling down Stow Creek."

"That would be it—a terrapin hunter. He goes along the muddy bottoms and when he sees the right kind of frothy bubble he knows where Mr. Terrapin is lying snug. He runs his rod straight down till it hits the critter's shell, slips it under and gives it a twist so the hook catches. Then he hauls up hard, turning the turtle over on his back in the ooze, and takes his time digging him out. Them terrapins are worth a heap of money nowadays."

"What—what for?"

"Vittles—fancy vittles."

Seeking some excuse to use the car, Laurie remembered the desultory mail. No rural delivery passed the isolated entrance to Bull Tavern, and presently she was on her way to Shiloh Village. Arrived at the general store, she was handed no letters, but four packages of varying sizes, all addressed to herself. She sped back to Bull Tavern, took possession of the corner of the main room farthest from her dozing grandfather and opened the parcels one after the other.

There were some solemn books from Aunt Martha, the educator, and an absurd scapular from Aunt Beulah, buried in the sisterhood where Laurie had had her schooling gratis. From Aunt Mary came a pamphlet and folders, proving from mathematical data founded on the proportions of the Pyramid that ten years of great tribulation would start on a specified date at 3:48 in the afternoon, Greenwich time.

These three presents left Laurie cold. Why were people always giving you things they thought you ought to have instead of what they knew you wanted? But upon opening the fourth package, though its contents were if anything the most futile of all, she could not help but smile forgivingly. Aunt Jane, four times divorced and living in that beyond-world known as California, had sent her, through a famous New York florist, a dozen dark red roses.

Gazing upon the wreckage of the wilted petals, Laurie's face sobered without turning sad. She could not remember ever having seen this aunt whose astonishing peregrination had begun about the time she was born, and yet she had a feeling that she knew her better than any of the others—better even than the ever-present Aunt Laura. There were people who simply couldn't believe cut flowers would fade, however often they had witnessed the catastrophe, and Aunt Jane happened to be one of them.

As a matter of record, Laurie was not particularly mystified by any of her aunts. What struck others as extraordinary—that five such women should have sprung from a tavern keeper—seemed to her most natural simply because she was of Bull Tavern stock herself. Briefly stated, it was her opinion that as far as the women were concerned the family was one of nuts, the distinction of a nut being contentment within its chosen shell and let the rest of the world go hang.

The one common factor shared by all was a wholehearted thoroughness. Thus Martha ranked education above the totality of the major emotions; Mary believed so hotly in something of no importance that she could devote her entire life to making others believe it too; while Sister Beulah and hydra-surnamed Jane represented the extremes of suppressed and unsuppressed desires. Only Laura stood apart, equally thorough with the rest, but different in that she had no dangling roots. Where she had been planted, there she had grown.

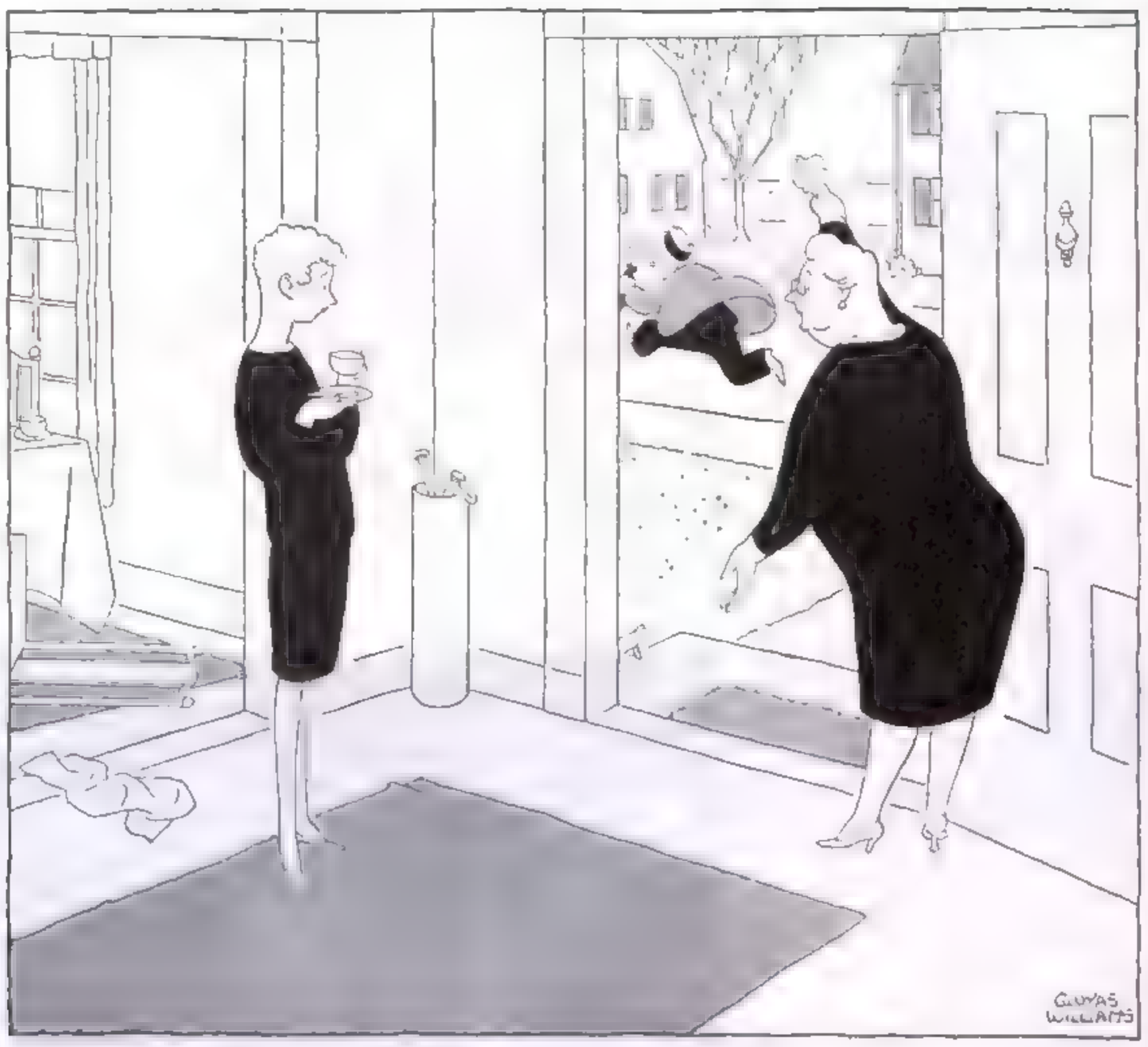
For all its outer dilapidation and stripped appearance, Young had kept the mechanism of his old touring car in tiptop shape. Unknown to a family remarkable for its powers of letting each individual attend to his own affairs he had been engaged for some time in the new and highly specialized vocation of pathfinder, and could not afford to have his machine lie down on him. It was his boast, frequently made good, that he could route a truck from various points in South Jersey through a hundred miles without seeing over a house to the mile or a man to five miles throughout the entire journey.

Laurie never knew how much she profited by the resulting fundamental soundness of her battered car. Moved by the same common sense which she applied to feeding the chickens, she greased it, fed it water, oil and gas, and was never surprised that whatever adjuncts were scraped off or fell by the wayside the machine itself would still go. She grew to believe in its infallibility by a gradual process, and as is the mysterious way of

(Continued on Page 109)

(THE WALLOPS)

{ No. 23 of a series. No. 24 will appear December 29. }



Nervous Indigestion . . or what have you?

"Your father," said Mrs. Wallop severely to Lily, "is going to get nervous indigestion unless he stops bolting his breakfast and rushing for the train in the morning."

"Perhaps we can break him of his habit of taking baths," suggested Lily cynically.

"What's *that* got to do with it?" demanded Mrs. Wallop.

"Either that," continued Lily, "or we've got to put in brass pipes. Father just spends *hours* every morning waiting for the water to run clear. You know yourself how red and rusty it is when you turn on the spigot . . . No wonder he's always late and has to gulp his breakfast."

"But your father says brass pipes are so expensive," said Mrs. Wallop waveringly. "Perhaps he ought to stop taking baths—except perhaps on Saturday night."

"Nonsense," said Lily, "how many times have I *proved,* by figures, that it would cost very little for us to have a whole new decent plumbing system with decent brass pipes!"

"Well, maybe," answered Mrs. Wallop. "It would be terrible if your father got nervous indigestion and it would be terrible if . . . I'll speak to him tonight."

Lily is right. It costs comparatively little to replace worn-out plumbing with brass pipes. Cheap pipes are almost certain to mean rusty water and low water pressure. And sooner or later they are bound to leak. Brass pipes are your best safeguard against these troubles.

But remember, all brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is different from ordinary brass pipe because it contains more copper and lead. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak proof joints.

It positively cannot rust and the word "Alpha" together with the new Chase-mark (shown to the left), stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness and satisfaction.

ALPHA CHASE BRASS PIPE

Made from a special kind of CHASE BRASS

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THE CHASE-MARK—IMPORTANT TO YOU!

This mark appears on the various products sold under the Chase name—products such as Chase Bronze Screen Cloth, Chase Copper Roof Gutters and Alpha Brass Pipe. Its importance to you is clear and definite. By the Chase-mark you can now identify quality *in brass or copper products—surely—easily—and* certainly.

It is your certain guarantee that whatever you buy of brass or copper (whether it be brass pipe for your house or a small box of copper rivets!) will be the product of finest workmanship—fair in price—entirely dependable.

A Bike for Christmas

Gee!...the best Christmas we've ever had!

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"Cycle-Logical Ways to Happier Days"

A Post Card Brings It to You

A handsomely illustrated booklet with pictures of America's greatest athletes and why they think there is nothing like cycling for combining the greatest fun ever with splendid exercise—both interesting and instructive.

Just write your name and address on a postal card and mail to

The Cycle Trades of America

Room A-205, Fisk Building, 250 West 57th St., New York City, and you will receive one of these booklets promptly.

Christmas Morning the wide world o'er,
Patter of feet on stair and floor;
Wide eyes gaze at the shining tree,
"Scooters and Bikes! We've got 'em, Gee!"
Cries for Mother and calls for Dad,
"The very best Christmas we ever had!"
For, with Scooters and Bikes to set the pace,
The whole New Year is a merry race.

Your Local DEALER will show latest models

(Continued from Page 106)

so many of the inanimate possessions of man, it responded by acquiring attributes of loyalty and friendship which verged on the human.

Not least of these was its helpful passion for thrift, exemplified by the delivery of twenty-five miles of difficult transport in exchange for every gallon of gas and pint of oil. Some toys and many a pastime would have cost more in essential upkeep, and the flivver was no toy. Its ungainly high-straddling legs went where she asked them to go with the sureness and almost the agility of a pony. Strange at times were her demands, for the wider she roamed, the surer was she to be tempted by faint and long-untraveled trails.

She had little use for the great cement roads which joined Salem to Bridgeton and Bridgeton to Atlantic City or Philadelphia and the outer world beyond. What she cared for most were the Barrens themselves; or, failing them, the fine-spun cobweb of lanes that criscrossed the low-lying country bordering the eastern bank of the Delaware from Penns Grove to Cohansey Creek.

Sheppard's Mills, Head of Greenwich, Bacon's and Strathem's Necks and Wood's Landing, to say nothing of such centers as Canton, Harmersville and Hancock's Bridge, were junctures impossible to avoid, but radiating from them were the uncharted byways leading frequently to dead ends, face to face with the impenetrable mystery of the marshes. Thus far and no farther, even to a flivver. She would sit perched on the back seat for an hour at a time, her soul somehow assuaged while her eyes were defeated by the full yet empty distance.

No vast and lonely marsh but makes this slow and disturbing appeal to the spirit. It lays its grip on attention by overwhelming monotony and holds it by endless variation. Grass, but now all of one color, becomes kaleidoscopic in its changing tints. Subject to no substance, shadows come and go with the wind. Though it be but a mile to unseen open water, the marsh can cup infinity within its level rim. She would turn from it with a sigh, with a sense of belittling frustration; but no sooner was she away than she felt a strange exhilaration, as though she had drunk from some elusive source of power.

She never crossed Stow Creek without glancing downstream almost unconsciously in search of a rhythmic figure and a swiftly gliding boat, but apparently the terrapin hunter had vanished forever and a day. Perhaps she had dreamed him, after all. Perhaps she had made him up out of whole cloth, and herself and the Barrens and Bull Tavern. Perhaps she wasn't here at all and Laurentha Bull was only a silly name riding around by itself in a flivver.

In the woods, dogwood gave way to laurel and laurel to a solid lush greenness without a blossom. The last of the stubborn seared oak leaves had been pushed out by main force by their successors, and the runt pines had inconspicuously changed to their summer suits, the same style and only a shade lighter than their winter garb.

From the fields the scent of clover sprang out on the unwary with a force and suddenness that made the senses reel. Winter wheat was already high and heavy, and driving along its edges one caught one's breath at the sight of a fringe of purple vetch amid its amber-green bordering stalks. It was June.

A glorious splitting thunderstorm with its deluge of rain and hail had beaten the sand in the wood roads of the Barrens hard and flat. The surface water had rushed off through the hollows and now was the time to drive where one had never dared venture before. She rolled along as if on glass toward the lower reaches of Horse Run, and not until it was too late did she see that the road had been cut as if with a knife. She threw in the reverse, but the best the earnest car could do was to stop with an ominous jolt, tilted at an alarming angle, with its two front wheels over the edge.

She cut off the power. Here was a pretty fix, and no need to get out and look. She could not go forward and it was equally impossible to back, so there was nothing to do but wait. At noontime perhaps she could persuade George or her father to bring down the team and haul her out. She wormed up from under the steering gear, perched herself on the back of the seat, put her feet on the wheel, and wrapped her arms around her knees. How still everything was! Why had she never done this before?

She could not have told how long she had been sitting in an immobility as complete as that of the inanimate world about her when she heard a distant whispering rustle, magnified by the megaphone of silence. The disturbance was repeated at intervals, coming nearer with each outbreak, until she realized it was caused by somebody making a leisurely approach along the hollow. Strangely enough, once the intruder had come into sight, he seemed to be making no sound whatever.

It was the terrapin hunter, but today he was barefoot, with his trousers rolled to his knees. He carried his iron rod as before, and kept his eyes on the ground, but whether in search of the betraying bubbles or merely to make sure of his footing she could not say. She held her breath as she watched him; her eyes shone with mischief and her lips quivered, but she would not let them smile—not yet.

Totally unconscious of a presence, he came nearer and nearer, until he almost stubbed his toe against a half-buried wheel. He threw up his head and their eyes met. He stared and she stared, all inclination to smile gone in this sudden challenge to a contest. She was only recently out of her childhood, and it is an established fact that the stare of a child is practically unconquerable by any fully matured male. The man not only surrendered but made capitulation complete with a broad smile.

"Hello, catbird."

"Hello," said Laurie.

"Parking?"

"No."

"Waiting for somebody to drive by, eh?"

"Perhaps." She tried not to flush or otherwise show her exasperation at being kidded. Her eyes wandered vaguely away. "I was just sitting here," she explained, "listening to the terrapins."

He looked her over quizzically, taking in the soles of her feet, her pretty legs, her short skirt discreetly held tight by her elbows, her bare arms and her linen frock, open at the throat. There his eyes paused as though he or they rebelled at going higher, but presently they rose again to her face. It was lovely, not so much by reason of its contours as on account of its moist and animated freshness. In the shadow of the woods, her blue eyes were dark as slate—darker than her brown hair and almost as black as the upturned lashes above them.

"You're a queer kid," he said finally.

"Yes," she murmured, giving him a slanting glance. "Everybody notices it. They say I'm so different because I mind my own business and never meddle."

He frowned and smiled at the same time, then turned entirely grave and nodded his head slowly. "Have you got a jack?"

"No. These cars never have jacks—they borrow them."

He stood off, studied the dropped wheels, nodded his head again, let fall his iron rod and walked away. When he came back carrying a log she had not moved. He went off to get another, and when he returned with it, still she had not stirred. He worked systematically but apparently without exertion. First, he burrowed until he could thrust an end of each log under the front axle, one log slanting off sharply downstream and the other up. Then he picked up the far butt of the one on her left and raised it with such surprising suddenness and ease that she was all but hurled from her precarious perch.

"Don't mind me!" she snapped, saving herself with a scramble.

"I won't," said the methodical stranger, as he swung upstream until he could set the end of the log on the farther bank of the washout. He repeated the operation in reversed direction with the other log, whereupon the car found itself once more on an even keel, though grotesquely suspended as if it had started to leap the gully and had remained miraculously poised halfway. No longer could Laurie sit with her feet perched on the wheel. She slipped into the driver's seat and knew that, having started the engine, all she need do to escape from her predicament would be to throw in the reverse and back away.

"You have been very nice," she said primly, "and I thank you."

"Not at all," he muttered, as he stooped to pick up the terrapin hook. He looked around aimlessly, anywhere but at her, and started down the run.

She watched him go with a queer flutter inside of her. What a beast she had been, what an unsmiling, ungrateful little hypocrite. Somebody who wasn't Laurie, whom she didn't know at all and heartily disliked, had been sitting in her skin, showing off and being fresh as paint.

"Wait a minute, please," she called out. He stopped as the boat had stopped on that long-ago day in answer to the plunged pole, but again he did not look around. "Please come back."

Still he hesitated, his head hanging, then he turned as though reluctantly and came slowly toward her. She was sorry she had called to him. All the fun had gone out of his eyes and his face was set in a mask that excluded her—as if she were not around—as if she were the last thing he was thinking about or cared to be bothered with.

"What do you want? Can't you crank the thing yourself?"

"I wasn't worrying about that," she said, flushing hotly at something in his tone—something she had never encountered before and could neither name nor understand.

"You must have wanted something or you wouldn't have called me back."

"Yes, I wanted something—I wanted to tell you I'm not really an awful beast," said Laurie, and added desperately: "It—it was somebody else sitting in my skin."

He smiled in spite of himself. "That's all right," he said comfortingly. "I knew that little stuck-up smart Annie wasn't you."

She looked at him doubtfully. "My name isn't Annie—it's nothing like Annie."

"What is it then?"

"It's Laurie Bull—Laurentha Bull—but they never call me Laurentha—only Laurie."

He nodded gravely. "Laurie or Laurentha—either one of them is a lovely name and you're a lucky girl to have them both." He sat down on the bank, fixed the iron rod for a rest against two saplings and leaned back luxuriously, his hands clasped behind his head. "Will you do me a favor, Laurie?"

"Perhaps it's something hard—perhaps it's something I can't do—even if I can."

"Oh, no. It's easy enough."

He released his hands, closed his fingers over his lips and produced a rasping call, faint, from far away. Instantly her eyes shone with fun, even while her face remained blank with admiration for the perfection of his skill. Then she took up the challenge; she answered from far away.

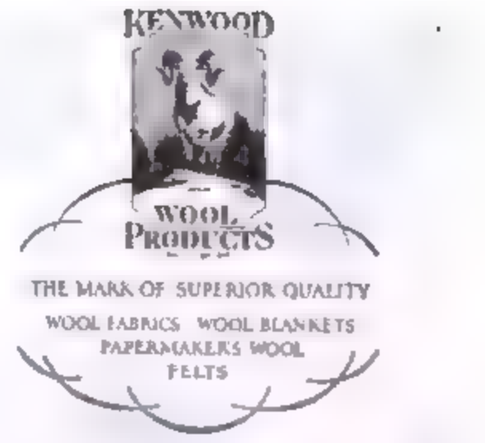
He led her nearer and nearer with such antics of sound that she would have burst with laughing had she not been so intent on performing adequately her own share in the game. Gradually, almost without her knowing just how and when it happened, he carried her up and up, until suddenly she had swirled into the air on a torrent of whistled song. He sat through it with folded arms and hanging head.

"Oh, what's the matter?" she asked disappointedly when her eyes had come down from the skies. "What's happened?"

"Nothing," he said, looking up, but not at her. "That was the favor—that's what I wanted. Do you remember that day when I caught you lying on your back?"

"Yes," she said hurriedly.

"I shouted for you to stop—that I wanted to tell you something, but you ran.



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Your suits have a surprising way of wearing out just when you've begun to feel you are friends at last.

Serviceability in your business suits is, perhaps, the quality you most desire.

Yet they must possess the other two attributes of the perfect suit—comfort and distinguished appearance.

KENWOOD ALL WOOL FABRICS

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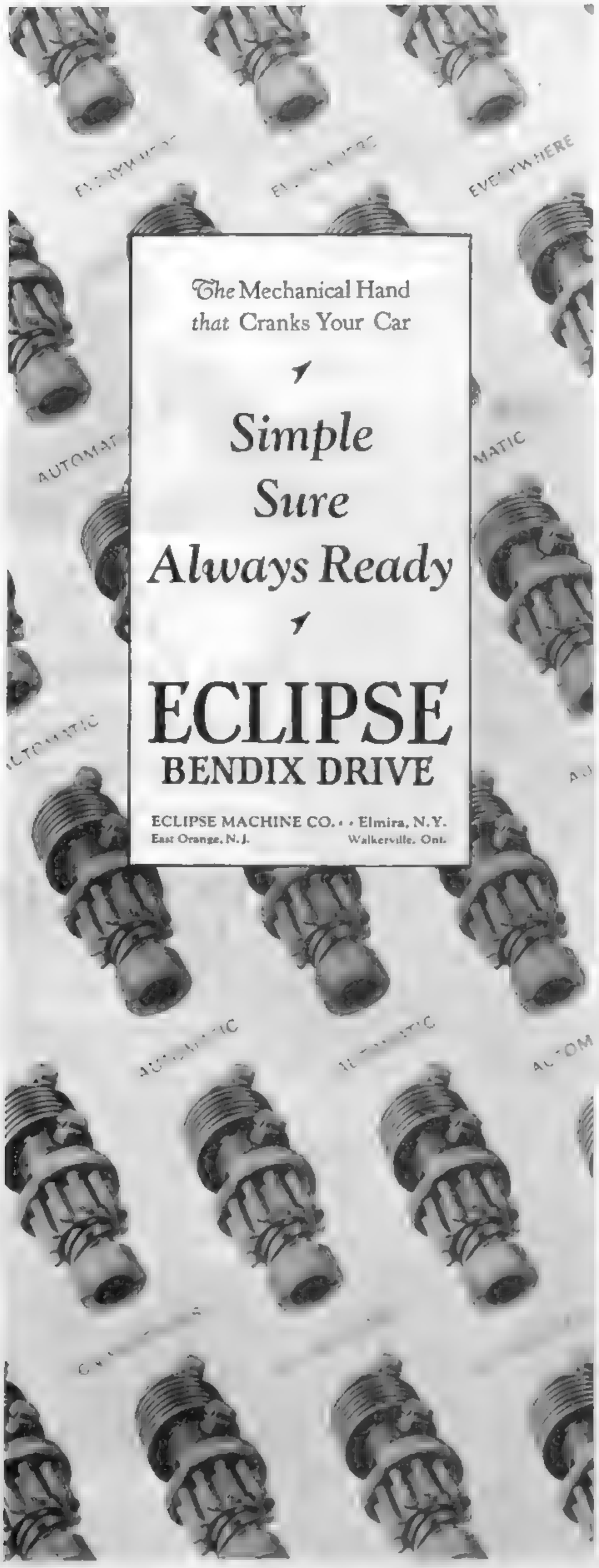

Large gods and little fishes, how you did run!"

"I think you're funny," said Laurie soberly.

"Funny? Me?"

"The way you talk."

"Why? You can understand me, can't you?"

She studied his mud-plastered feet fixedly. "Yes, I can understand you all right. I can understand almost anybody, from an idiot to my Aunt Martha, and she's the queen of the highbrows. What I meant is that you don't talk barefoot."

"Oh," he said quietly and with respect for her shrewdness. "Sometimes you're entirely grown up, Laurentha, and sometimes you're not. Haven't you the least curiosity as to what I wanted to tell you on that first day—and what I'm thinking of telling you now if you'll let me?"

"Only thinking? Is it something nice?"

He frowned. "That's why I'm only thinking. I don't know whether it would be a favor or a dirty trick to tell you that you could earn a fair amount of money very easily."

"How much?"

"Fifty to a hundred dollars a week."

"A week!" she gasped. "A hundred dollars in one week?"

"Your expenses would have to come out of that, and the expenses of whoever went along with you. It isn't much, after all. I mean it wouldn't be equal to getting ten a week around here."

"What would I have to do?"

"Whistle."

"Is that all—just whistle?"

"Yes—and no. You'd only have to whistle ten or fifteen minutes three times a day. But you'd have to travel. Lord, how you'd have to travel! One-night stands. Greasy dressing rooms, with greasy girls borrowing your make-up. Stuffy trains and cheap rattletrap hotels. Fresh Alecks on the corner and johnnies at the stage door. I'm sorry I said anything—really I am."

"Perhaps I wouldn't be good enough anyway," said Laurie philosophically.

"There wouldn't be much doubt about that. I know of a girl who couldn't whistle any better than you and she went around the world, took her mother with her, and came home with a small fortune. But even at that, it wouldn't be worth while. You stay away from my rotten tip, Laurie." He scowled. "I can't imagine why I ever gave it."

"You've been calling me Laurie and Laurentha and I haven't been calling you anything. What's your name?"

"My name?" he stalled, frowning more deeply.

"Yes."

"First or second?" he asked, as he got to his feet and picked up the terrapin hook.

"Both. I told you all of mine."

"All right—Dunstan—Hugh Dunstan." He glanced at her curiously, half expectantly, then started down the run, but paused to look back at her over his shoulder. "Say Dunstan to your fat old grandfather."

She gasped as though she had been dashed with a bucket of ice water, then she grew unbearably hot from head to toe. Overwhelming rage shook her and left her limp, inarticulate. But only for a moment. She could feel the hair prickling at the back of her neck, rising like an angry dog's comb, and then she found her tongue.

"You ought to go up to the tavern and lick his shoes! I hate you! I loathe you! Ragamuffin! Mud turtle! Mud turtle!"

Words were not enough to release the flood within her. Her voice broke. She dropped her head in her arms and sobbed, but Dunstan did not come back.

III

YOUNG'S roadster and a powerful closed car, gleaming under the trees at the head of the lawn, could be seen from a distance. Laurie sped to take the rise on high gear so that she might approach the house with as little noise as possible. This time she did not walk straight into the main room, but slipped quietly upstairs. Scratches on the face were one thing—tear marks quite another. She washed them off, freshened herself up generally, for Young's sake more than for that of his company, and went down unhurriedly.

Her father and George had come in from the fields; her aunt was busy helping Fonda, maid of all work, lay the table, and old Jasper was planted as usual in his chair. She looked around eagerly for Young, and her eyes found him in a far corner, deep in whispered conversation with Rex and Berry. Rex was the first to see her, and half rose from his seat on the window settle, only to sink back again with an awkward gesture, neither a bow nor a salute. Young turned.

"Hello, Laurie."

"Hello, Young."

They were nearer to each other in age and in every other way than any other two members of the tribe, but their affection found expression in deeds, never in words or caresses. Young came forward. "You remember the Donovan boys, don't you? This is Berry and that's Rex. . . . Come along, Rex, let's eat."

The midday dinner proved a quiet meal. Nobody seemed especially hungry, but the intervals were allowed to pass in silence—an unusual procedure in that household. To Laurie the air seemed charged with more than that trifling difference. It was as if what talking had had to be done had taken place before her arrival and that some tentative agreement had been concluded. Her aunt was nervous, old Jasper Bull was resigned and George and her father were stolidly content. But she took encouragement from the fact that Young was in high feather.

Rex scarcely turned his eyes from her face. She was conscious of his steadfast gaze, but did not permit it to annoy her to the point of stinting her excellent appetite. Let the others fast if they liked; she was hungry in spite of her recent breakdown, and ate till she no longer felt like eating. Then she raised her eyes swiftly with the intention of paying the young man back in his own coin. She would show him who could stare the longest and with the most vitrified glaze. But he was of no mind to join battle: the moment she looked at him he shifted by an inch and stared at the wall beyond her.

"Laurie," said Young smilingly, when she at last laid down her fork, "if you could put it in writing how to stay as thin as you are, eating the way you do, you could sell it for a million. How would it feel to have a million?"

"I don't know," said Laurie. "From the looks of the car outside, I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Rex could tell you, or his brother."

"Don't call him mister or he might faint," warned Young. "Did anybody ever call you that before, Rex?"

"Not often," muttered Rex, coloring, "but they will. . . . How long are we going to sit around?"

Young sprang to his feet. "Get yourself a coat, Laurie, and come outside."

"Why the coat?"

"Perhaps we'll be going for a long ride."

Any excursion with Young was always a treat, and a few minutes later she stepped out on the portico, a warm wrap thrown over her arm. He and the Donovans were standing just outside the door, waiting for her. Berry leaned against one of the pillars, his hands in his pockets and his lips pursed to a silent whistle. His sleek tow head was actually paler than the sunlight. Rex walked up and down, biting nervously at a frayed toothpick.

"What's it going to be?" asked Laurie, frowning. "Not a funeral?"

The three boys looked at her measuringly, but Young was the first to speak: "Do you want me to lead up to the big news or shoot it all at once?"

"You know best," said Laurie, turning irritably from Rex's solemn gaze only to rebound from Berry's more insolent scrutiny. "Why are you all staring at me?"

"That's it, if you'll only listen," said Young impatiently. "Rex and Berry have

about made up their minds you're what we've been looking for—a headline winner. Rex thinks you're pretty."

She digested the information calmly. Nobody had ever bothered to tell her she was pretty. At Bull Tavern you were good, bad, cold, hot, late or on time, ill or well, clean or a sight, but never pretty. She rather disdained the qualification as savoring of softness.

"He'd better mind his own business."

"You don't get me," explained Young. "He means you're a knock-out. He says that when he saw you after you'd cleaned yourself the last time he was down here, he went out like a light—on his knees and into the sawdust. It's because he's never had any use for any kind of skirt that Berry and I knew we were right. So we've fixed it for you to see old man Donovan, because if he tells the committee you're going to be Miss Hoboken, then that's all there is to it. Right there the rest of the girls can pack up and go."

"Are you through?" asked Laurie, after a lengthy pause.

"Sure!"

"Then tell me what you've been saying."

"It's a beauty contest, Laurie," said Young eagerly. "What's the use of you staying at Bull Tavern all your life? Please, Laurie. If you win anything at all, you've won a lot. You can cash in for plenty if you're only Miss Hoboken, for more if you should get to be Miss New Jersey and a gold mine if you snatch the apple and turn out to be Miss America. . . . Gee!"

"That's silly," said Laurie shortly. "You boys are only dreaming."

"Are we?" murmured Berry, no longer staring at her.

"You don't know old man Donovan—Charlie Donovan," interjected Young hurriedly. "Wait till you see him, Laurie. What's the harm in giving the thing a chance? Don't you want to ride up to Hoboken? I promised I'd get you back tonight."

"How far is it?"

"Two hundred and eighty miles, there and back. You'll hardly know you've been away from home."

Laurie frowned. "Did they say I could go—Aunt Laura and grandfather?"

Young hesitated, but told the truth in the end: "They said it was up to you. If you wanted to go, they wouldn't stop you, but they wouldn't ask you at any price."

"Ask me? Why should they?"

"Well, there's a lot of reasons. For one thing, a little easy money wouldn't hurt the old place or anybody in it. Aw, Laurie, where's the harm? You can take a look, can't you?"

She moved toward him impulsively. She was not dismayed at the thought of staying at Bull Tavern for life; she liked Bull Tavern and all its surroundings. The prospect of a beauty contest was as yet merely a blur in her mind, a mist that dissolved into nothing in the glow of her affection for Young. All she could think of at the moment was that anything he wanted so earnestly was his for the asking.

"Why, of course, Young. If that's the way you feel about it, let's go."

Berry snapped his fingers as if he had thrown a main at dice and turned with a supple movement so swift that it carried an element of surprise; it seemed to belie his recent languid pose. Rex started to follow him and then hesitated.

"What about her riding in the closed car?" he asked, as the remainder of the party moved out from the portico. "Wouldn't she be more comfortable?"

"You bet she wouldn't," said Young promptly. "She rides with me, see?"

"Oh, all right. We'll follow you."

They dodged from Jericho to Aldine and from Aldine to Shirley by dirt roads, but there they struck the great cement highway and headed due north. Laurie loved to ride with Young because he was always taking a chance and getting away with it. You knew he was going to make it, but still there was the funny gasping feeling in the exact center of your stomach that wrecked monotony, turning an everyday journey into an endless thrill.

"Who are these Donovans, anyway?" she asked presently. "That Rex is a stuffed owl and his brother ought to sell himself to a paint factory. Whoever heard of a name like Berry?"

Young laughed. "Can you keep a secret?"

"You ought to know."

"Berry's grandfather was helper in the old country to Lord Beresford's blacksmith, and that's how Charlie Donovan came to name his son Beresford. But if you ever called him that he'd die or throw a slug through you."

"And Rex!" said Laurie with curling lip. "I suppose he was named after William the Conqueror!"

Young laughed again. "Shouldn't wonder if you're right. I tell you, sis, you don't know old man Donovan. Like as not he did it for a joke. You see, four or five years ago he was a teamster at three dollars a day. If you'd told him then he'd live to write his check for a hundred thousand and hardly miss it, he never would have, because he'd have fallen over dead at the thought."

"Only five years ago?"

"Since 1919, anyway. It was this way, Laurie: Charlie was so poor, with a family and everything, that sometimes he'd have to get a single feed of oats for his team on tick. Then one day he hauled a load for a man he didn't know and the guy gave him a fifty-dollar bill. So Charlie said how the hell did he think he was going to change that? And the man said he didn't have to, because he never carried anything smaller, anyway—he couldn't be bothered. So then Charlie thought, of course, the money was phony, but it wasn't."

"I see," said Laurie ironically. "So he stepped out and bought the boys a six-thousand-dollar car."

"You wait!" protested Young—"wait till the old man tells you the story himself, and then let's see you get fresh with him! But that doesn't matter. What matters is his being the biggest boss the West Shore ever saw. If he says you're Miss Hoboken, it's all over. Gee, Laurie! Do you realize there's never been but one Miss New Jersey that made the All-America?"

"I don't know anything about it," said Laurie shortly. "Stop talking and drive for a while."

In spite of her outward appearance of coolness, she was beginning to be disturbed inside, not so much by the news that she was pretty as by the violence with which she had been dragged out of inaction into action. She had a sense of confusion, of being hurled along through a dream without time to fix the sequence of its fictitious events.

The country through which they were tearing wasn't real like the Barrens. The Donovan boys weren't real, either; they were lopsided gnomes with brains bulging out over one ear and in under the other. This Young with his queer jargon wasn't Young at all, or perhaps he was the way Young would be if he were drunk. As for herself, she wasn't Laurie, or Laurentha Bull of Bull Tavern, or a catbird, or anything. She was just an uncomfortable feeling out for a ride.

They split the entire state in two and turned into the Hudson Boulevard on the stroke of four in the afternoon. After a stop at a photographer's, where Laurie was photographed in every conceivable pose, shoulders bare and covered, hair up and hair down, they got under way again and ten minutes later both cars drew up at the door of one of those relics of misguided glory which hang like eyelashes on the beetling brow of the North River on its Jersey side.

Once this had been a fashionable quarter with its majestic, overtopping view of the greatest port in the world, the bay, the spired island of Manhattan and of the northward sweep of a noble river. But today the squat ponderous houses are at the

(Continued on Page 114)

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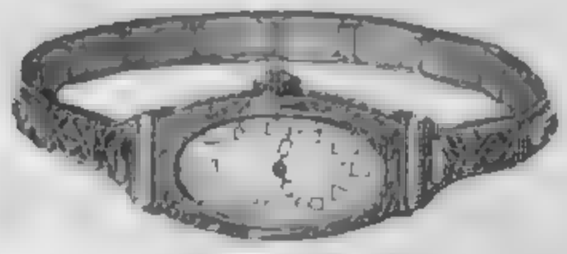
Your jeweler



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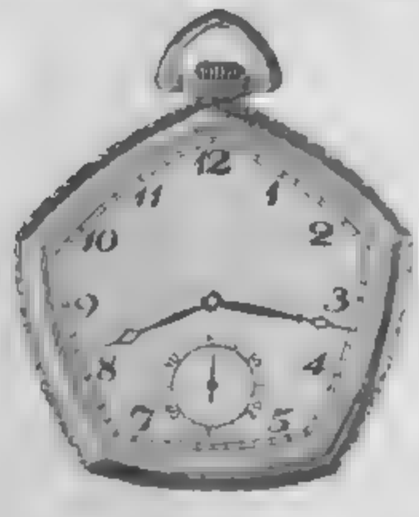
Lady Wadsworth Model

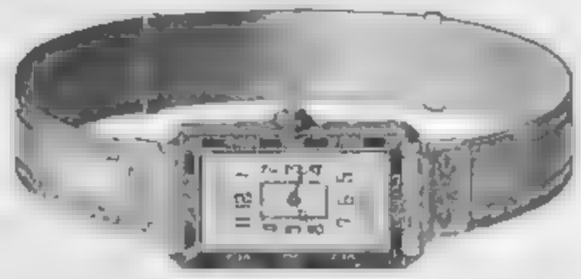
An expansion bracelet style of distinguished beauty, with a special patented construction of links and springs that assures extra strength where most needed. Wadsworth Quality Gold Filled, $5.00 to $8.25



Man's Pocket Watch

CASE BY WADSWORTH

Other watches for both men and women are shown here in cases by Wadsworth



WADSWORTH WATCH BAND

Athena Model

Designed for women. It expands to slip over the hand, is readily adjusted and is held secure by a snap lock. Solid Gold Plain, $20; Decorated $25. Gold Filled Plain, $7.50; Decorated, $8.50. The Olympian Model, for men, is like the Athena, only under

is a gift specialist

Consult him for the helpful advice he alone can give!

AGAIN—that Christmas list! Bigger this year than ever before. New names taking their place alongside the familiar old ones. And the same limited budget that somehow *must* be stretched to include every name, new and old.

"What shall I choose for each one?"

This is a problem—when you try to solve it unaided. But why spend hours in needless worry and fret? Close by is the professional advice which makes gift-choosing a simple, enjoyable task.

Consult your jeweler! Go to him for help in gift-choosing as you would go to any other specialist for expert advice.

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Just a question or two about the type of each person you are considering, and he can quickly show you dozens of attractive, enduring things to fit both your prices and the persons in mind.

For months he's been gathering them—gifts of precious, lasting materials and authentic style—gifts in richest variety—gifts whose high character is illustrated by the articles shown on these two pages.

Why not, this year, make use of a helpful gift counsel that costs you no more, yet adds so very much in lasting satisfaction?

WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
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A new flexible band for men. Fashioned in a series of pliable links which afford an unusually trim, comfortable fit to the wrist. Wadsworth Quality Gold Filled $10

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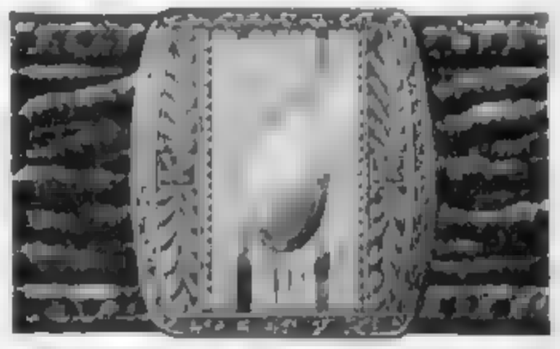
Wadsworth Belt Buckles are obtainable in a pleasing variety of designs, in both wide and narrow models, alone or in sets including watch chain. Buckles alone, in sterling silver, $3.25 to $7.50. Sets: $6.25 to $15.00

Your jeweler can readily attach a Wadsworth Band to any modern wrist watch, and adjust it to fit your wrist comfortably



The Wadsworth Belt Buckle will not slip. A patented grip locks the belt tight in any position and automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of leather. This belt buckle meets watch case standards in workmanship

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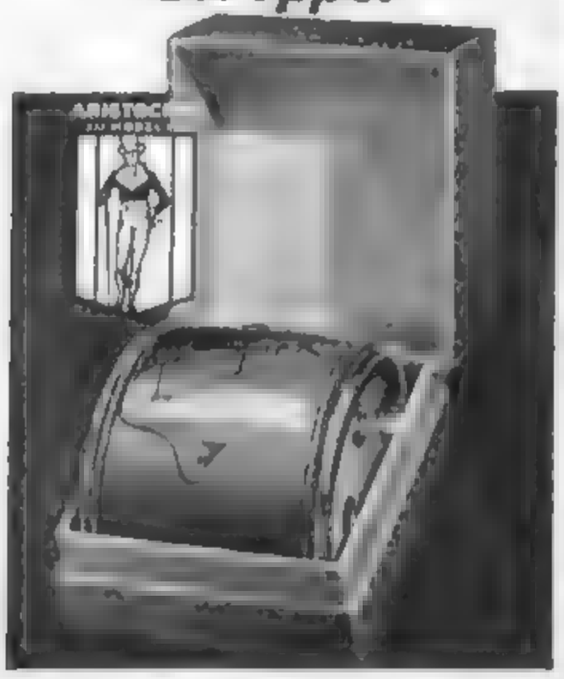
Give him another Twinplex Stropper



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Most any dealer will show them to you, either singly or in combination. If he can't supply you, write us.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1608 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

(Continued from Page 111)

same time more and less than a survival of a ghastly architectural period. They hark back to an age once thought gone forever and are now seriously known as Pirates' Row.

Laurie was led up a high curving stoop into a hallway massive with 1850 walnut, down a narrow stairway and back again to the front basement area. Here they found Mr. Donovan in a collarless fifteen-dollar shirt, with its sleeves rolled well above his corrugated elbows. He sat in a tilted chair with his feet on another and was smoking a short-stemmed pipe with a bowl burned black as a cinder.

"Hello, Charlie," said Young.

"Hello, Young," replied Mr. Donovan, striving to rouse himself from some pleasant reverie. "Have you boys been out?"

They all laughed. "I'll say we have!" said Berry. "A little short of three hundred miles since breakfast."

"Too fast and too far," commented his father. "If you should get arrested way off like that it would give me a lot of trouble."

"Charlie, here's my sister, Laurie—the girl we were telling you about."

Mr. Donovan looked up quickly and such a smile filled his face as Laurie had seldom if ever seen. It was more like a dozen tiny smiles than one big one. They gleamed separately in his small blue eyes, in each corner of his wide mouth and played about amid the myriad wrinkles of his cheeks and forehead. He scrambled to his feet and cocked his head to one side.

"So this is the lass, eh? Sit down, my dear. Make yourself welcome to this house and all that's in it."

Laurie tried conscientiously to give him smile for smile, though she knew the effort was vain, and sank obediently to the edge of a chair beside a bare deal table. Thoroughly prepared to dislike him completely, she liked him—she liked him all over. His genuine simplicity was such that it was as if a breath of Bull Tavern had blown in through the window. That's where he belonged—the kindly old man with his rollicking eyes—in the famous and storied main room of Bull Tavern and not in this horrible tomb of a dying house. He sat down opposite her and instantly they were friends.

"Bring some food, you boys—step lively."

It was amusing to see Rex and Berry in their extreme but well-tailored clothes turn themselves into eager waiters at the word of command. They laid out an astonishing assortment of expensive meats put up in tins and glass jars, several varieties of soda crackers, biscuits and *Zwieback*, individual glasses of choice jams and a pitcher of iced tea.

"Anything else?" asked Rex respectfully.

His father studied the table with attention. "No. Looks to me like there was enough here for the lass and me. The rest of you can go whenever you like."

Alone with him was like being alone with her grandfather, only Mr. Donovan was in reality very much younger. But he looked and acted old, with that age which comes from a too sudden relaxation after a life of arduous labor. The stubble of his beard was quite white and his sandy hair had turned gray in patches, giving him a piebald appearance which suited the mischievous gleam in his eye.

"You wouldn't think I'd eaten a big dinner about three hours ago, would you?" asked Laurie presently.

"It isn't how long you've been without eating that counts," said Mr. Donovan; "it's the way you feel. I used to eat slabs of stuff three times a day, if I could get it, but now I nibble at some of these gimcracks about once a week, and even then it makes me want to spit."

"Young was telling me you used to work pretty hard."

"They don't work nowadays the way I had to—or starve. It isn't the fashion any more. What with eight-hour days and five-day weeks, the laboring man gets it so easy he's a joke. I used to bite off twelve hours a day, six days a week, and throw in overtime on top of that when I got the chance. But a guy cured me."

"What guy?"

"A guy that handed me fifty dollars for a three-hour job. The first time he did it I thought it was only another miracle, but when he repeated, I went to bed and stayed awake for the first time in me life till ten o'clock."

"What doing? Thinking?"

"You can call it that if you like. I was scratching my head, and I scratched it so long and so hard it turned patchy like you see. But in the morning I took the hundred dollars and used it to pay advance rent on Rory Horan's old corner. That was five years ago, darlin', and today I own three sixty-family apartment houses, every room rented, and I'm building me another."

"Where's—where's Mrs. Donovan?"

"Aye, you've said it. Where is she? The best old woman a man ever had. She must have worked harder than me, my dear, because when she quit it killed her dead. I'll tell you something while you're young to remember when you're old. Once you've worked for a living the way she and me did, you can't live without working—not sudden, not all to once. . . . What do you think of my boys, Laurie?"

For the first time in their rapid friendship she was flustered, and it was not because he had used her name with a tender intonation strange to her ears by reason of its touch of brogue. She felt that he had taken her at a disadvantage, sprung out upon her unawares. She did not know how to answer without hurting his feelings. She would have liked to turn her eyes from his face and murmur some colorless nothing, some harmless eulogy, but something inside her which was also inside him would not let her.

"That's the way I feel," said Mr. Donovan softly, as if she had spoken. "The money didn't hurt me any so you could notice, and it ain't hurt my friends. Not one on 'em who ever did a kindness to Charlie Donovan in the day of his need but has his motor car today, and enough to feed it and his family like they was never fed before. But it killed my wife, and the devil take me if my boys will ever know what money is for."

"They aren't very old, are they?" suggested Laurie helpfully.

"Too old to get started so they'll know where they're headed. To get accustomed to as much money as they've got right now, you ought to begin before you're born. I sit here smoking and thinking a lot about it. It's this way I see it—a laborer is a laborer, even today, but a millionaire laborer is only a new kind of yellow dog without a home."

Berry opened the door. "What about it, father? Can't you make up your mind?"

"My mind is always made up," said Mr. Donovan, frowning. "It's like a bed that's never slept out of. Run along now or I'll give you a shirtful of sore bones."

The door closed. "I think we really ought to be starting," said Laurie.

"No, no!" he protested. "Don't you be rushing off, and yourself sitting here so sweet with the old man. Have you any sisters or brothers outside of Young?"

She named such members of her family as had stayed at Bull Tavern, but spared him an account of her scattered aunts and uncles. He seemed to take a liking by proxy to Jasper Bull, but perhaps it was due to the partiality in her description.

"I'd like to be meeting the old one," he mused. "Perhaps there's some favor I could do him. Is there a postmaster at this place you live at?"

Laurie threw back her head and laughed. She told him about Bull Tavern, how far it was to the nearest house and how many letters a year went that way.

"He doesn't need anything—not really. Young gives us some money once in a while and the farm feeds us."

"I was farm-bred myself," said Mr. Donovan. "Born in Ireland, my dear, and though they brought me over a small boy, it's strange how the smell of a peat fire sticks in my nose. I didn't get much schooling, and then again, when I think of my kids at the same age, it seems I got a lot, only you would hardly call it school. Just some forms pushed up against the wall, a flock of little stools, and perhaps a few big stones to sit on. Every gossoon had whatever reading book his parents pleased, like the Seven Champions of Christendom, or Saint George and the Dragon, or Don Bellianis of Greece, but mine was the History of Reynard the Fox. No class teaching, mind you; everyone called up separate, and heaven help the seat of your pants if you stumbled at too many words!"

"I would have liked a school like that," said Laurie, smiling.

"When we come over we made two big mistakes—we rented and we picked too near. Before we could buy the land, the price had gone up till it scratched the skies, and that's how I come to take to teaming."

"But it's turned out to be lucky in the end, hasn't it?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Donovan, shaking his head doubtfully. "If we'd owned the land, the money might have come slower, like a rising tide, and it wouldn't have been sink or swim in deep water before you'd learned a stroke."

"That's so," she admitted.

"There's a saying that as the old cock crows the young cock learns, but it ain't true, Laurie. You take the way I made the money and perhaps it's a true enough saying, but when you come to how it set on the stomach once we got it, I tell you it never give me a pain, but it's turned the boys inside out with the colic. Rex ain't so bad; he's only got the big head and thinks he's due to make Dungarvan shake, but Berry is rotting from the ground up. Even at that, I think I like him best, but you keep out of his way."

"Oh, Mr. Donovan," protested Laurie, "they aren't bad boys—they're just sort of unfinished."

"You keep out of Berry's way," he repeated. "He ain't hardly grown and he's shook one wife already, and there's two of them Follies girls suing him for a hundred thousand apiece, besides what they've had already."

Rex entered, followed closely by Young and Berry. "Young says he's got to go, sir."

"Sor! Sor! Since when did you take out a license to be grand as Mat Flanagan with the cat?"

"Oh, Lord!" muttered Berry. "He's been to Ireland again!"

"They got to drive a hundred and forty miles," said Rex, holding his ground.

His father's eyes twinkled at Laurie as he began to chant:

"How many miles to Dub-l-in?
Three score and ten.
Will we be there by candlelight?
Yes, and back again."

Young pushed forward. "Have you looked at Laurie at all, Charlie?" he asked sharply. "Because if you haven't, in another minute it will be too late. Is she pretty enough to be Miss Hoboken, or isn't she?"

The old man's eyes settled intently on Laurie's face and immediately he sobered. He addressed Laurie herself:

"You're more than pretty, my dear. You're lovely like the first flush of morning across a field of standing grain. Say the word and Charlie Donovan will back your sweet beauty against the world, including Ireland."

"At-a-boy!" cried Berry explosively, but his father ignored the interruption.

"What I mean is," he continued earnestly, "though you're no fine doorful of a woman, the best goods comes tied up in small parcels; and when I name you against all comers, I stand ready to shake the floor beams out from under any man that says I'm wrong."

"That cinches it for us and we can go," said Young unsmilingly, but with a

(Continued on Page 116)

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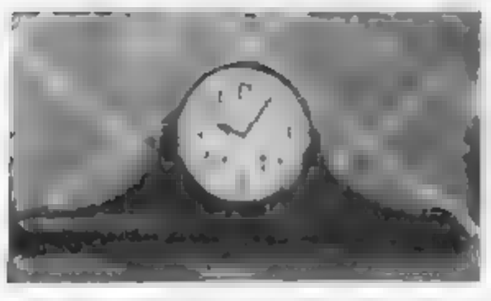

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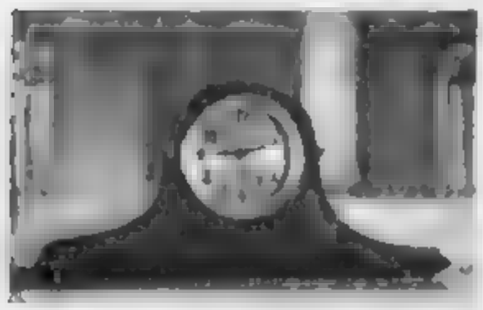
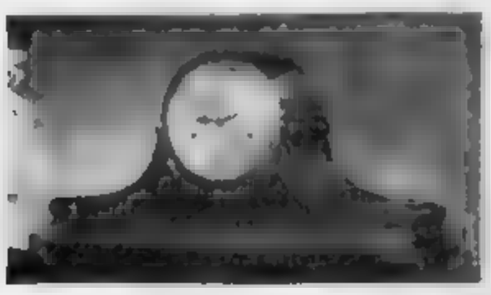


TAMBOUR 18—*a graceful mahogany tambour with a rich molding and silvered dial. Height 9 inches Base 20 inches. Strikes hour and half hour. $27.50*



TAMBOUR 31—*finely carved case of mahogany or American walnut Fitted with No. 130 pendulum movement. Strikes hour and half hour on bell metal gong. Height 31½ inches Base 20½ inches. $75*

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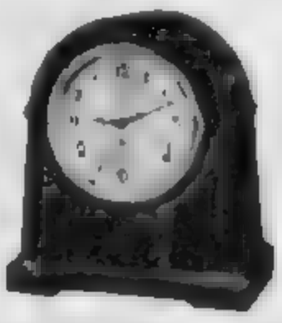

YORK 1—*an attractive cabinet model in mahogany with silvered dial. Base 9⅛ inches. Height 10¾ inches. The deep, mellow tones of a bell metal gong sound the hour and half hour. $29.50*

SETH · THOMAS · CLOCKS

(Continued from Page 114)

short nod of acknowledgment toward Mr. Donovan

"And for everybody else," chimed in Berry, less able to suppress his excitement.

But Rex, staring steadily at Laurie, said nothing. It was he who opened the door for her, accompanied her to the curb, and would have helped her into the roadster had she not been too quick for him.

"Good night, Laurie," he ventured in a low voice.

"Good night, everybody," she called, loud enough to be heard through the open basement windows

As an aid to smothering his own elation, Young drove slowly and in silence for half an hour, then he said, "Berry was right, sis; it's a cinch all along the line. What do you think now?"

Laurie did not answer. He glanced sideways at her and saw that though still hatless, she was buried to her ears in her wrap and settled back as if for a three-hour sleep. He respected her mood and gave all his attention to driving. But Laurie was by no means asleep; she had never been more awake in her life—at least not since the moment of their leaving Bull Tavern.

She was thinking that this matter of the beauty contest was emerging from the status of a thoughtless stunt into a reality which would have to be faced. How far was she willing to go? The incident of the photographs had given her a jolt, though she had said nothing at the time, because only Young and the aged photographer had been actually present in the studio and she had not wished to seem touchy to the point of silliness.

Ordinarily she did not mind showing parts of herself, especially if there was any common-sense reason for the display, but she realized instinctively the ancient truth that exposure can be measured only in the eyes that see it. If Rex or Berry had been present, for instance —— Her thoughts jumped from them back to the major question. How would it feel to be a public beauty?

Again she collided with personalities. The judgment of Berry and Rex on such a matter would be sure to be wrong as far as she was concerned, but if people she liked wanted it for her—people like Young and Mr. Donovan and solid old Jasper Bull and quiet Aunt Laura—then perhaps it would feel all right to go off for a while and be a beauty. But the straw that really turned the balance was a vagrant thought of the terrapin man.

Intuition told her that while others would be simply sorry or glad, he alone might be annoyed. That feminine surmise, first cousin to a shot in the dark and arrived at by no known system of calculation, was enough to drive straight the nail of decision and clinch its point. The proof that she was not asleep came when Young made a right-angle turn in Mount Holly where there had been no turn at all on the way up.

"Where are you going?" she asked sharply.

"Gee, but you scared me!" said Young. "I thought you were sound asleep. It's a funny thing, Laurie. You and me and George and Rex and Berry never snore, but grandfather and Charlie Donovan and father always do. I guess it's something that takes a long time to learn."

"Where are you going?" repeated Laurie.

"I wanted to give you a surprise. I'm going to show you something."

"I don't want to see it. I want to get home."

"Leave it to me to more than make it up. I'll take you home so fast you can count the jumps on the fingers of one hand. I'll tell you what it is, sis. I'm going to show you the loneliest country and a couple of ten-mile stretches of the loneliest hard road in the world. Not a house and never a cop."

"Lonelier than the Barrens?" jeered Laurie

"Yes, sir. Lonelier and ten times as big. Why, it's so lonely some of the folks in there never saw daylight!"

She mocked at him from Mount Holly to Lumberton and from Lumberton to Medford, but beyond Piper's Corner she began to grow thoughtful. They rolled quietly past Atsion, silent and ancient doorway to as genuine a wilderness as endures east of the Mississippi, and then plunged with a rising and increasing roar into the tragic road that leads to Hammonton. Here she knew herself defeated, at least in part. Ramparts of silence to right and left hurled back the thunder of their passing for mile after mile. Her beloved Barrens could boast of no such span, but where they spoke to the heart only of peace, these endless woods breathed nothing but menace.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Winter Cornfield Near Red Bank, New Jersey

CUPID HAS A PIE FACE

(Continued from Page 9.

"Do you stay off your game as long as a week, ever?" asked Southworth, thinking of the tournament but seven days hence.

"I'll be all right tomorrow," said Mr. Meyers. "Do you know Miss Dandridge very well, Southworth?"

"Huh! I guess I do know her! She's crazy!"

"Crazy? Oh, come now!"

"Well, she acts crazy. She sure acts crazy."

"How so?"

"Aw, she's all the time mushing around with a lot of crazy guys. They're just crazy."

"Now, Southworth, she's merely very popular, isn't she?"

"My mother knows her. My mother says she's the biggest flirt in Sunset Heights. She's all the time mushing around with a lot of crazy guys, going to dances and parties and things."

"I see," said Mr. Meyers, absent-mindedly hooking a spoon shot into the woods.

While they were hunting the ball, Mr. Meyers said:

"You'll understand about girls when you're older, Southworth. You'll think differently about them then."

"Naw, not me," said Southworth. "I'm goin' to be a bachelor. I'm goin' to be a bachelor like you, Mr. Meyers."

In Southworth's eyes was the challenge of a hero worshiper who pleads with his hero not to disillusion him. Mr. Meyers sighed, and foozled his recovery from the woods by slamming the ball into a clump of blackberry bushes.

"Bachelors lead very lonely lives, Southworth," said Mr. Meyers.

At the eighteenth Mr. Meyers was seven down.

"You might as well lemme have that putter now, Pie Face," said Bum. "Mr. Holcomb says the way your guy played today he won't even make the semifinal. Mr. Holcomb says your guy hasn't got a chance to beat him, anyway, because your guy is too timid. He won't take chances."

"Just wait till tomorrow," said Southworth.

Southworth and Bum were very much surprised to find Miss Margaret Dandridge waiting for them in her car.

"Want a ride home, Southworth?" said Miss Dandridge sweetly.

"Sure! Thanks," said Bum quickly.

"Aw, we can bum a ride with somebody, Miss Dandridge," growled Southworth.

"Oh, but I'm going right past your house, Southworth. Hop in." She opened the front door. "Your little friend can ride in the back seat."

"Well, can the Terror come too?"

"Certainly," said Miss Dandridge, though she winced at sight of the Terror.

The Terror was Southworth's well-beloved dog. He had been chasing rabbits in the brush while his master was busy on the links, and had accumulated many cockleburs and much dirt. The Terror had a genealogy quite as miraculous as the Bobby Jones putter. It seems the Terror was a British war dog that got his legs shot off in a big battle in France and had new and shorter legs grafted on him by surgeons.

"All right," said Southworth. "Hop in, Terror."

Bum made a place for the Terror on Miss Dandridge's immaculate tonneau rug and Southworth warily got into the front seat beside the girl. Old Margaret had never offered Southworth a ride before. What was her game?

"Do you caddie for Mr. Meyers very often, Southworth?"

"Yeah; I'm his reg'lar caddie."

"I suppose he plays quite frequently, doesn't he?"

"He's gonna play every day this week He's getting in form for the tournament."

"Oh, I see. That takes a good deal of time away from his business, doesn't it?"

"Mr. Meyers doesn't haf to go to business unless he wants to. He's got lots of money. He tips me half a dollar every time he plays."

"Is Mr. Meyers married?"

"Him? Huh! I guess not! He's a bachelor. He ain't got any use for girls. He thinks just the same as I do about silly old girls. He's a woman hater."

"Oh, he is."

"Look out!" yelled Bum from the back seat. Miss Dandridge missed an oil truck by an inch.

"Sure," exulted Southworth. "Silly old girls make Mr. Meyers sick to his stomach. They jes' make him sick to his stomach."

"Maybe Mr. Meyers hasn't met the right girl, Southworth."

"Oh, a lot of silly old girls all the time run after Mr. Meyers, but he jes' turns 'em down. He's gonna stay a bachelor, an' so'm I. Mr. Meyers an' me are buddies."

"He does seem to be a very nice man."

"He's a peachy guy. I like him because he ain't got any use for silly old girls."

Spoke Bum from the back seat: "Hey, you passed a boulevard stop, Miss Dandridge."

Conversation lagged from this point on. In front of Southworth's house, Miss Dandridge said: "Don't tell Mr. Meyers I was asking questions about him. You'll not, will you, Southworth?"

"Naw," said Southworth. "Thanks for the ride."

"Thanks for the ride," said Bum.

Then old Margaret did a surprising thing. She handed Southworth a bag half full of chocolates. "You boys finish them up," she said; and, smiling, drove away.

Southworth and Bum stared after the car.

"What's she so big-hearted for, Pie Face?"

"Aw," said Southworth—"aw, she's after Mr. Meyers. Ol' Margaret's after Mr. Meyers."

"She'll get him then," said Bum. "She's a swell looker. She's better lookin' than my sister."

"Heck! She won't," said Southworth. "Mr. Meyers ain't got any use for silly old girls. He's gonna stay a bachelor all his life."

"Wanta bet on it? I'll betcha my bike against Terror."

"I guess you will!" said Southworth. "I guess you will!" His ardor for betting had cooled.

"Well, s'long, Pie Face. See you tomorrow. Remember, you can't wiggle out of your bet on that putter."

Southworth walked soberly toward his home—a huge brick house set in a spacious yard. The Terror, following, licked at his hands and tried to play, but Southworth had no heart for it. In the back of his head was the disturbing thought that somehow old Margaret intended to interfere with Mr. Meyers' golf. If she did, Mr. Meyers would not win the tournament. Southworth did not dread the loss of the Bobby Jones putter so much as he did the possibility of failing to win Bum's brassy. The Bobby Jones putter already had become an onerous responsibility, requiring clever and resourceful lies on an instant's notice. But Bum's brassy was a swell club and Southworth long had coveted it.

That night at dinner Southworth spoke from the depths of a tormented soul and through a mouthful of mashed potatoes.

"Gee," he observed, "you'd think if a silly old girl found out a guy was a woman hater she'd leave him alone!"

Southworth's mother said adoringly, "What was that, dear?"

Her son repeated his observation after the mashed potatoes had gone down.

James S. Brown looked up quickly from his end of the table. "Is a girl after you, Southworth?" he inquired, grinning.

Mrs. Brown, being a sentimental mother, thought she sensed the dawn of romance in

(Continued on Page 121)

MOLLÉ (MŌ-LAY)

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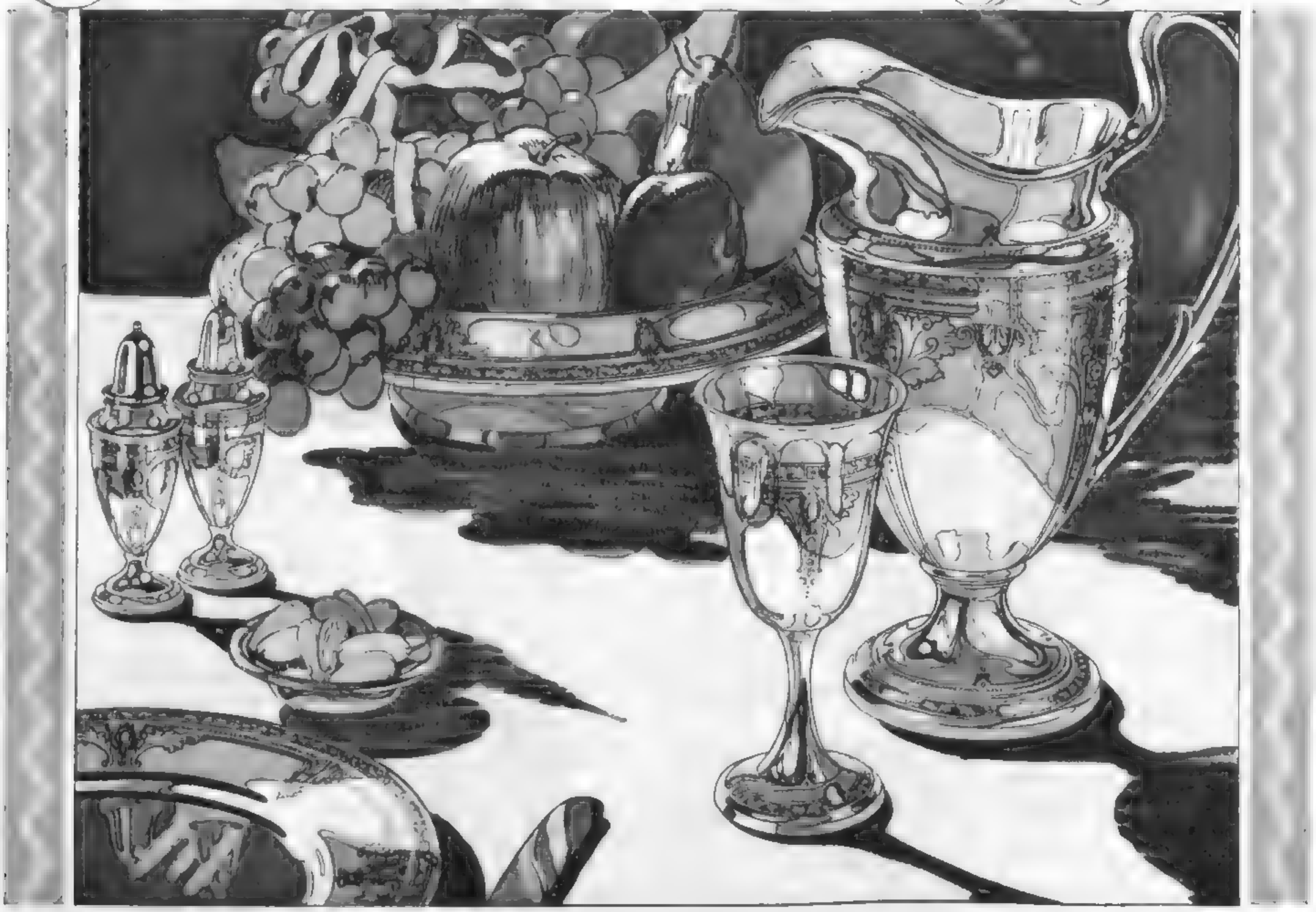
Christmas Gifts



A set of silver glittering in its sparkling symmetry . . . a radiance that dims the eye and sets the pulses throbbing wildly at the unexpected vision of a long-cherished dream suddenly materialized . . . the joyous splendor of the perfect Yuletide gift . . . a beautiful expression of his love and admiration . . . a reflection of his thoughtfulness and keen anticipation of her secret desire . . . a gift that will be prized far beyond its intrinsic value . . . the added thrill of vain attempts to break the charm of its attraction . . . His was a happy choice . . . of many things to choose from . . . vases, candelabras, compotiers, in a variety of patterns . . . plain or richly embellished to suit the individual taste . . . an enduring remembrance she will be proud to display to her honored guests as a symbol of the happiness engendered by mutual appreciation . . . But what shall she give him?

Your local jeweler will be glad to suggest gifts in Gorham Sterling

in Gorham Silver

What better way to pleasantly surprise him than with a lovely gift of practical everyday usefulness . . . what better means of gratifying a wish he may have many times expressed just to himself . . . to still the subtle longing for such sensible personal requisites a man unqualifiedly appreciates . . . and here it is . . . of Gorham Sterling Silver in alluring beauty that sends a tinge of unfeigned happiness to his cheeks . . . Her gift, the joyful visual expression of her love.

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GORHAM

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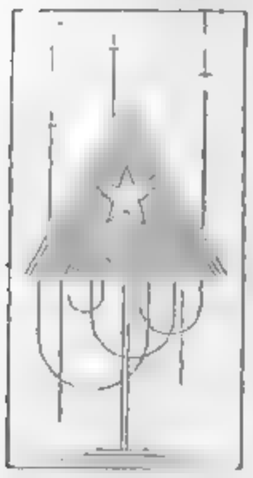
A thousand women · · · *and* ONE



THERE must have been a thousand women there . . . package-laden, petulant . . . weary shoppers in the last-minute Christmas rush . . . a thousand women and *one!*

I wish you could have seen her! Perfectly poised, gloriously graceful . . . she walked down the aisle as though she were crossing a drawing-room . . . every step a thing of beauty . . . a joy to behold . . .

And, as I stood watching her, I wondered *why*, in that multitude of smartly gowned women, only *one* should be so pleasantly conspicuous . . . is a *naturally* graceful carriage so rare?

* * *

The fluent, joyous sight of her lingered in my memory, and set me to thinking . . .

Surely all women are naturally graceful, I reasoned . . . then *why* do so many of them seem to lack grace when they walk?

Shoes!

Of course . . . for what woman could walk with effortless ease in shoes that cramp her feet . . . upset her bodily balance . . . rob her of Nature's gift of grace?

. . . she walked down the aisle as though she were crossing a drawing-room

I LOOKED into the matter. I talked shoes to the women I admire most. I learned a lot.

I learned, among other things, about Red Cross Shoes . . . superbly smart footwear that is especially designed to be good to *active* feet . . . shaped to conform perfectly to every contour of the flexing muscles . . . to fit with snug ease in *action* as well as repose.

Women who wear Red Cross Shoes, I am told, can forget their feet . . . they are foot-free . . . they walk buoyantly, unhampered, beautifully natural.

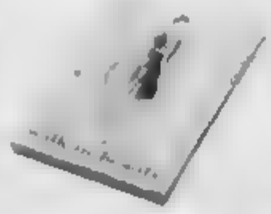
* * *

Red Cross Shoes, with all their Parisian *chic*—they are designed by Frenchmen, you know—*are* unbelievably easy to wear. This is because every pair is shaped over the famous, exclusive "Limit" lasts, derived from an exhaustive study of feminine feet. With every fitting measurement scientifically accurate, Red Cross Shoes *must* fit every normal foot perfectly.

Then, too, the exclusive Arch-Tone support gives just the right uplift to the active arch, while the Natural-shaped heel prevents the slip-slip and rub-rub that are so hard on tender heels and sheer hose.

The very smartest shoe store in town will show you Red Cross Shoes for street, afternoon or formal wear, at prices ranging from $10 to $16.50. There are also Sub-deb models from $6.50 to $8.50, and Junior models from $3.50 to $6.00

FREE BOOKLET . . . *Interestingly illustrated, this booklet, "Walk in Beauty," gives the views of prominent educators on the subject of correct posture, tells how many beautiful women have acquired the charm of a graceful carriage. Send for your copy. Address Dept. P-12.*



THE POISE

THE GRACE

THE BEAUTY

ARCH-TONE Red Cross Shoe

FITS THE FOOT IN ACTION AND REPOSE

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Product of THE UNITED STATES SHOE COMPANY, *Cincinnati*

(Continued from Page 117)

her son's life. She said, "Now, James ——" And then she turned to Southworth with sweet seriousness. "Tell me all about it, sonny. Has some little girl fallen in love with my boy?"

"Heck, no!" said Southworth angrily. "It's just that old Margaret Dandridge."

"In love with you?" put in James S. Brown, a prosperous wholesale hardware merchant. "I've heard that Margaret was not above robbing the cradle, but I didn't believe it until this minute."

"Hush, James," said Mrs. Brown, as Southworth choked apoplectically.

"Huh! In love with me? I'd sooner have poison ivy—ten million times sooner. She's after Mr. Meyers, that's who she's after."

"That nice Mr. Meyers you caddie for at the club?" said Mrs. Brown eagerly. "Oh, Southworth, are they interested in each other? Why"—she turned to her husband—"Margaret is supposed to be engaged to Peter Holcomb. Tell me all about it, Southworth."

The approving tone in his mother's voice convinced Southworth that never, never would he find understanding in the adult world or understand it.

"Aw, I don't know anything about it 'cept that she's after him, and I hope she gets hit with a golf ball and I ——"

"Southworth! The idea! Margaret is a lovely girl, and if Mr. Meyers is interested in her, I think it's too nice for anything. You know, James, I never cared for Holcomb."

Southworth lapsed into blank-faced silence, and no amount of gentle pumping by Mrs. Brown could elicit further information from him.

The next afternoon, Southworth's worst fears were realized. Coming in to Number 9 with a miserable score, Mr. Meyers saw Miss Margaret Dandridge on the club veranda.

"Well," said Mr. Meyers, hastily conceding himself a ten-foot putt, "that'll be all for today, Southworth." And the tournament less than a week away!

Mr. Meyers, being an extremely shy young man, had no idea in abandoning his practice round other than that it would give him a chance to hang about the club veranda. Mayhap the lady would smile. She might even speak. It was enough for Mr. Meyers. He had no hopes above a polite "How do you do, Mr. Meyers?" and "How do you do, Miss Dandridge?"

Southworth, however, envisioned Mr. Meyers marching forthwith to the veranda and casting himself at old Margaret's feet. Such an action seemed to Southworth quite compatible with the dizzy look on Mr. Meyers' handsome face.

Southworth believed an emergency was at hand. He did not forget his promise to old Margaret. He betrayed her deliberately, ungratefully and with malice aforethought.

"Mr. Meyers," he said, "there's something I got to tell you about Margaret Dandridge."

Mr. Meyers started. "Is it gossip, Southworth?" he asked gently. "If it is, don't repeat it."

"Naw, it ain't gossip. It's the truth. Old Margaret is after you, Mr. Meyers. She's after you, and if you don't believe me, you can ask Bum Hildreth."

Again Southworth was confounded by the incomprehensible behavior of adults. What should have been Mr. Meyers' reaction to this news? Why, Mr. Meyers' lips should have curled in proud scorn and he should have said: "Thank you for warning me, Southworth. I will steer clear of that lady. You and I are going to stay bachelors."

Instead, Mr. Meyers blushed, looked pleased but incredulous and said, "Nonsense, Southworth."

"It's the truth," said Southworth doggedly. "She rode me and Bum home yesterday in her car. She asked me all kinds of questions about you."

"She did?"

"Yes, she did. And you'd better look out for her. She's had lots of guys in love with her, and if you don't look out, she'll have you in love with her too."

"What a lovely fate," said Mr. Meyers to no one in particular. He moved toward the veranda like a man walking in his sleep.

Southworth sadly carried Mr. Meyers' clubs to the locker room. Coming out, he stopped in the shop, where Mr. McGroarty, the Sunset Heights pro, was polishing a club head on a buffer.

"I see young Mr. Meyers stopped with nine, Sahthwuth. How was the laddie shooting?"

"Punk," said Southworth. "He hasn't got a chance to win the tournament if he don't do better."

"A likely gowfer, that laddie," said Mr. McGroarty. "But a wee mite timid with the woods. I like young Mr. Holcomb's chances mysel'."

"Mr. McGroarty ——"

"Ay?"

"If a guy falls in love with some silly old girl, is that li'ble to hurt his game?"

Mr. McGroarty cocked an omniscient eye at Southworth. When he spoke, his was the voice of fate:

"Ruinous, Sahthwuth, ruinous. Many's the gowfer I've seen gang all to pieces under it. I mind young Mr. Tulliver two year ago. I was groomin' the laddie for the Western Open. He got daft abaht a redheaded weeda by the name o' Morgan. Young Mr. Tulliver didna qualify. And I mind the case o' Mr. Langston ——"

Southworth waited to hear no more.

When Bum finished his round with Mr. Holcomb, who was playing in a foursome, Southworth greeted him craftily.

"I been thinking, Bum," he said. "What if our folks found out about this bet?"

"My mother don't care what I do," said Bum with great promptness. "She's never at home, anyway."

"But your dad would whale you if ——"

"Naw, he wouldn't either. Dad bets, himself."

"Well, then listen, Bum, I'll trade you even—my Bobby Jones putter for your brassy."

"I guess you will!" said Bum. "You know your guy is gonna get beat in the tournament. Why should I trade? All I got to do is to wait till after the tournament and then I'll have your putter and my brassy both."

As a climax to this speech, Southworth saw Mr. Meyers strolling with old Margaret Dandridge on the clubhouse lawn.

During the next four days Southworth, moody under August sunshine, was baffled by the behavior of Mr. Meyers and old Margaret Dandridge. Huh! A guy would think—wouldn't he?—that if he told Mr. Meyers, "She's got half a dozen fellas hangin' around her porch all the time. She's got Mr. Holcomb and I guess about sixty others, and my mother says she is just a big flirt"—that such information would cause any sensible man to say, "She has, has she? Well, here's one that won't fall for that old stuff." A guy would think that, wouldn't he?

But Mr. Meyers hadn't acted as if he was a sensible man. His eyes had just sort of glistened—it seemed like he got all the crazier about old Margaret when he heard what a terrible flirt she was—and he said, "I don't blame them, Southworth, I don't blame them."

It was the same way with old Margaret. Southworth told her: "Mr. Meyers? Gosh, he's hard-boiled on women! He said when he was practicing today that he thought guys were silly to hang around silly old girls all the time. Mr. Meyers said it might look like sometimes he didn't mind girls so much, but he was just talking to them to be polite. Mr. Meyers said he was a hard-boiled guy about girls and wouldn't ever get married."

Well, you would have thought after that old Margaret would get kind of discouraged and leave Mr. Meyers alone, wouldn't you? But she didn't. She said, "Is that so, Southworth? H'm—Mr. Meyers didn't talk that way at the dance last night." Mr. Meyers hadn't talked that way on the links, either, but old Margaret wasn't supposed to know that.

Two afternoons Mr. Meyers didn't show up for practice at all. Southworth's mother said that he had taken old Margaret riding in his car somewhere.

The day before the tournament Mr. Meyers and Mr. Holcomb played around together, with Bum and Southworth caddying.

On Number 2 Mr. Meyers sank a twenty-foot putt for a birdie two.

"Take care, Meyers," said Mr. Holcomb. "Lucky in golf, unlucky at love, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Meyers.

Southworth thought they looked at each other sort of funny.

Coming up the hill on Number 6 Fairway, Mr. Meyers hooked his spoon shot into a sand trap at the left of the green. Mr. Holcomb snickered and Mr. Meyers looked grim. Mr. Meyers tried an explosion shot out of the sand, but he didn't hit hard enough.

"The old timidity," said Mr. Holcomb. "If you make love like you play golf, you'll never get anywhere."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Meyers. "Each man has his own methods, I suppose."

Mr. Meyers and Mr. Holcomb played five holes in absolute silence.

On the drive-off from Number 12 Tee Mr. Meyers dubbed a dribbler into the rough. Mr. Holcomb sent a straight one.

"I'll drive another," said Mr. Meyers.

"Suit yourself," said Mr. Holcomb. Without waiting for Mr. Meyers to drive again, Mr. Holcomb growled "Come on" to Bum, and started down the fairway.

Mr. Meyers waited until Mr. Holcomb was a hundred and fifty yards away. Then he yelled "Fore!"

Mr. Holcomb turned around and motioned for him to drive.

"Gosh, he'd better watch out!" said Southworth. "You might hit him." Mr. Holcomb had turned his back and was walking on.

"He doesn't think I can drive that far," said Mr. Meyers, biting off the words. Mr. Meyers drove.

"Fore!" squawked Southworth.

The ball, driven hard and low and straight, took a bee line for Mr. Holcomb. It hit the ground ten feet behind him. Mr. Holcomb turned around. The ball hit Mr. Holcomb.

Mr. Meyers and Mr. Holcomb had bitter words. The ball had hit Mr. Holcomb in the left eye. At that distance and with its force diminished by the bounce, the blow was not dangerously hard, but hard enough to give Mr. Holcomb a black eye.

"If I thought you did this on purpose, I'd black yours for you, Meyers," said Mr. Holcomb.

"Any time you want to try it, come ahead, Holcomb," said Mr. Meyers. Mr. Holcomb turned on his heel and walked off toward the clubhouse. Mr. Meyers started after him. "See here, Holcomb, I'm awfully sorry," he said. Mr. Holcomb made no answer.

Just before suppertime that evening, old Margaret Dandridge enticed Southworth to her front porch. "Southworth, were you out with Mr. Meyers and Mr. Holcomb this afternoon?"

"Yeah, I was caddyin' for Mr. Meyers, and Bum was caddyin' for Mr. Holcomb."

"I understand there was some sort of trouble, Southworth."

Southworth sighed up at the evening sky. He looked like a somewhat grubby cherub, a little boy in whom there could be no guile.

"Yeah, it was awful," said Southworth. "It sure was awful."

"Was—was there a fight, Southworth?"

"Fight? Huh! I guess there was a fight! Mr. Meyers went after Mr. Holcomb with his left and he crossed with his right and then one-two-ed him and then uppercutted him and then knocked him

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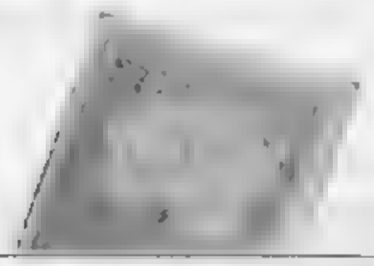
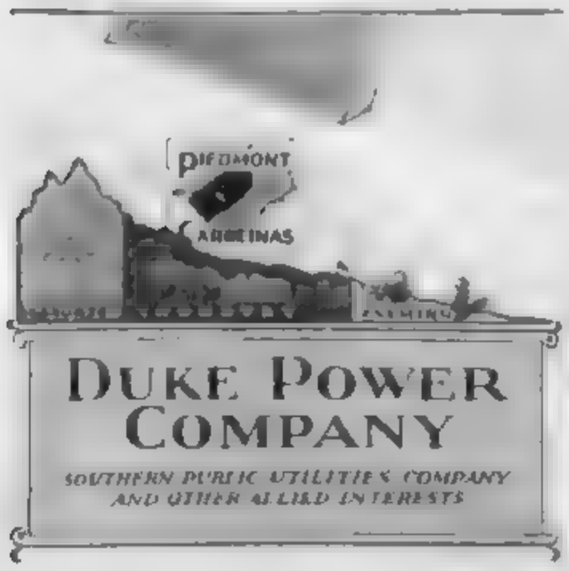


For this book of facts, address Industrial Dept., Room 521, Mercantile Bldg., Charlotte, N. C.



DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

down twice and then—uh—he gave him a black eye!"

"A black eye? But—but what on earth were they fighting about?"

"Aw, Mr. Holcomb said Mr. Meyers was stuck on a certain girl and Mr. Meyers said no he wasn't—he was just hard-boiled and was just kidding the certain girl along, and Mr. Holcomb said Mr. Meyers shouldn't treat girls that way and Mr. Meyers said he didn't care about silly old girls and why did they have to run after him and—uh—so Mr. Holcomb got wise and Mr. Meyers had to hit him and ——"

Southworth ran out of breath at this point.

"Did they say who the certain girl was, Southworth?"

"Mr. Meyers made me promise not to say anything about it, so I can't say any more and ——"

"Oh, he did, did he?" Old Margaret's tone was ominous.

"It was sure a swell fight. Old Holcomb got one-two-ed all over and got uppercutted on the button and got a black eye from a swell right hook ——"

"You've told quite enough, Southworth. When you see Mr. Meyers again—I'm sure I shan't—you might tell him for me I think his conduct was simply disgusting."

"Yes'm," said Southworth.

When Southworth met Mr. Meyers at the tee-off next morning for the first day of the tournament, Mr. Meyers looked very grim. Ridges were standing along Mr. Meyers' jaw.

"Still got that bet of yours down on me, kid?" said Mr. Meyers.

"Sure," said Southworth.

"Good!" said Mr. Meyers, not in the way Mr. Meyers used to talk at all. "Get your eye on this one. I'm going to knock it to hellangone."

Crack!

"Peaches!" said Southworth. "Peaches! Three hunderd yards at least, Mr. Meyers!"

Mr. Meyers' opponent in the first round of the eliminations complimented him. Mr. Meyers said "Thanks" curtly, and strode with savage gait down the fairway.

"You gonna lay up for the water hole, Mr. Meyers?" Southworth asked.

"Lay up nothing!" said his guy. "Give me the mid-iron. I'm going over to the green."

"Peaches! Oh, peaches, Mr. Meyers! Gee, if you keep this up you're just as good as champeen right now!"

Mr. Meyers gave Southworth a you're-the-only-friend-I-have-in-the-world look.

"We'll win that bet all right, Southworth," he said, and added: "By the way, if you ever catch me looking at another woman while I'm out here, hit me with every club in that bag. Get me?"

"You bet!" exulted Southworth happily.

Southworth's guy was the sensation of the first two days of the tournament. He played like a man possessed of demons. He hit the ball as if he had a deep grudge against it. His drives sizzled. His brassy shots screamed. His short game was daring and nearly always clicked. His putts were deadly. No opponent could last beyond the fourteenth hole.

Southworth lived two happy, happy days. Noons, he got out Bum's brassy and strutted:

"Lookit, Bum! Lookit! This is the way I'll slam 'em out with this ol' brassy. An' when I get to the ol' green I'll take my Bobby Jones putter like this an' I'll lay 'at ol' ball dead to the pin. Lookit, Bum!"

To which Bum replied with loud bravado: "Your guy is playin' outa his head, Southworth. Everybody says so. He'll blow. He'll blow. My guy is playin' his reg'lar good game. It ain't over yet, Pie Face."

Miss Margaret Dandridge had luncheon on the club veranda both days with Peter Holcomb. Both days Mr. Meyers kept his glance averted as he and Southworth went to the tee-off for the afternoon round. But even Southworth could see that Mr. Meyers was not happy. He hadn't grinned once since the tournament started.

On the afternoon of the second day Mr. Meyers tied the course record of 68 held by Mr. McGroarty. Southworth bragged at the caddie house while Mr. Meyers was changing clothes.

"So we sliced our drive on Number 11 and hit the rough by the turn of 'at ol' dog leg. I said, 'Mr. Meyers, you better lay out to the fairway.' But he said we'd shoot across the rough to the green. So he came back with his mid-iron an' caught her on the sweet spot an' we rolled on the green. Then on Number 14 we ——"

"Southworth!"

"Yes'm."

"May I speak with you a minute?"

"Yes'm, Miss Dandridge."

Southworth reluctantly left his audience of caddies and walked over to Miss Dandridge. Dog-gone her, why did she hafta go an' ——

"Southworth, are you sure you told me the truth about Mr. Meyers' trouble with Mr. Holcomb?"

"Yes m."

"Are you very sure? I can't get Mr. Holcomb to discuss it, but he absolutely denies there was a fight."

"He's an old liar—a big old liar."

"Well, anyway, I'm sorry I listened to the story, Southworth. Will you tell Mr. Meyers that?" There was a suspicion of tears in old Margaret's eyes. "Will you tell him that for me, Southworth?"

"Yes'm, I'll tell him."

"Right away—this afternoon? Tell him I'm sorry, and I would like to have a little talk with him at his convenience. Sure you will?"

"Yes'm."

Southworth wandered away from her uncomfortably, kicking at the grass. Dog-gone her, what was old Margaret up to now? Just when everything was going swell. Why did she hafta go and —— Dog-gone her! Dog-gone her!

Love's messenger did not trip on winged feet to Mr. Meyers. Mindful that old Margaret was watching him, Southworth loitered about the door of the locker room, hoping Mr. Meyers would take another way out.

But presently Mr. Meyers appeared in street clothes.

"Mr. Meyers ——"

"Yes, Southworth?"

"We're gonna beat 'em tomorrow, aren't we?"

"We'll do our darnedest."

"No matter how much some people want us to get beat, we'll win, won't we?—no matter how much some people want us to get beat?"

Mr. Meyers looked at Southworth quizzically. "Who wants us to get beat so badly?"

"Aw, old Margaret Dandridge does—old Margaret does."

Mr. Meyers stiffened. "Really? I didn't know Miss Dandridge was taking that much interest."

"Aw, she came bawling around. She said she wanted to talk to you. She wants to start after you again, Mr. Meyers, so you can't play any good and Mr. Holcomb will win. That's what she's up to, I guess."

"Bawling? Wanted to talk with me?"

"You don't hafta pay any attention to her, do you? Do you, Mr. Meyers? Can'tcha tell me to tell her jus' to go break her neck or something?"

Mr. Meyers looked toward the club veranda, a soft light in his eyes. "Is that all she said, Southworth?—just that she wanted to talk to me?"

Southworth gulped. He could lie to old Margaret without a qualm. But he could not lie to Mr. Meyers. They were buddies.

"Aw, she said she was sorry. She said to tell you she was sorry. But you don't hafta ——"

Mr. Meyers, with a glad cry, was moving swiftly toward the veranda.

"Heck!" said Southworth. "Heck!"

Bum Hildreth had the floor in the caddie house: "Didn't I tell you he'd blow, Pie Face? Didn't I tell you? Lookit, Pie Face! Lookit! Lookit me swing this ol' Bobby Jones putter. Here's the way Bobby lays 'em down. Lookit, Pie Face!" Bum danced a jig, waving the putter.

Southworth stood there glumly, eying the lost putter and the swell brassy which never would be his. In defeat, he was still loyal.

"My guy can shoot a better game than yours any day," he said—"any day. He just wasn't right today."

"Southworth!"

The boy turned and saw Mr. Meyers standing just outside the door. Mr. Meyers had his bag of clubs with him. Southworth grinned bravely at Mr. Meyers. But in his eyes was an inarticulate accusation. It was the look which unregenerate bachelorhood gives to the man who has just announced his engagement.

Mr. Meyers, reading that look, reddened and grinned sheepishly. "Come here, kid," he said.

Southworth moved closer.

Mr. Meyers cleared his throat. He looked at the ground, then at Southworth, then at the ground again. Southworth saw old Margaret Dandridge standing up the path. She was waiting, obviously, for Mr. Meyers. Dog-gone her! Dog-gone her!

"You're still my buddy, aren't you, Southworth?"

"Sure, I'm still your buddy," said the boy.

Mr. Meyers shoved the bag of clubs at Southworth. "Here, kid," he said awkwardly, "they're yours. I'm quitting golf"—this in the tone of a man who really believes he is quitting golf for good. "I—I wasn't on my game today—the fact is I wanted poor old Holcomb to win." Mr. Meyers sighed sentimentally. "At least, he'll have the championship. Will these make up for the Bobby Jones putter, Southworth?"

"Yeah, sure," said Southworth. "Thanks, Mr. Meyers."

He stood clutching his splendid present, while Mr. Meyers walked back up the path to old Margaret. In his heart there was a sadness he could not understand—a savage resentment.

"Hully gee, Pie Face, did your guy give you his clubs?" gasped Bum Hildreth. "Let's see, Pie Face, let's see."

Southworth scowled. "Dog-gone her!" he said. "Dog-gone her!"

STATIC! something ought to be done about this

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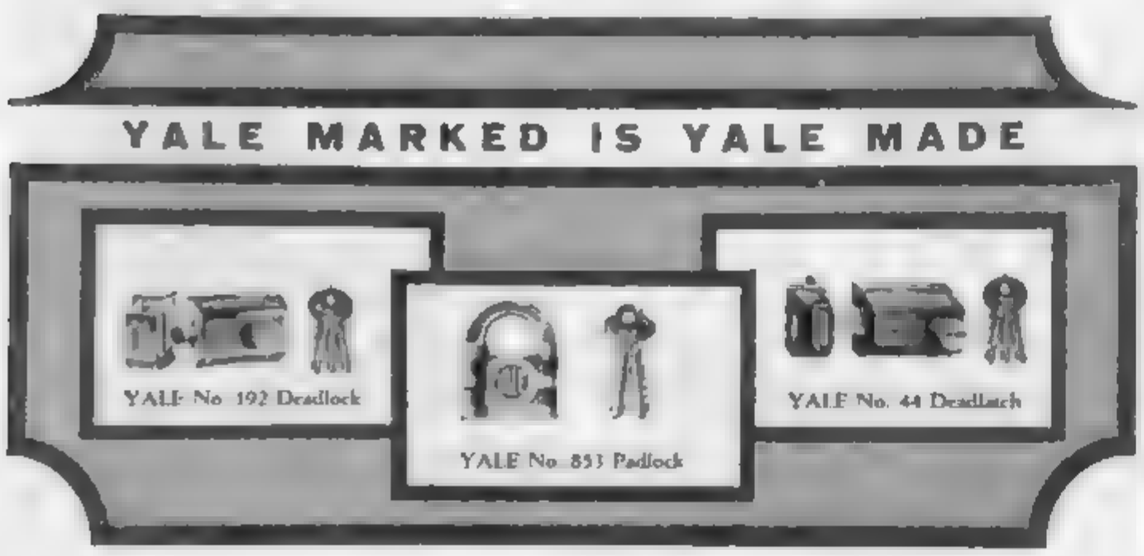

THE CACTUS EATERS

Continued from Page 15

It was at this point that O'Day suddenly showed cognizance of the stained sleeve.

"Have spring chicken for supper, son?" he asked.

"Not me. I ate out of a can."

"Use a regular can opener?"

"I used my knife," Bob White replied.

"Left-handed, aren't you?"

"No, sir; I'm right-handed. Why?"

"What's that on your left sleeve—blood?"

"Oh, that! A piece of barbed wire curled up over and bit me in the arm before I put my coat on. I didn't notice she hadn't stopped bleeding."

He showed neither nervousness nor fear. The answer came instantly. O'Day nodded his head in acceptance. Donovan permitted himself a deeper breath to mark his relief.

"Better put a bandage on," said O'Day.

"It's bedtime," said Donovan. "Spread your blanket beside ours, here on the sand. You're eating breakfast with us."

"You might like a cup of cold tea right now," said O'Day. "There's a bit of lemon in it."

"The spring has already been cleaned out," said Donovan. "We've had water for our needs. The rest is yours."

Bob White's cheerful grin faded away. He stood on one foot, then on the other, felt of his bronzed cheeks, glanced at the stars, looked down at the sand, again shifted his weight on his feet, embarrassed to know what to say. He cut the knot by striding to his car for his blankets. A moment later he threw off his lights with great positiveness.

When he returned he said simply, "Thanks for the lift, old-timers."

To which Donovan replied that they were glad of his company and wished he were going their way.

II

THREE travelers were eating their breakfast in a desert wash. The hour was still early; the sun had not yet reached up with spread fingers to erase the glow of the stars. The air was still cold with night—so cold that they had perched themselves upon rocks surrounding the tiny fire, grateful for its heat.

"Hark!" cried Donovan suddenly.

Somewhere down the wash a thrasher was warming himself with song, but it was not the thrasher he had heard.

"Again!" he cried. "Did you hear it?"

This time the sound was louder, and it persisted. It plainly came from upstream, like the sounds of the night before.

"Bigger bus than mine," said Bob White nervously.

"My guess would be, it's the visitors' car you spoke of, from Gooseberry Wells," Donovan suggested.

"Nothing tinkles. My frosts were both higher-ups staying over for the show. One was their boss driller. He had to set a couple new bits with carbons—all-day job. The other was a boss-the-boss higher-up. He had to study out the core boxes."

"Who then?"

"I didn't pass anybody on the way."

"This desert's losing its atmosphere," said Donovan.

Bob White continued thoughtfully: "The papers were full of a train robbery in the mountains. They think the bandits may have holed out somewhere—desert-camp stuff."

"Bandits!" said Donovan.

"Not on my account, they ain't."

"You're not eating," said Donovan.

"If you don't mind I'll fix up my gun better. I left it scattered around on a rock."

Bob White had drained the spring of its water, except for what went into the coffeepot; then he had started to clean up his pistol. He had fired it at a sidewinder, he explained, the day before and the barrel was foul.

"Do so," said Donovan.

"I won't stop to clean it—just stick it together. It ain't that I'm scared, but I don't want to be held up. I have property on me—carbons and things."

"Hide your carbons in your shoe," said Donovan.

Bob White fished a buckskin bag from his pocket. "Feet too big, but I might stick them under a rock."

Slipping from his seat, he changed his words into actions with a speed Donovan did not imagine he possessed. The buckskin bag went under a flat stone. The scar was quickly healed with dry sand. The pistol was as swiftly assembled and loaded. It went into his pocket under his right hand. When he had smoothed out his tracks he returned to his breakfast.

"They're nearer," he said. "Throwing sand a plenty, they are. Sounds like the rush to the gold fields."

"We left them room to pass, didn't we?"

"Oh, plenty!"

The sounds to which they had been listening suddenly ceased. O'Day, helping himself to bacon and eggs, pointed out that the silence proved the strangers to be bandits. Bob White, his old poise now restored, replenished his plate without seeming to notice the irony; but he later paused in his eating long enough to say that O'Day could search him. Donovan continued drinking his hot coffee.

Later, Bob White remarked, between the egg and the bacon: "They stopped because they saw my car. We sure threw a wiggle into that bunch. You sure get a kick out of bumping into a strange bus on a curve, especially in a dead graveyard like this that you thought was nailed shut."

"Nailed shut?" asked Donovan. "They followed you in."

"Fact. I did leave good tracks, I admit. My rear wheels clawed into the sand like ditch diggers. Somebody from home ought to drop in pretty soon and explain."

Donovan had not changed in his acceptance of Bob White, yet the hiding of the buckskin bag had indefinably shaken his judgment of him. Bob White had not acted like one to be frightened by shadows. Yet later he had so acted. Donovan wondered why. He felt vaguely incredulous of the connection between cause and effect. Sounds are only sounds. He could see no great menace in the approach of a noisy car. That he himself had observed the effect subtly irritated him. His interest in the new car fell away like sand thrown against a wall.

This fall in interest in the one direction was accompanied by a rise in interest in all others.

"O'Day," he cried, "will you hear that thrasher!"

The bird had been singing since daylight, and not without audience, but its song had gone unacclaimed, eclipsed by camp flutterings or by noises from the cut-out of an engine.

"Is that the thrasher you showed me?"

"Yes—the Leconte."

"I'd been hoping to hear one, after what you told me of its voice. I thought I heard a rock wren while you were cooking, but I couldn't catch sight of the beggar."

Donovan had pointed out a rock wren the day before and O'Day had remembered its harsh but pleasing cry.

"You did. I heard him too."

"I hadn't expected to find birds like these out in the heart of the desert."

"Why not?"

"Lack of food. The road runner I can understand. But birds like these wrens!"

"Lack of food, colonel? Our desert plants bear seeds. Our desert flowers attract moths. The desert is the home of the locust, as you know. I suppose you could find within five miles of this spot a hundred species of beetles, including half a dozen kinds of blister beetles and three or four kinds of water beetles."

"Not water beetles surely?"

"I saw some at the spring," said Donovan.

Bob White, who had remained silent since the abrupt change of subject, now spoke up, again completely at ease.

"I saw a black-throated sparrow beyond the Gooseberry a mile or two," he said—"a meadow lark too—just before sunset. Over our way we have phœbes."

"You would have," said Donovan, pleased. "What kind did you see there, to identify? Could you tell?"

"I've seen Say's phœbe. It breeds there, but it isn't common. I've seen the black phœbe near the spring."

"We have hundreds of birds," repeated Donovan.

In the interest of hearing the thrasher and of eating their breakfast, they had ceased wondering about the unseen car up the wash. Even Bob White seemed to have dismissed its presence from mind. While one or the other might have noticed the appearance of its occupants, had they followed the road, each had become so indifferent to it that their approach by way of the hill went unobserved.

It was O'Day who first saw the two strangers. "Hello! Who's here?" he cried.

Donovan, turning his head, saw two men walking softly toward them at a little distance. Apparently they had approached in the shelter of bowlders before appearing in the open. The sun by now was flaming from every hilltop, but the wash still lay in shadow, cool and sweet to the eye.

"I know these men," he heard Bob White say at his elbow. "The tall one is the drill boss for the Gooseberry outfit. I told you about him. He blew in ahead of me yesterday with his higher-up. The short one with the beard is his runner. I don't understand them a-tall. They belong on the job."

"They may have run out of water," Donovan replied. He went on eating his breakfast, but when the men drew near he rose to greet them. They approached, he noticed, with their hands thrust into their coat pockets. "Pistols," he thought, and waited.

"We're from the Corder outfit at Gooseberry Wells," the taller of the two began sharply. "You in here together?"

Donovan glanced at Bob White. That young man also carried a pistol, but his hand had not sought it out. Then he glanced at O'Day, who nodded.

"Just as you see us."

"Then you know what we want!" snapped the other.

"Do I remember your names?" Donovan asked softly.

"My name is Bullet. . . . Don't talk!"

"Pistols? Yes, I know what you want. You want the rest of the water."

"I said don't talk! And don't move, any of you!"

"You've given me your name," said Donovan, smiling into the barrel. "My own name is Donovan, and I'm Irish. In this county I may be unimportant, but in the next I might cause you trouble. Please don't forget it."

The pistol wavered, then swung over upon Bob White.

"Water, hell! We want that murderer, sitting there on that rock, and we want the diamonds he stole!"

"Murderer?" cried Donovan.

"Murderer?" Bob White echoed. "Me? You're crazy! Who did I murder?"

"Superintendent Eby, of the Corder Company. You killed him last night at our camp below Gooseberry Wells. Then you lit out. We know you're our man because we tracked your car. Your tires don't match, and you have a patch on your rear left." He added: "Your sleeve has blood on it yet."

Again Donovan glanced at O'Day, and again O'Day nodded. "But, man! Diamonds—at Gooseberry Wells?"

"Carbons for our diamond drills. We're a big company, with outfits clear out into Nevada, and Eby had just made a big buy in the city. Him and me were on our way through."

"How did the thief know that Eby had the carbons with him?"

"It was printed in the papers. A reporter wrote us up because it was such a big order. He must have read the article and followed us out from the city."

"Yes, but how did the reporter know?"

"Our publicity man in the city tipped him off. There's a stock campaign on."

"I didn't do it," protested Bob White.

But the drill boss refused to admit that the fact could be doubted. Since resistance just then seemed useless, the accused man agreed to go with his captors peaceably.

"Colonel O'Day is Irish too," Donovan remarked idly—"both of us. We think we'll stop over, ourselves, at Gooseberry Wells and look for black-throated sparrows."

"The Irish never leave a stone unturned," said O'Day.

Bob White's downcast features brightened. He tried to find something suitable to say. In the end, he fell back upon the lameness of the night before.

Later, when they were ready to leave, O'Day again referred to the buckskin bag—but privately, to Donovan: "Carbons, he told us. I wonder why he hid it."

"I wonder," said Donovan.

III

THE car ahead, driven under protest by Bob White, at the command of the drill boss at his side came to a stop. Donovan and O'Day drew up abreast of it. The bearded runner in the company remained behind. The distance from the camp in the wash, according to the speedometer, was under eight miles.

"Listen!" called the drill boss. "I showed you the blood on his sleeve. You saw that for yourself. I showed you his pistol with the barrel fouled from firing. I showed you his wheel tracks we followed."

"You showed us," Donovan admitted.

"The carbons we couldn't find. You were with him, but you wouldn't stand for a search of your pockets. I don't know where they went."

"Say it," said Donovan.

"Anyhow, that doesn't matter. We don't need the carbons to pin it on him. We found the empty box—I showed you the box."

"You showed us a brown tin box that you said was the box," Donovan replied.

"I told you where we found it," persisted the drill boss.

"Along the road, you said."

"That's why I stopped at this point. You wanted to see. We found it lying on the sand beside that bunch of greasewood. Now you know. You can see the mark where it rested." The spot he indicated lay a dozen or fifteen feet ahead.

"Shall we look it over, colonel?" Donovan asked.

"Closely," O'Day replied.

When they had climbed down, Donovan cautiously advanced along the sand, swinging away from the wheel tracks and watching the surface for clews. O'Day followed at his shoulder. When they arrived before the mark left by the box they stopped for an inspection.

"I don't see your footprints, Mr. Bullet!" Donovan called. "You found the box lying on the sand, you say."

"We fished it up from the running board without getting out," the drill boss replied.

"Who put it there, do you suppose?"

"The thief, of course. He robbed it and chucked it overboard. He didn't take out the maps and papers—only the buckskin bag."

"Buckskin?" asked Donovan.

"Eby carried the carbons in it."

"Why did the murderer throw the box overboard at this point?" Donovan went on, without speaking further of the bag.

"To get rid of it. He knew it marked him. The buckskin bag could go into his pocket, but the box was too big."

"Why didn't he leave it behind in the first place?"

(Continued on Page 129)

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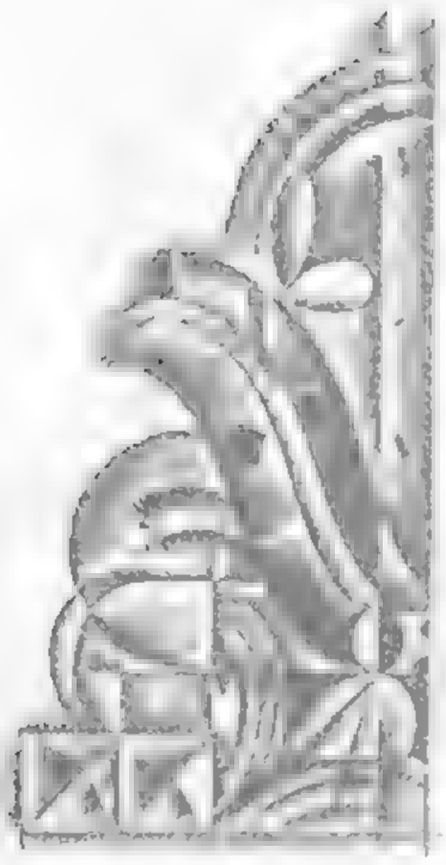

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When that eminent scientist and electrical authority, Prof. Pupin of Columbia University first heard the thrilling notes of the Melodon he spoke spontaneously these prophetic words:

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* * *

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Write for descriptive booklet to Sonora Phonograph Company Inc., Dept. P 128, Sonora Building, 50 West 57th St., New York City. © 1928

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THE "Sonora Hour" is now being broadcast every Thursday evening from 9 to 10 (Eastern Standard Time) from a long list of stations forming the Columbia Chain

These delightful radio programs afford an unusual opportunity to hear for yourself the excellent quality of the entertainment which will soon be available on Sonora Records For only those great artists who record for Sonora will broadcast during the "Sonora Hour."

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WMAK	Buffalo	WICC	— Bridgeport
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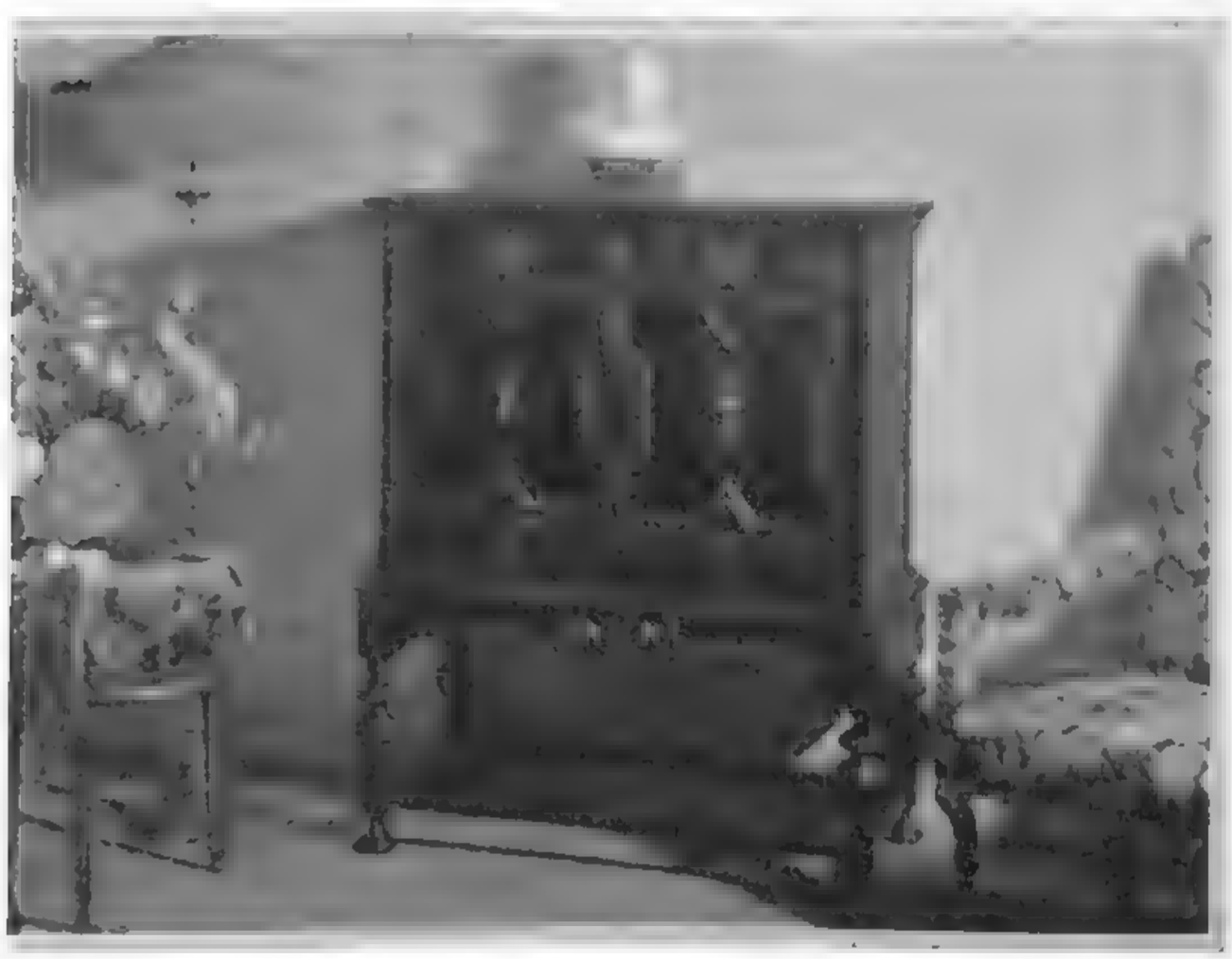

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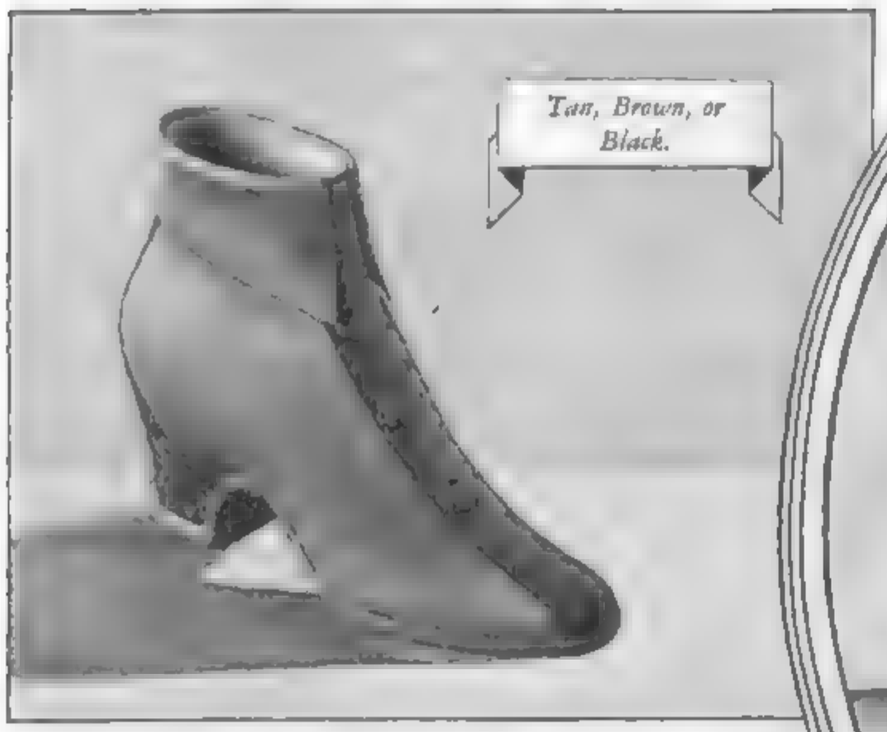

This easy-to-clean all-rubber galosh weighs only six ounces! It is finished in moire in two-tone combinations, with turn-up cuffs. Net or fleece lining; for low, medium or high heel shoes.

Ball-Band also offers attractive galoshes for Misses and Children. The Child's size, shown above, is easy to put on or take off because of the wide and roomy last.

A smart style, with jaunty cuff, easy to put on and take off because of its simple snap fastener adjustable to fit. Made in two-tone combinations in cotton jersey, wool jersey and "Rayton," a cotton and rayon mixture. For low, medium or high heel shoes.

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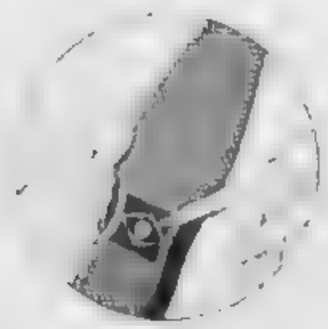
In smart shades and rich fabrics that complete the season's modish costumes



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There is a Ball-Band dealer near you who can give you a trim fit in an interesting variety of smart styles. Or write us for the address of a dealer who can supply you.

And wherever you buy, be sure to look for the Red Ball trademark to *know* that you are getting Ball-Band.

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. COMPANY
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(Continued from Page 125)

"May have wanted to look over the papers. May have been in a hurry. How do I know? It don't matter why he didn't as long as he didn't."

Donovan felt of the buckskin bag in his pocket that Bob White had thrust under the rock.

"Assuming that he did wish to look over the papers or was in a hurry," he continued evenly, "why did he throw away the box so near the scene of the murder? That was a foolish thing to do. That merely pointed his trail for somebody to follow. There was no need. He could have hidden the thing behind a rock in the wash ahead and Gabriel himself never would have found it."

"All thieves are fools," replied the other. "If you're through looking we'll talk it over in camp."

"I'm not through," said Donovan.

"Then you can follow. That will be all, driver. Step on it."

"Just a moment. That will not be all. You will wait until we look at this evidence. If you don't ——"

"If we don't—what?" asked the drill boss truculently as his crest went up.

"I shall testify to that effect at the hearing."

"All right, look at your evidence. Waste of time, but go to it! Now point out something for me!"

Donovan smiled in O'Day's direction. Although the smile was not meant to be answered, again O'Day nodded his head.

"You reached for the box from the running board," said Donovan. "Which are your wheel tracks?"

"Those deeper tracks. Anybody could see that. They're on top, over this way."

"In that case the lighter, earlier tracks were made by the man you pursued."

"By the killer."

"Is it your idea that the driver of that earlier car threw the box from the car as he was driving along?"

"Didn't I say he did?"

"How then do you account for this fact?" Donovan drew a deep breath, as if to point his inquiry: "Those lighter tracks pass close to the mark left by the box. His running board is as wide as yours. How could the box fall so close to the wheels?"

"There's room," replied the other grudgingly. "Freaks like that happen sometimes. I didn't say he threw it out sideways. He might have thrown it over the back seat."

"That leads me to my next question. A box of that shape thrown from a moving car ought to roll, or at least turn over, before coming to rest. The mark it left where it rested in the sand is plain enough. Where is the mark it made when it landed?"

"The wind leveled it off. When we picked up the box the wind had stopped blowing."

"The wind didn't level off the tracks of his wheels."

"Then it wasn't the wind. The car didn't have to be traveling. He must have set the box down soft to fool us, just as we picked it up soft."

"I ask you questions and you poke guesses at me," said Donovan. "We won't keep you. Please make a detour to the right when you pass. We'll stay here a little longer."

"Need the box?"

"No, you may keep the box."

The soil of any desert region, even when of the lightest, is apt to bear a tender incrustation, or shell, through repeated absorptions of moisture. Although desert air contains little moisture, the night air at least is not often bone dry. As the soil is always baked out each day, and is commonly alkaline, containing such hygroscopic substances as soda and borax and the commoner salts, at night its surface absorbs a little moisture. The result is much like that when clean dry salt in a saltcellar is exposed to the air. A crust will form upon the surface. So light is this crust that often it goes unregarded.

Donovan had noticed what looked like a disturbance of the soil near the marks left by the box. The surface had not been broken. The existence of that which he saw could not have been proved. Nevertheless, there it lay.

"Ever track a buck across a rock pile?" he asked.

"I never did," replied O'Day.

"The secret of successful tracking lies in knowing where to look for your next track. Don't move, but look where I point. See anything? The ground is harder there."

"A track?"

"Not a track. Nothing that definite. More like the difference in a paper surface that has been touched by an eraser."

"I may imagine it, but I think I see a difference."

"Now look for another such difference about a foot and a half removed."

"Isn't that place different?" asked O'Day, pointing to a spot farther from the wheel tracks.

"You see it too. There's another beyond that, and still another. Let's find out where they lead."

But the disturbances, if such they were, did not repeat themselves farther, possibly because of the nature of the outcrop upon which they had climbed. The outcrop pretended to be the nose of a buried ridge, here weathered down into a mere hump strewn with sand-whipped bowlders.

"Odd how they held to their direction," said O'Day.

"And how evenly they were spaced."

"Still, they weren't exactly tracks."

"No; they might have been anything."

"Carbons," said O'Day.

"In a buckskin bag," said Donovan.

"He had blood on his sleeve," said O'Day.

"His pistol had been fired," said Donovan.

"From a cut on his arm," said O'Day, referring to the blood. "Did you see any cut?"

"He didn't show us the cut," said Donovan.

"The box might have been set down beside the wheel tracks."

"From the car yes."

"What I can't see is "

"He didn't do it," said Donovan. "And yet ——"

"And yet, why did he hide the bag when he heard that new car?"

"And why the blood and the pistol?"

They walked on, skirting the ridge, but with little expectation of learning more from its inhospitable rocks than they already knew. The sun continued to climb the ladder of the east. The graveled floor underfoot, like ice an hour or two earlier, rapidly became hotter. In another hour its pebbles would burn the fingers.

"Nothing here," said O'Day.

It was the plaintive note of a bird that drew them farther.

"Listen!" cried Donovan. "That's a Say's phœbe!"

They found the phœbe perched upon a bowlder a short distance away. As they approached, it darted out after a winging locust they had disturbed and disappeared with its catch among the rocks beyond. For some reason they had not enough interest in the bird to follow it.

"Dull colored, something like a sparrow," O'Day noted before it flew. "He told us it bred here. Let it go."

"I wish you had seen it closer," Donovan replied, without referring to Bob White.

He made sure it was not in sight, and then glanced as before at the ground around him. At his feet lay an expanse of sloping floor hardly larger than a bath rug. At his left elbow stood a weathered bowlder. He glanced at the one, then at the other, indifferent alike to both. But as he turned away, something in the remembered appearance of one or the other clutched at his attention and he looked at both again. Then he saw. The bowlder at his elbow had nothing about it of the unusual, but on the ground at his feet lay a touch of metallic brightness, a glint, a whisper of light, not so broad as the lead in a lead pencil and hardly longer than the rubber tip on its end.

"Hello!" he cried, swooping down upon the thing.

"What have you found, Donovan?" asked O'Day.

"A bit of iron," replied the other.

"A nail!"

"Only part of one," said Donovan, "but civilized just the same."

"What would a nail be doing out here on this desert away from the road?"

"Just so—what would it?"

"Any connection with anything, do you suppose?"

Donovan turned the fragment of metal this way and that between his fingers. It consisted of the head and body of a small nail, but the body was badly bent and the point had been broken off, as though in pulling.

"Depends on how long it has lain there," he replied at last. "Also on what it was used for. Also on who used it."

"It doesn't look old," O'Day ventured.

"Iron doesn't rust rapidly in this dry air." Again Donovan inspected it carefully. "Anyhow, it must have been carried here, and by a white man. If his visit was recent, he must have left traces of some kind. What do you say?"

"I say comb them out!"

They found what they were seeking almost before they had begun to look, scarce six feet behind them, and so close to their own tracks that they all but lay one upon the other. If what they found was not footprints, it formed indisputable evidence that a human being had visited the hillside not long before.

It was Donovan again who made the discovery.

"Oh, colonel!" he called suddenly, this time without stooping to pick up what he had seen.

"That piece of rock?" asked O'Day.

"That and those others. The larger has been used for pounding. The others ——"

He tried to repress his excitement by speaking more softly, but O'Day noticed the change. The larger rock was of a kind with those on the hill above, heavy and dark, one of its surfaces showing the grayish bruises from pounding he had spoken of. The smaller pieces, mere fragments, were not so unlike the other in color, but they showed fresher-looking fractures and were more regular in shape, as if they had been broken carefully and then selected out by screening. These lay irregularly strewn upon the ground, as if they had been graded and then discarded.

"Recent!" cried O'Day. "They might have been thrown there within five minutes! Who did it?"

But instead of replying, Donovan said: "I think we had better get back to our car as soon as we can." He added, as if by an afterthought: "We'll gather up what we can find of these specimens, colonel. The larger stone too. I'll decide how to use them between here and Gooseberry Wells."

IV

NO ENGINEER will try to bridge the ocean. The camp at Gooseberry Wells had no welcome for inquiring strangers. The drill boss was too busy to talk—he was superintending the construction of a rough coffin. The bearded runner likewise—he was guarding a prisoner. The remainder of the drilling crew, three men, were sawing and hammering and hunting nails and lumber. Donovan did not attempt to force a hearing.

"I'll look over the car a little," he told O'Day. "You can move around if you like. We'll both listen for sounds."

"To supplement what we know already," said O'Day.

They met somewhat later beside the idle drill. "All I've learned is a few names," Donovan reported. "The drill boss is named Kennedy. The bearded guard is Fred."

O'Day said, "They're getting ready to drive to town with the dead man and the prisoner."

"What town?"

"They didn't say. I overheard it."

"They have a driver for that caterpillar tank—a moon-faced fat man they call Dutch. The two helpers are named Joe and Tito. Tito is that black-haired, black-eyed man behind me."

"Italian name," said O'Day. "Any line on any of them?"

"I have, but I want you to look them over independently so that we can compare our impressions."

"The Joe helper is red-headed and lacks a front tooth."

"Pugnacious," said Donovan.

"Tito's face is like fire. He looks sore and uncomfortable."

"Sunburn," replied Donovan, "is always uncomfortable."

"He's different from the rest in other ways. He's smooth-shaven, like the drill boss. The others have let their beards grow. His hair is better barbered than theirs. He takes care of his hands better—of his feet too. He wears old shoes, but they haven't the bloom, say, of Joe's."

"Tito and his finger nails!"

They stood around so, now at the drill, now at their car, until the coffin was nearly done; then they sought out Kennedy and had him take them to the murdered man.

"There he is," said the drill boss ungraciously when they stood inside the tent. "He was stabbed through the heart while he slept. Look all you want to, but make it snappy."

"Any other wounds?" asked Donovan.

"No other. Isn't the one enough?"

"He was robbed, you say, of his carbons. What else did he lose—anything?"

"He had some bortz with him in papers." He went on condescendingly to explain: "Bortz is cheap diamonds we use sometimes in drilling soft rock. It's just as hard, but it's brittle. He lost his stick pin too."

"Bortz!" repeated Donovan musingly. "You didn't tell me."

"I know about the bortz because I helped pick it."

"I begin to see," said Donovan.

"See what? I've got work to do. If that's all ——"

Donovan glanced at O'Day, who nodded, much as he had before. Then he continued crisply: "It isn't all, Mr. Bullet. We find we have a few questions we wish to ask."

"Go to it! Ask them!"

"Of the prisoner," said Donovan, "as well as of you."

"Perhaps also of some of the members of your drill crew," O'Day added.

"Questions about the murder," said Donovan, "such as why you made such a sour mouth at finding young Elkhart's pistol with the barrel still foul from firing, when the victim had been stabbed through the heart."

"All sorts of questions," said O'Day.

But the drill boss, fretting at the persistence of the intruders as well as at their presence, had become unable to weigh what was said and snapped out a refusal:

"No good! We've got too much to do!"

"It may save you from going to jail yourself," Donovan warned him gravely.

When he heard that, Kennedy flared up into sputtering wrath. Wheeling upon the nearer man, he demanded, with bared teeth: "Who would take me—you?"

Donovan lifted back the lapel of his coat. "Now have you too much to do?" he asked in his softest voice.

The effect was not unlike that upon a boiling kettle when a teaspoonful of cold water is added. The sputtering anger died down into a meek acquiescence.

"I didn't know. I'll fix it up. I hadn't examined the body closely when I found the pistol "

The conference was held in the mess tent. The table and benches had been taken apart for their lumber, but an unopened carton of supplies did duty as a stand in the center. Upon this stood the tin box found beside the road. About it were grouped the prisoner and his guard, the drill boss, the three lesser members of the drilling outfit, and a little apart from each other, the two visitors.

(Continued on Page 132)

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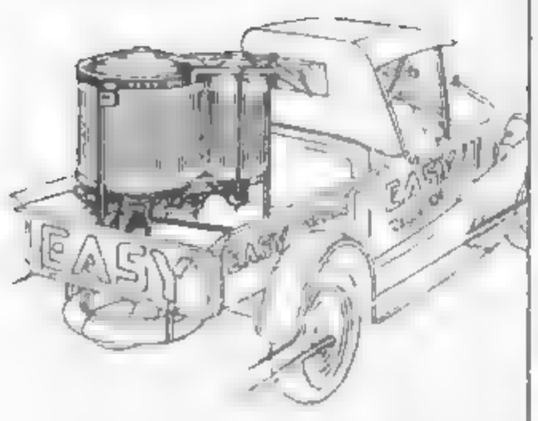

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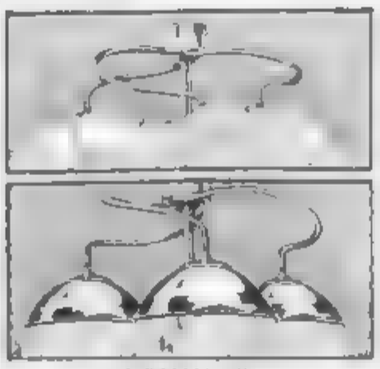

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Demand for them keeps growing and growing. Women everywhere, in countless thousands, are turning toward the new, improved EASY.

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The wringerless EASY Washer damp-dries everything—overalls, sweaters, comforters, blankets, feather pillows, and bulky pieces which will not go through a wringer. The clothes are left so evenly damp you can hang them indoors if you wish. The hems and seams will not drip.

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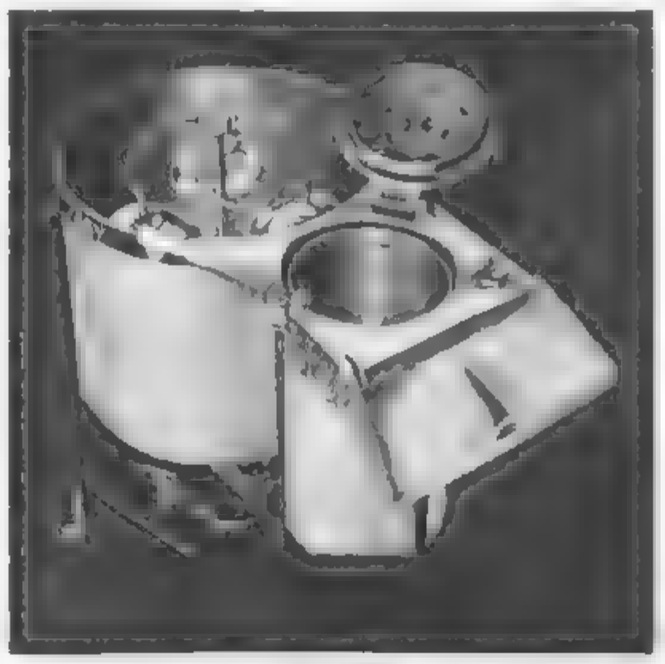
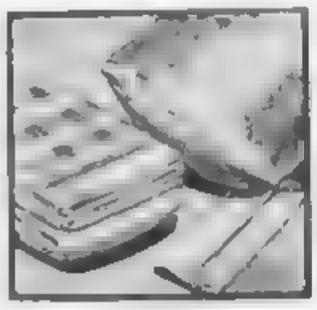
Like human hands, the EASY'S three vacuum cups move up and down and around. *Sixty-six times a minute* these cups gently but positively flush air, soap and water through the clothes and back again—cleansing in an incredibly few minutes. No garment is too dirty, no piece too bulky, no fabric too fine to wash perfectly in the new EASY.



FASTER

The large compartment washes. The smaller compartment damp-dries. Both work at once. Each holds eight full-size sheets



FASTER

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FASTER

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Speedier from basket to line

The new wringerless EASY does a complete washing from basket to line faster than any other washer. Yet no harmful short-cuts to cleanness are taken.

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A built-in gas heater beneath the wash tub provides abundant hot water constantly. White clothes are sterilized right in the wash tub.

The inconvenient wash boiler is not needed with the wringerless EASY.

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Every drop of water is emptied for you electrically. The sturdy, simple, trouble-free pump does this back-breaking job.

Just move a lever and the new EASY pumps itself dry. Returns soapy water to tub and empties waste water into sink or drain at your direction.

A week's washing free

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(Continued from Page 129)

Donovan, standing opposite young Bob White, had been bombarding him with questions.

"Didn't you tell the two of us," he asked, "that you had some carbons in your pocket?"

The question seemed unexpected. The prisoner glanced at Donovan with pained eyes, as if stunned by it; but he brought up his head sharply and replied, "Yes, I told you that."

"In a buckskin bag?"

"That's right—buckskin."

"What did you do with this bag?"

"Hid it under a rock," replied the other defiantly, bracing himself.

But Donovan continued his questions without producing the bag. "Didn't you admit to us last night that your sleeve had blood on it?"

"From a cut in my arm, I told you."

"But you didn't show us the cut."

"No, I didn't."

"Ah!" cried Donovan, as if he had scored a point.

A little later he scored another. "They tell me, Elkhart, they could not find your pocketknife you told us you opened that tin can with last night."

"I had it, but I lost it in the sand."

"Ah!" said Donovan.

Later still, he turned to the drill boss, at his right, but the questions had no sting in them.

"Did you and Eby drive out from the city alone?" he asked.

"We brought out a man. One of our helpers quit on us."

"This man at my left?" he asked then, indicating the black-haired, black-eyed man with the sunburned face, already known to him as Tito.

"He's the one—Tito Napoli."

"You're sunburned, Tito," he began pleasantly, turning. "Are you a driller too?"

"No, I'm a helper," replied Tito.

"Experienced man? Know the different kinds of rock?"

"Sure!"

Donovan reached in his pocket for one of the rock fragments he and O'Day had found at the foot of the bowlder.

"Know the name of this rock?"

"Just a specimen," replied Tito. "Maybe iron rock. I didn't say I was a mining prospector."

The fragment had been held in such a position that Bob White could not see it clearly. But the drill boss saw it.

"Tito's just a helper," he explained.

Again Donovan turned sharply upon the prisoner, and again Bob White's pained eyes questioned him back even as their owner replied to the bombardment.

"You know carbons by sight, don't you, Elkhart?"

"Me? Certainly. I know them and they know me."

"Then you know their value?"

"It's running higher every minute. It's getting so they cost as much as gem diamonds. Sure I know it."

"You might explain to me the difference," said Donovan.

"Gem stones and carbons are both diamonds, but carbons are opaque like chunk graphite instead of clear, and they run nearly black in color. That's just appearance. The important thing is: You can't split them as you can a gem diamond, but they break across in a fracture, like cast steel. That's why we use them in drilling—they're so tough. If you set a gem diamond in a drill its corners keep chipping off. Carbons don't chip off that way. They stand up to the work. They all come from Brazil, and we have to have them, so they cost money."

"Just so—money. When you were in the city, did you not read of Eby's large purchase of carbons?"

"Yes, I did," replied Bob White.

"Did you not read that he was about to leave for this camp?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you not follow him here?"

"No, sir—not follow. I only got here later."

"But you left here before he did—late at night."

"I left because I needed water. I told you about that."

"You did not tell me that you took off your shoes before leaving," said Donovan, "nor that you carried an electric torch."

"My shoes? But I didn't! Why should I?"

"You did not tell me you left by way of the dead man's tent."

"The dead man's tent!" cried Bob White. "You have me wrong, old-timer! I don't know any more about this murder than my mother's aunt's second cousin does!"

Disregarding the replies, Donovan continued with increasing sternness: "Did you not carry this box away with you from that tent? Did you not snatch up your shoes and slip off into the night in your stocking feet? Did you not then light yourself with your torch, to a bowlder round the point of a hill?"

"No, sir. I didn't do any of those things."

"What did you find inside that box, Elkhart? A buckskin bag filled with specimens, as Tito calls them?" He showed him the fragment of rock. "Specimens like this?"

"Specimen!" cried Bob White. "That's a three-carat carbon!"

"Is it, indeed? Do you know bortz when you see it? Did you not find some parcels of bortz in the box?"

"I ought to know bortz—I've used it a plenty. . . . No, sir, I didn't."

"Did you not throw away the carbons as worthless and save the bortz crystals, thinking they were carbons?"

"Say, what do you think I am, anyhow?"

"Did you not then pry off the rubber heels of your shoes with your knife, uncovering a hollowed-out place in the leather? Did you not hide the bortz in this cavity? Did you not then hide a gem diamond there, pried out of a stick pin stolen from Eby's tent? Answer me, yes or no."

"No, sir, I did not."

Donovan laid the larger piece of rock beside the box on the carton. "After that, did you not replace the rubber heels, pounding in the nails with this rock?"

"Rubber heels! You're crazy! My heels are solid leather, pumped full of hobnails to keep me from dancing!"

"Yes or no. In prying off the rubber heels with your knife, did you not break one of the nails?"

"No, sir."

Donovan laid the nail he had found on the carton. "Is this not the nail?"

"What's the use?" cried Bob White. "I'm an ostrich if you say so, and you've got me by my wing feather. The yell is on me. No, no, and no again!"

"After you had replaced your rubber heels, did you not hide the empty bag and the robbed stick pin under a rock, and then steal down to the road, still in your stocking feet, with the box? Yes or no."

"No, sir; I ate everything clean, like a goat."

Donovan laid an ugly-looking knife upon the carton. "You told me you lost your knife. Did you not lose it under a second rock? Is this not the knife? Is that stain on it not blood?"

"This heat has got me," cried Bob White. "You ain't that kind, old-timer. I'm hearing things I oughtn't. I've gone clean crazy. Somebody tie my hands!"

"It's the Irish," O'Day remarked idly.

Donovan abruptly changed his manner. Although directing his questions at Bob White, he had remained acutely aware of their effect upon others. He was aware likewise of the effect of the change. What lay behind it and behind his words, only one other present surely knew, but every one felt its importance.

"He denies everything," he said softly. "All of you have heard him. It must be that I have confused him with somebody else. Who can it be? Whoever it is, he is wearing rubber heels, and one of these is short a crooked nail. Let everybody here show the heels of his shoes."

There was a moment of silence. Donovan became conscious that the new man, Tito Napoli, was beginning to ease himself away inch by inch and that he was breathing hard. The next sound to be heard was the sound of O'Day's level voice at Tito's sunburned farther ear.

"Put up your hands, Tito," came the command. "I have you dead. You're wanted for murder."

"But how did you know it was Tito?" asked the drill boss a little later.

"I knew the thief was ignorant of drilling—Eby's carbons dumped out on the sand shouted that fact. That let young Elkhart and your other men out. Tito was the only one left. Later I saw the print of his new rubber heels in yesterday's sludge at the drill."

"Tito was a fool'"

"Not altogether," said Donovan. "He nearly made the grade. His knowledge was merely incomplete. None of your drill men would have thrown away those carbons; but set them down suddenly between a choice of cut paste and rough Wesseltons and see what they would do. Tito was a city product. City thieves should stay in the city."

"But why did he do a murder?" asked Bob White.

"Eby had placed the box where it couldn't be moved without awakening him."

"I thought the way you spoke you had found my own carbons," said Bob White.

Donovan took from his pocket a buckskin bag. "These, do you mean?"

The other's bronzed features darkened to the roots of the hair, but the hint of a grin did not fade from his lips.

"You know now why I hid that bag," he said.

"But I don't," replied Donovan.

"Didn't you open it—either of you?"

"Why should we?"

"Irish, and didn't have to," said O'Day.

"That leaves me with some explaining to do."

Bob White tore into the bag without regard to the carbons on top, emerging at last with a tiny box such as jewelers sometimes send out. This he opened almost fearfully. The box contained two rings. The diamond in the first of these was not large, but even the drill boss could see that it was probably the brightest diamond in the world. The other ring was plain.

"That's why I wasn't taking chances," he said.

Donovan felt with his elbow the contours of his own stuffed wallet. Diamonds? The wealthy Mrs. Long did not own any diamonds. Diamonds are not bought with money. Diamonds are symbols to be earned and cherished.

"No more would I," he said, "with that kind of a diamond."

"We're keeping her waiting," said O'Day.

"Joe will give you gas and water," said the drill boss. "I'm sorry for my part in the mix-up."

"Oh, that's all right!"

Donovan suddenly reached into his guarded pocket, took out the cheapened wallet, opened it as if its tissue-wrapped contents were bortz instead of river diamonds and gave Bob White his card.

"Drop us a line when it happens, son."

Bob White's face grew radiant. "Tonight I can tell her about you," he said. "She'll write you sooner."

"I hope she will—both of you."

"Both of us," O'Day amended.

"We shall wish you both every happiness," Donovan added softly.

But Bob White had returned to the embarrassment of their first meeting, and all he could reply was, after standing on one foot and then on the other:

"Thanks for the lift, old-timers."

21 Answers to that important question

what to give that certain, certain someone Christmas day

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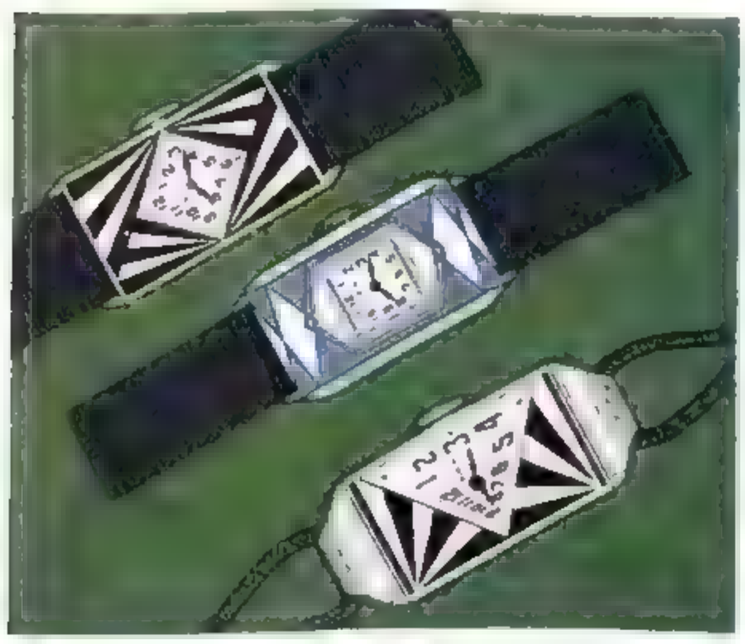

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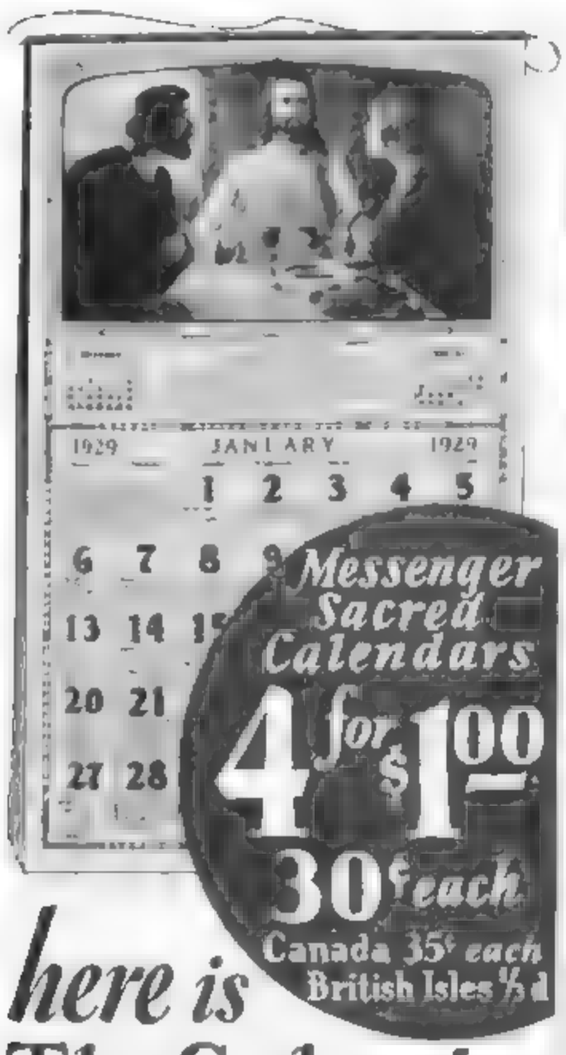

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PROTESTANT CATHOLIC

SAGE

(Continued from Page 19)

the coy vixen permitted no close approach, she started off through the sage, with Swift trotting contentedly at the heels of the dainty little creature to whom he had that night plighted eternal troth. Tentative and inconclusive as that brief courtship might have seemed to the casual observer, it had cemented a marital bond which nothing but death could sever.

Hunger now demanded attention and they cruised on in search of prey, but the hunting was poor in the barren country into which chance led them. For perhaps an hour they failed to find so much as a nest of mice. Then Tiny halted abruptly. The breeze had carried to her nostrils the tidings that there was a jack rabbit somewhere far upwind. Their marvelous noses led them through the night up that faint ribbon of scent as unerringly as a man's eyes might pilot him along the course of a wagon road at midday. At last the prey was sighted, hopping across a sandy wash. Separating, the two toy foxes started stalking from different angles.

Crouching, Swift advanced from one sage plant to the next, flattening and remaining motionless when the jack reared up for a look around, resuming his stealthy stalk when the big hare moved on with irregular hops and its muzzle was lowered to feed. Inch by inch he shortened the distance between them. Tiny, with equal caution, was stalking in from the flank. This long-eared hare of the plains was big game for hunters as small as Swift and Tiny, comparable to the pulling down of a buck by a brace of staghounds.

The jack rose on his haunches, nose twitching as he sampled the air. A dozen feet from him, Swift, motionless as a statue, crouched with muscles bunched under him and tensed for a spring. As the hare completed his inspection and took the first hop, a small dark shadow darted at him with the speed of a swooping hawk. But the jack, catching the first flicker of movement, went into action on the instant, full speed ahead, and Swift missed his strike by inches. The hare's frenzied rush had carried him straight toward the stalking Tiny and she launched herself straight at his throat. Detecting this move, too, the jack propelled himself heavenward in a mighty leap to avoid a head-on collision. So intent was the she-fox upon coming to grips with her prey that she flung into the air after the form of the jack, turning almost on her back as her direction was thus suddenly reversed from top speed ahead. Her teeth snapped just beneath him and the jack landed beyond her, running, ears laid flat against his shoulders as he put on a burst of tremendous speed.

But the sage seemed filled with deadly little foxes that flashed at him on every turn. Twice he felt the impact as one of them struck him, only to be thrown off by his hurtling weight without securing a hold. Then, as he made a frenzied dart to the right to avoid Swift's deadly assault, Tiny flashed in and struck him, the impact throwing her from her feet.

The moves in this chase through the sage were executed with such incredible rapidity as to resemble the pursuit of a swallow across the skies by two meteorlike pigeon hawks. But the issue was not long in doubt. Leaping wildly, high and to the right to avoid Swift's teeth, it was only to be met by a small form that flashed into the air after him and Tiny's teeth fastened on his neck and dragged him down. Almost before he struck the earth, Swift, too, had flashed in for a hold, and the race ended as three flying creatures rolled for half a dozen yards in a flurry of fur.

It was near dawn when they had finished feasting and they moved on in search of a likely spot in which to conceal themselves for the day. The crest of a sage-clad knoll afforded a good lookout and they bedded there. Once, round midday, a rider passed a half mile to the north of them. They eyed him intently, preparing to slip away through the sage if he should alter his course and ride in their direction. He held to his course, however, and soon passed out of sight.

For some three weeks the two toy foxes rambled through the sage at night, romping, hunting and—most important of all—trying to decide upon some suitable location for a den. On one occasion Tiny had gone so far as to start tentative excavating operations, but on the following morning a horseman had passed within a few rods of the spot and she would not return to it. Always it was the appearance of some man or the signs of his recent presence that urged this pair on in search of some place where man was not. But there seemed to be no such place. On each occasion some intruder caused them to desert the spot that had been selected as a denning site.

One such instance proved a near disaster. They had ranged a rolling sage-clad region for three days and nights without encountering sight or sound of man, and the wind carried no tidings of him to their noses. There was much evidence that the creatures of men—horses, cows and sheep—had ranged here the summer past. From this both Swift and Tiny knew that these creatures would come again, and with them man; but at least there were no men here now.

Tiny selected a knoll where the sage was heavy, indicating deep soft soil, and began tunneling industriously. When she tired, which she did easily these days, Swift began to dig enthusiastically in the hole that she had vacated. That night, after hunting, they returned to this same spot and renewed their excavating work. Swift alternately napped and dug. By noon the slanting hole had been sunk to a depth of over two feet and was some four feet in length. Swift, rising from a brief nap, stretched and yawned, then resumed his work. His dainty forepaws tore at the earth and he fashioned a right-angle bend in the tunnel. After loosening a quantity of earth with his forepaws and throwing it back beneath his body, he backed to the mouth of the tunnel, his hind feet kicking the loose stuff vigorously and expelling it from the mouth of the hole.

Three times this operation was repeated. He entered the hole a fourth time and inspected his work, found it good, but felt no inclination to resume at once. Returning to the outer air, panting a trifle and with his pink tongue exposed, Swift cruised about to select a spot for another tunnel. Any well-constructed kit-fox den should have at least three exits from the den cavity, reaching the surface at different points some twenty feet or so apart. He crossed into a little opening on the slope of the knoll, bare of sage for some ten feet. His underground operations had sifted dust and loose earth into his silky fur. He shook himself vigorously to free his coat of this foreign matter.

And that very natural act came near costing him his life. Down wind, so that no scent could reach Swift's nose, a rider had headed his horse down the bottom of a wash, the animal's hoofs on its sandy floor making insufficient sound to reach Swift's ears against the stiff wind that was sweeping across the sage. The man's quick eye caught that little explosion of dust as Swift shook himself, and an instant pressure on the reins halted the man's mount. Only his head was visible through a break in the sage that flanked the wash.

Swift sat down after shaking and the rider stared at the little shape on the side of the knoll a hundred yards away. He had heard of these toy foxes, but never before had he seen one. Stealthily he eased the rifle from the saddle scabbard beneath his knee. The range dwellers made war only indirectly—accidentally, it might be said—against Swift's clan. The tiny foxes were harmless to man. It was the ceaseless year-round war of extermination waged against the coyote with traps and poison baits that took the lives of the little foxes of the sage country. Therefore the rider's only reason for shooting at Swift was his desire to inspect one of the rare little creatures at close hand, after the fashion of thoughtless men.

Swift's first intimation of danger was the tremendous explosion of sand and gravel within a foot of him. Particles were driven against every part of him with tremendous velocity. Simultaneously the roar of the heavy rifle assailed his ears. In the next split second he had vanished with such suddenness that it seemed to the rider that the wind of the bullet must have blown him from the opening. Instead, Swift had skirted the knoll and was putting distance between himself and those parts with all the speed at his command.

Tiny, at the report of the rifle, had been galvanized from sound slumber into high gear without preliminary. The explosion had seemed to occur in her very eardrums and any direction would therefore lead her away from it. So she headed toward the rider. He sought to train his rifle on her, but the yellow streak that flashed through the olive sage was no more to be centered through the sights of a rifle than the golden flash of an oriole darting through the heavy foliage of the tree tops.

That night Swift circled to pick up Tiny's trail when she failed to answer his call. Tiny, bent on the same errand, also headed back toward the fearsome spot where those explosions had occurred. They met in the middle of the night and frisked joyously at being thus reunited. They cruised up wind in search of prey and came upon a colony of kangaroo rats. These flashy night prowlers skipped along well-worn trails that led from one burrow to another. Suddenly, at opposite ends of the settlement, two sinister shadows pounced from cover, and, almost on the instant, every denizen of the colony had taken cover. Not soon enough, however, to prevent one of their number from remaining in Swift's jaws.

Tiny, lacking her usual snap after her strenuous exertions of the day just past, had missed her strike. She covered the intervening fifty yards and snarled at Swift, snatching his prey from him. The little dog fox, with an answering snarl, leaped back. He stood surveying his mate quizzically, his head cocked on one side. Then, evidently deciding that one must expect such shrewishness in married life and be prepared to make the best of it, he trotted off through the sage to make another kill.

More and more frequently now he was to encounter this odd peevishness on the part of Tiny and her insistence upon depriving him of his prey. Soon he accepted all this as a matter of course; and on occasion, if she did not happen to be on the spot at the time of a kill, he conveyed the spoils to her, dropping his prey and leaping back as she made a snarling rush for it. Meanwhile they put distance between themselves and that intended den site from which the rifle of the rider had routed them.

Out in the hundred-mile stretch of thinly populated country between Lander and Rawlins there lies a high sage-clad plateau. It is good range land, but no stock ranges there. For though the feed may be good, stock cannot exist without water, and there is no water on that plateau. At one point on it water holes are just forty-two miles apart. Stockmen have spent much money in endeavors to sink wells, but no water has been produced. And range dwellers are busy folk, having little time or incentive to invade isolated regions where their stock cannot be ranged.

Out into the center of this desolate expanse of gray sage two tiny figures came on one moonlight night. But it was not desolate to this much-traveled pair. It seemed home to them. For almost a week they had scouted farther and farther out into it without seeing a man or discovering

(Continued on Page 136)

4 ADVANTAGES THAT ARE NEW

Here's a toothbrush that has made teeth whiter and cleaner for millions of people—including dentists themselves.

Now it is made doubly effective by use of supremely fine materials. Seven years ago it was conceded to be correct in design.

Quickly it brings the results you want. No extra effort or care is required of you. *Just use your new* DR. WEST'S *twice daily. Brush always away from gums, towards cutting edges of teeth.* That is all. It is easier to do than ever before.

Premium-cost bristles are used (in this brush only!) They are spaced, grouped, and trimmed with greatest accuracy. Handles are rigid, unbreakable—making the brush still easier to use in the correct way mentioned. These advantages combine to give wonderful polishing action.

Teeth gleam with new whiteness —*because more thoroughly cleansed!*

Try it—and see. All druggists have DR. WEST'S new Toothbrushes for you: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; special gum massage, 75c. Six beautiful new colors. Each brush is sterilized, specially sealed, and *fully* guaranteed.

Fits every size and shape of dental arch, of course. See how it cleans behind teeth far back, inside as well as outside; and how it sweeps clean all crevices.

Compare the toothbrush you used this morning with one of these.

You realize, of course, that each time you smile or speak, your teeth are conspicuous. Could your teeth, right now, pass this "Smile Test"? It's so easy to have whiter, cleaner teeth. Just proper brushing, with the correct brush, will do it. Surely no one can afford *not* to give teeth the best possible care.

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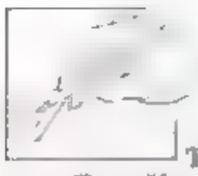
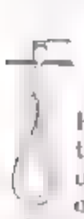
With smartness and practical features—a gift that can't be imitated



The Buxton Free Key Return Service has brought back thousands of lost Key-Tainers to their owners. Ask any Buxton dealer to explain this valuable feature.



Exclusive with Buxton are the strong, one-piece key hooks of tempered steel that turn freely yet won't cross or tangle, break or bend.

The Key-Tainer always holds its shape—due to a reinforcing flap which prevents spreading at the top. This, too, is a patented Buxton feature.

Anyone who carries keys will appreciate a genuine Buxton Key-Tainer

WHAT GIFT more intimate—more welcome to your friends—than a genuine Buxton Key-Tainer! Not only carries their keys safely and conveniently, but protects them against loss.

Exquisitely hand-worked in distinctive designs on handsome leathers—with several unique features that can't be imitated . . .

Only the owners of Buxton Key-Tainers enjoy the privilege of the Buxton Free Key Return Service. Two cards bear the same number. One you fill out and send to Buxton. The other, without your name, but bearing your number, stays in the Key-Tainer and offers a reward to finder for return. Buxton rewards the finder and forwards the Key-Tainer to the owner.

Only the Key-Tainer has patented, one-piece key hooks that revolve freely in any direction, thus making keys extremely easy to handle. Made of tempered steel, the hooks will not come apart, bend or break. Hooks humped at the neck so keys can't slip out.

Only the Key-Tainer has a stiff leather reinforcing flap—with pocket for identification number card—that keeps the Key-Tainer always flat and in shape. Prevents keys from spilling out at top. Doubles the life of the Key-Tainer.

BUXTON KEY-TAINERS come in a large variety of fine leathers. Priced from 50c up—with a wide assortment around $1.00. Sizes to accommodate from 4 to 16 keys.

Also ask about the complete line of Buxton pocket accessories that may be purchased separately or in matched sets—Bill-Tainers, Coin-Tainers, Money-Tainers, Cigarette-Tainers, Tobacco-Tainers . . . Handsome utilities all!

Buxton, Inc., 107 Main Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada: The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*

BUXTON KEY-TAINER

Continued from Page 134

evidence of his presence. There was not even so much as old signs indicating the former presence of man's creatures here—nothing but the natural sounds and scents of the virgin sage country.

From just ahead the wind carried delicious tidings of a roosting sage hen, and Swift stalked it cautiously. It was a big lone rooster, half as large as a turkey. Tiny, tired from her travels, followed her mate until he was within a few feet of his prey. Then she flattened and remained motionless, taking no part in the attack. Swift made his pounce and fastened on the neck of his prey. The bird was galvanized into action with a thrashing of powerful wings that beat up against its assailant. Almost it made good its escape, but Swift's sharp teeth were driven home and he held his grip, buffeted and jerked about by the thrashing sage cock. Then the drumming of wings and leaps became aimless and convulsive. Swift released his hold and stood back, watching the crazy antics of the dead bird until the movement subsided to a quiver. Then Tiny joined him at the feast.

Close at hand there was a slight elevation that rose almost imperceptibly above the surrounding sea of sage, a mere ripple of the surface. The soil there was deep, and again Tiny commenced the denning operations that had been interrupted so often in the past.

Swift labored mightily and within three days a den had been fashioned with two twisting corridors that led to the surface thirty feet apart. It was none too soon. While he was still working on the third tunnel he emerged from it one day, shook the dust from his coat and moved to the mouth of the main doorway to receive Tiny's approval. She warned him away with a snarl and he backed out and sat before the entrance. There was a new scent emanating from the den—that of four sprawling, blunt-nosed creatures no larger than chipmunks.

That night, before appeasing his own hunger, Swift brought his first kill of the night to the den—a big pack rat. His mate met him, seized the prize and retreated underground. She hunted not at all and appeared outside the den only at infrequent intervals throughout the next four days. On each appearance in the open she seemed obsessed with the fear that something might have gone amiss within and returned to her helpless young after a few seconds in the open air.

During this period Swift kept her well supplied with meat. Eventually she joined him on a hunt but did not venture far from the den. After the first few days Swift visited his offspring frequently and took huge delight in nosing the helpless, sprawling quartet.

The four youngsters became more active. Their helpless sprawling on fat little paunches gave way to ambitious crawling about the nest cavity with wabbly little legs bunched beneath them. The blunt noses lengthened and gave promise of becoming as sharp and pointed as the muzzles of their parents. Presently they began to partake of a little meat. Grasshoppers and crickets were left in the den hole by the parents and on these the infants tried out their sharp little teeth.

There was meat here in plenty. Sage hens, disappearing over the greater part of their former range, were very numerous here on this great arid plateau where the hoofs of sheep and cows did not trample their eggs as soon as laid and where few men came to hunt. Ground squirrels and chipmunks were abroad by day, kangaroo rats, mice and pack rats prowled by nights. There was no scarcity of food.

Water, however, was a different proposition. As the spring advanced, the last remnants of the snowdrifts melted from sheltered gulches. Here and there, at wide intervals, tiny springs, mere trickles from beneath rocks, afforded a few spoonfuls of water. These, too, began to dry up and disappear. Swift adapted himself to this waterless life as other creatures had before him. Springing from a line that had inhabited arid regions, his need for water was not nearly so great as that of many four-footed creatures. He ate the thick juicy leaves of prickly pear, tender tips of bushes, green grass and other vegetation, and his system soon accommodated itself to this waterless régime, already having progressed toward it during the period of drying springs. The deprivations occasioned by water were not to be compared to the benefits derived from that waterless state—the complete absence of man and all his creatures. Swift, relieved of fear for the first time in his life, was vastly content with matters as they stood.

Tiny, perhaps for the reason that the drain of supplying milk for four hungry mites occasioned a greater demand for moisture, did not so readily adapt herself to this waterless existence. Always she was consumed by raging thirst, but there was no water hole within reasonable distance of the den and she would not travel far from it before the four cubs were weaned. At last they were able to subsist upon a diet of meat, insects and such vegetable matter as was brought in by their parents. And the vegetable matter supplied sufficient moisture to keep them in fit condition even though not adequate to still every demand of their systems.

Some three or four nights after the final weaning of her offspring, Tiny, hunting rather farther afield than was her wont, listened to the urge of thirst. Recalling the last water hole that Swift and herself had passed in reaching this arid country, she set off for it with that characteristic steady gait that made it appear that she flowed rather than ran across the landscape.

Twenty miles from the den, she came to the water hole, a tank fashioned by stockmen by the simple expedient of throwing an earthen dam across a shallow draw to catch and conserve surface water. She drank deeply. Then, as she had not yet dined, hunger assailed her and she cast about for food as she headed back for home.

Well out in the dry area, where it would be encountered by coyotes coming in from the sagebrush desert to the tank for water, a quarter of a range cow reposed in the brush, dragged there by a wolfer employed by the local stockmen's association. Tiny, her fears of a few months past dissipated by recent immunity, and assured by her nose that no man had passed that way, advanced and devoured a few morsels of the dried relic. As she started on, a sudden fire assailed her interior, a palsy shook her limbs and she was gripped in convulsions.

Swift, tired by the long night of hunting, during which he had brought three kills—a pack rat, a kangaroo rat and a meadow lark—to the den, curled up at dawn and slept. When he waked it was with a premonition of disaster. Tiny was to be found nowhere in the vicinity of the den. Neither was there any evidence of her having been there for many hours. Uneasily Swift circled round through the sage. He found the out track of his mate, many hours old, but there was no returning trail.

The cubs grew restless and hungry, having had only the contributions brought in by their male parent during the night. Swift entered the den to still their whimperings and the four fluffy mites cuddled close to his warm body and slept. Even before sundown, Swift was abroad in search of his mate. The sun had baked the scent of her tracks from the sand and dusty white soil. Here and there he found traces of it, but could work the trail out but a mile or so from the den. Then he set off in the direction toward which it led. Repeatedly he launched that mournful cry, but there was no answer.

Midnight found him a dozen miles from the den. Hunger assailed him, as he had not stopped to hunt. His own hunger reminded him of the helpless cubs in the far-off den. He headed back for home, hunting as he traveled. Anxiety and the speed of his gait made careful hunting impossible

Continued on Page 139

Denatured alcohol

—the only anti-freeze approved by Every Automobile Manufacturer

IF there is any doubt in your mind as to which anti-freeze preparation is best to use in your motor this winter, consider these facts.

The Operator's Instruction Books of all American-made cars were consulted as to their recommendations on the cold weather care of the cooling system. Where there was any vagueness about the instructions, the service department of the manufacturer was wired for more explicit information.

Here are the results.

Every single one of the manufacturers (with the exception, of course, of air-cooled cars) approved of Denatured Alcohol and water as an anti-freeze solution. All other anti-freeze preparations combined received the approval of less than half of the car manufacturers.

In addition to the motor car companies, the leading makers of automobile radiators also approve the use of Denatured Alcohol.

From the Instruction Books of Leading Cars

BUICK—"The best anti-freeze mixtures are composed of denatured alcohol and water."

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AUBURN—"Denatured alcohol is the simplest and most practical anti-freeze solution."

NASH—"It is our experience that the most satisfactory anti-freeze solution is a mixture of denatured alcohol and water."

DURANT—"As soon as the temperature begins to approach the freezing point an anti-freeze solution should be placed in the radiator. Denatured alcohol is the best for that purpose."

LA SALLE—"A solution of denatured alcohol and water is recommended."

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Why DENATURED ALCOHOL is best

THIS universal approval of Denatured Alcohol is based on countless tests and years of experience. In the light of this expert opinion it is unnecessary for you to experiment with so-called "improved" anti-freeze mixtures which may seriously damage your motor or fail to protect it from cold.

Denatured Alcohol is simple to use, will not harm your motor, does not seep out, is more economical to use, and is more convenient to buy —you can get it anywhere.

These are the reasons that Denatured Alcohol is the anti-freeze chosen by a vast majority of the car owners of the country.

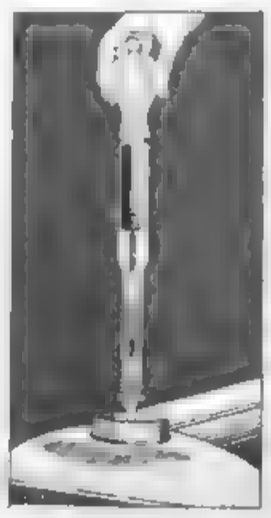
This winter, don't wait until cold weather catches you unprepared. Have your dealer put Denatured Alcohol in your radiator today. Or at least get a supply of Denatured Alcohol now to keep in your garage for that sudden cold wave. The Industrial Alcohol Institute, Inc., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

DENATURED ALCOHOL

Use it early enough
*Use it often enough**
Use it late enough

***This takes the guesswork out of anti-freeze protection**

The Alco-Tester instantly shows the lowest temperature at which your car is protected against freezing. And the Denatured Alcohol Protection Chart shows the additional quantity needed at any lower degree. Send $1.00 for Alco-Tester and Chart. The Industrial Alcohol Institute, Inc., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.



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Gentlemen: I am enclosing $1.00 for which please send me Alco-Tester and Denatured Alcohol Protection Chart.

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Street _____

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Speedy Beads of Soap *make clothes whiter*

It's enough to make any woman happy to see how fresh and sweet-smelling her clothes are after a Super Suds wash

Soap made on a new principle gives whiter clothes with less work . . . . and clothes last longer too!

SUPER SUDS is soap in a newly discovered form, the *bead soap* you have heard so much about recently. These tiny, thin little beads dissolve instantly and completely when hot water touches them.

This *speed in dissolving* represents a tremendous advance. Most well known soaps contain good soap. But they have the handicap of *form* that makes them slow to dissolve. You have used them—bars, cakes, chips. But how slow in going to work! That was the complaint of both the expert and the housewife.

Super Suds fills the need—good soap in a *new form*, tiny beads that melt lightning-fast in hot water. No time spent waiting for the soap to dissolve. No soap wasted. No uncertainty as to results.

First, Super Suds works faster. Super Suds dissolves instantly—every bead of it—in any kind of water, hot or cool, soft or hard. Then—it rinses out. Easily. All of it.

This is the way Super Suds works

Super Suds makes white things look whiter. Colors come out fresh and sharp. No soap particles stick in fabrics to cause gray washes, or age your clothes prematurely. Clothes actually last longer when washed with Super Suds. All because bead-form soap dissolves completely, and rinses out easier than chips, taking all the dirt too.

Super Suds is fine in both washtub and machine. It gives a heavy layer of rich, creamy suds on top. And down below, where the hard work is done, active *under-water suds* that quickly loosen dirt and grime.

You have heard so much about Super Suds that perhaps you have wondered if it can be as much better as they say it is. Won't you try it and see? All you need to invest is a dime. The giant red box, holding ten big cups of soap, costs only 10c at the nearest grocer's.

P. S. Would you like to save your hands from the unloveliness that scalding dishwater brings? Old-fashioned soaps require scalding water to dissolve. Use Super Suds and do dishes beautifully in water that feels like a nice warm bath. With Super Suds and water no hotter than a warm bath *your hands are as safe as can be!*

BEADS . . . Fastest-working form of Soap

(Continued from Page 136)

and he was within a mile of the den before he made a kill by pouncing upon a luckless pack rat that had ventured too far from its bulky nest. With this prize dangling from his jaws, he put on full speed for home, hoping that the beloved little mate would be there to greet him with a reproving snarl for his tardiness. She was not there, and his nose informed him of the fact that she had not been there since his departure before sundown. He launched one wild cry, but there was no answer.

From the den came the steady, insistent complaint of the four hungry cubs. Placing a dainty forepaw upon the pack rat to aid in the process, Swift tore it apart and turned it over to his ravenous offspring. Then he left in haste without appeasing his own hunger. Again he cruised widely, launching on the night air that frequent call, to which there was no reply. Again the rate of travel, his anxiety and divided purpose proved none too good aids to hunting.

At last he waylaid a kangaroo rat and returned with it just as the rosy dawn spread across the sage. The four cubs, inadequately fed during the previous night and having been on starvation rations during the present one, were ravenous. Two of them had managed to mount the ascending passage and Swift found them toddling outside the den, inviting prey for any horned owl that might pass that way on silent wings. His warning squall caused them to take shelter and he followed in their wake to give them the latest spoils of his hunting. Then he repaired to the nearest patch of dew-drenched grass, plucked a goodly quantity and carried it to his offspring.

One last time in the widening dawn he sent forth his yearning summons, then curled up to sleep the sleep of exhaustion. The gnawing of hunger roused him and his ears were assailed by that hungry clamor from within the den. The sun was three hours high as he cruised swiftly about and snatched a few hurried mouthfuls of vegetation for himself, then foraged a quantity for his young. Then he set forth on a daylight hunt, devouring an occasional cricket, grasshopper, beetle and bits of grass as he hunted. The shrill whistle of a ground squirrel reached him from off to the right and he wheeled on the instant, veering back to approach from the down-wind side. The squirrel foraged too far from its burrow and was unable to reach its shelter when a form flashed from behind a sage plant and scooped it up in shining teeth.

The cubs fell greedily upon it and Swift set forth again to forage under the glare of the noonday sun. From now on his would be a double shift, his alone the task of providing food for four young whose growing bodies required increasing quantities of nourishment each day. Never did it occur to him to falter in this task.

The native canines of America, alone of all four-footed tribes, are not only faithful and adoring mates but the best of fathers. The felines, consorting with the females of their kind only during the mating period, never know their own young; too apt to regard them, in fact, should they chance to meet, as legitimate prey to be devoured if for the moment unprotected by the mother cat. That same is true of the weasel clan. Despite pretty tales to the contrary, the lords of the antlered tribes consort with the females of their species only during the running moon and remain entirely indifferent to the welfare of their own offspring — if, indeed, they even know them.

Male bears, too, are similarly indifferent. The cares of parenthood play no part in their scheme of life. But the dog wolf, fox or coyote, once mated, is steadfast to the female of his choice, remaining so until death parts them. Not only that but the male aids in the construction of the den and rustles the greater part of the food for his young, evidencing as great a devotion for them as does the mother and refusing to desert his post at the mother's death—a virtue long since lost in the domestic dog. In common with the larger canines, this trait is characteristic also of the miniature foxes of the sagebrush plains and foothills. In accepting his double burden of parenthood Swift was merely doing what many a bereaved dog wolf, fox and coyote had done before him.

He hunted now by day as well as by night, as, indeed, had been the custom of his clan before the advent of the settler had rendered daylight hunting too dangerous. The foraging near the den was none too good and he was forced farther and farther afield. Some two miles from the den a small dog town afforded good daylight hunting for a space and the prey was sizable. But the wily villagers became very watchful after a few of their number had fallen victim to the father swift. Thereafter they ventured but little into the brush that flanked the open village and always some excited bark announced that sharp eyes had discovered Swift's stealthy approach, and the townsmen took to cover. Chipmunks and ground squirrels abounded, but they were small and Swift must now hunt for five appetites instead of one.

The four young foxes had now reached the age where they developed swiftly, and they prowled through the brush outside the den, engaging in mock hunts of their own. Nature has endowed the young of each species with the desire to shape their play along lines that will be of use in future life. The young of preying animals play at hunting and warfare, those of the preyed upon at games of fear, giving way to sudden false alarms and precipitate flight from imaginary pursuers. Swift's offspring played at hunting, engaging in stealthy stalks through the brush, creeping upon some rabbit's foot, feathered wing joint of some bird or other débris, then pouncing upon it with snarls of triumph. They became adepts at such arts and practiced variations.

One, with a sudden side snap of the head, would flip a pretended victim aloft or to one side as if it were some creature that sought to escape, then fling himself up into the air or sidewise across the earth in flashing pursuit. They became incredibly swift of movement and amazingly accurate in such seizures. By midsummer they engaged in actual hunts close to the den, but their prey consisted largely of insects. They now supplied themselves with all necessary vegetable food. Currants and gooseberries were ripening at the heads of some of the gulches and they feasted on these.

Even when aided by a mate, a dog wolf or fox seems obsessed by constant fear of famine during the period when there are young to be fed, and the male parent all too frequently starves himself unnecessarily, partaking only of sufficient food to keep life in his body and burying such surplus as remains after the hunger of mate and young has been appeased. No matter if these caches are seldom touched, he makes them anyhow.

In Swift's case there was no such reserve. From the day of Tiny's disappearance he had been half starved. Daylight hunting now seemed perfectly natural to him in the absence of his greatest enemy—man. An occasional rider, of course, crossed that great arid plateau, but for the most part such intruders rode steadily on some chosen course, intent only upon crossing with all dispatch to some point where water for their mounts was available. And out here Swift was always apprised of the approach of a rider long before the latter was in sight. In addition to being a refuge for sage hens, whose nests were not endangered by the trampling hoofs of sheep, a few bands of antelope had made a stand here. The telescopic eyes of the pronghorns never failed to detect the approach of a rider, whereupon they ruffled their rump patches in excitement as a dog bristles the hair of his spine in anger. These flaring white hairs glistened in the sun, flashing a signal of approaching danger to every antelope on the range. And Swift, from these and other signals of the wild, was enabled to give all intruders a wide berth.

He encouraged his young in their ambitious hunts by dropping such gains as he

(Continued on Page 141)

Only Genuine
Engraved Forms
are Socially
Correct

All forms used in your various social activities should be *genuine* engraved. Besides being recommended by all the best books on etiquette, *genuine* engraved invitations and announcements have a distinctive air and tone which cannot be duplicated. Discuss your needs with any store displaying the Mark of *Genuine* Engraving shown below. They will gladly give you counsel.

Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic—Most dental arches are full formed and require this type of brush.

Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic—For teeth and gums that call for special care. Massages as it cleans.

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Not one...but *Three*
New Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSHES

AND ONE OF THESE THREE IS EXACTLY RIGHT FOR YOU

WITH the active help and advice of dentists, periodontists, and dental clinics, Pro-phy-lac-tic has created new and better tooth brushes. Three of them—for no one type of brush suits all dental needs.

All three have wonderfully springy, resilient "Pro-phy-lac-tic Bristles"—bristles that stay put in the brush. Handles are extra-strong, with a businesslike grip that makes brushing easier. They come in new and beautiful colorings, transparent, and made even more attractive by super-polishing. Just a glance tells you that here are better-made tooth brushes.

Which one should you use? You are the best judge. Merely pick the Pro-phy-lac-tic you like best, that seems best suited for your type and condition of dental arch. Try it.

FACE Yourself . . . PLACE Yourself Then CHOOSE

Easy as ABC's to choose the right Pro-phy-lac-tic for your specific dental needs. Just face yourself in your mirror. A full-formed face? Then your dental arch (teeth and gums) is also full-formed like most, and you should use the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. A smaller, more sharply oval face? Then you have a small dental arch. For those who have this smaller-than-average dental arch, there is the Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic. Unless your gums are soft, tender, receding, your teeth lacking in vitality. Then a special brush, the Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic, is yours. It suits all sizes of arch. And it massages as it cleans.

Pro-phy-lac-tic
TOOTH BRUSHES

different in shape and size—alike in quality

Spend no extra time in brushing. Pay no more for brushes. Yet win for yourself a sparkling new health of teeth and gums that the right Pro-phy-lac-tic assures you.

You can get your new Pro-phy-lac-tic at any drug store. Each comes packed in a sanitary box, the yellow box known throughout the world. And the price is as low as always—only 50c. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass., U. S. A. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada) Ltd., Montreal.

ONLY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSHES CAN HAVE THIS QUALITY BRISTLE

For over forty years this business has been one of the world's largest buyers of fine brushing bristle. A special grade, the very finest grade of springy, lively tooth-brush bristle, has come to be known as "Pro-phy-lac-tic Bristle" because this was the grade our bristle-buyers sought out and demanded. Today we buy all the "Pro-phy-lac-tic Bristle" that is produced, and it is used exclusively in the manufacture of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes.

(Continued from Page 139)

killed near the den, and the foraging pups would come upon it, believing themselves responsible for the spoils. Frequently, upon nearing the den with a prize dangling in his jaws, he would whirl and run from the hungry rush of his offspring.

Amazed at thus being deprived of a legitimate source of livelihood, they would dart in angry pursuit, eventually succeeding in wresting the prize from their fleeing parent.

Swift was worn and thin, without an ounce of fat on him, by mid-August. Gnawing hunger had been his part for more than two months. Day and night, with but snatches of naps between hunts, he had been ceaselessly on the meat trail. One night, by valiant effort, he overhauled and pulled down a big jack rabbit, much too large for him to transport to his young. He advanced to within three hundred yards of the den and launched the meat call to which the cubs had been taught to rally on his approach with prey. Swiftly they came to him and he led them a mile or more to the dead hare.

Thereafter he led them farther and farther afield on nightly hunts. At first they kept close to him and relied on such kills as he might make. Eventually they made kills of their own—a nest of mice, a young sage hen or some small rodent—but such occurrences were none too frequent, and they still rallied front and center to deprive their parent of every kill that he made. They began to spread out, hunting individually, but keeping track by scent and sound of the movement of their fellows. Sometimes one, having made a kill, remained out longer than the rest and returned to the den alone.

By mid-September all were capable hunters, able to subsist by their own individual efforts. Nevertheless, each one still regarded it as a duty and a privilege to deprive Swift of his every kill. Then, without warning, a change came over him. Had Tiny remained with him, she, too, would have changed at the same time. It was one thing for parents to starve themselves during the summer months when food is plenty and the young are dependent—quite another when the day of food shortage is approaching and the young are able to provide for themselves. The cold tang in the air apprised Swift of the fact that winter drew near. Vegetation would be dry and without nourishment, the rodents retiring to their winter dens to sleep the long sleep of hibernation. It behooved him to pad his emaciated frame with fat and thus store up reserve food and energy for the lean days to come.

He pounced upon a meadow lark one night and began at once to devour it. The nearest of his hunting sons, passing down wind, was apprised by his nose of this happy event and he rushed merrily to the spot to enforce his right to the kill and appropriate it as his own.

He was met by a warning snarl, and when he disregarded it and sought to wrest the bird from his parent, Swift pounced upon him with punishing teeth and drove him from the spot in yelping surprise and pain. Instead of leaving the vicinity, the son circled back and Swift pounced again, inflicting even more severe chastisement when the young fox sought to defend himself.

At last the youngster, finding that only grief and no free meal awaited him there, moved away to hunt on his own.

An hour later Swift chanced upon a daughter who had just slain a wood rat. Instantly he deprived her of her rightful spoils and punished her mercilessly when she resisted in outraged indignation. From that night on, Swift permitted none of his offspring to touch one of his kills until after his own hunger had been appeased.

It was as if a human father had called a family conclave and addressed his offspring thus: "My children, throughout your lives you have been first with me. I have experienced many privations that you might have every advantage. I have taught you all that you can learn of life without facing it on your own and learning from experience. You are now prepared. Go forth now and live your own lives. I have given all that I can."

Thus did Swift, the toy fox of the sagebrush plains, lay down the double burden that had been his. He slept much and ate hugely of whatever the land afforded. He had profited from experience and had survived where others of his kind had perished, and he had been given courage to brave alien territory in search of a mate to the end that his race should go on. After finding her, he had led her into one of the few remaining bits of sage where the menace of man was not. After losing her, he had carried on alone. When the snows came he was sleek, well furred and fat.

A howling blizzard screeched across the high plateau. A tiny toy fox cruised along a ridge, leaving dainty tracks in the new snow while the wind whipped his gorgeous plume of a tail. On the wings of the wind he loosed his lonesome squall for a departed mate. There was no answer, but he had done his bit in making a last stand for the survival of his vanishing breed.

A TINTYPE OF THE FLASH AGE

(Continued from Page 17)

and Mr. D. J. Whitney entered. He was followed by Private Detective and ex-Policeman, ex-Fireman and ex-Park Watchman Sidney H. Conkling, who is employed by the Society for the Prevention of Crime. Ten minutes later the door creaked again and a delegation of beefy, rosy-cheeked, cleanly groomed sporting men entered, headed by Counselor Peter Mitchell. All of them wore gold studs, faultless linen and glossy beaver hats, and most of them twirled ivory or gold-headed canes. They smiled away at each other like clockwork and exchanged nods and congratulations, upon which Mr. Whitney looked out from his bundled-up overcoat with well-nigh speechless indignation.

"'They say, Whitney, that you're the best looking man in New York,' said Mr. Mitchell, laughing heartily amid the chuckles of the gamblers. Here Justice Kilbreth checked the growing mirth by calling the assembly to order.

"'Can you point out the persons mentioned in the warrants?' asked the justice of Private Detective Conkling. The detective nodded and pointed to a well-dressed, urbane man, with black mustache and side whiskers, who from his look might have been a churchgoing broker or commission merchant.

"'That's Morrison, the backer of the game,' said Conkling. 'That's Ike Allen, one of his dealers,' pointing to an unmistakable but good-natured-looking sport with clean-shaven face, thin lips and black jagged eyebrows, who reclined on a back seat. 'That's Jim Kerby, another dealer,' he added, indicating a benevolent-looking old party of fifty, with long silver-gray beard and puffy countenance indicative of good feeding, who sat smiling and tapping his gold-headed cane against his teeth in a corner of the room. 'And that's Wash, the doorkeeper,' he said in conclusion, pointing to a stalwart, regular-featured darky, who sat bolt upright, with his overcoat buttoned up to his chin, in the center of the group.

"The witness swore he had visited 818 Broadway on the night in question, saw Allen, Kerby and other men engaged in shuffling the cards, dealing faro and playing roulette; saw Morrison, the proprietor, receiving checks from the negro Wash and putting them in his safe; he (Morrison) exercised the rights of proprietor or backer, and passed as such among the players; witness played in seven dollars that had been given him and then quit; there was no one else that he knew personally in the room except his brother Samuel C., who was a detective employed by the same society; didn't know of anyone else besides himself who lost money; the doors were not open to the public; there was a blind and iron grating, through which the negro looked out; they were closed when he rang the bell; the negro let him in without inquiring who he was or what was his purpose; was sure the gathering place was not a private club.

"'Witness, how did you come to leave the Park Department?' asked Mitchell.

"'I was discharged.'

"'For assaulting a lady?'

"'No!' thundered the society's detective. 'If you want to know so badly, I'll tell you. I was broken because I was twenty minutes late on a post four miles long.'

"'Have you ever been arrested?'

"'Yes, twice.'

"'What for?'

"'The Sun said that I discharged a revolver one night, killing one man, wounding another and wounding a horse, all at one shot. That's what the Sun said I did. I was arrested, but they didn't prove it and I was discharged.'

"'What else were you arrested for?'

"'For an alleged attempt to blackmail. The suit is now on trial before the Supreme Court and I have brought a countersuit against Captain Williams for damages for false imprisonment.'

"'You are not in the habit of appearing as a professional witness?'

"Mr. Conkling indignantly denied the impeachment.

"Here another squabble arose over the identity of Mr. Morrison. Mr. Mitchell declaring that that gentleman's real name was Ferdinand Abell and that he had been summoned to give bail for the other prisoners. The witness persisted in identifying Morrison, or Abell, as the proprietor of the game, and the judge said it made little difference what his name was provided he was the individual who took the checks. Abell was asked whether he had ever backed the game, dealt the cards or had any other connection with 818, and he declined to answer on the ground that the answer would tend to criminate himself. He said that he had had nothing to do with the place during the past five years. Justice Kilbreth decided to adjourn his case to Monday next, meanwhile permitting Morrison, or Abell, to go on his own recognizance. The other prisoners pleaded not guilty and were held in $2000 bail each. Wash Jourdan, the colored waiter, was held in $500 bail as a witness."

The sequel to all this appears in the next annual report of the society:

Four of the principal parties [were] held to bail in $6600. All were indicted by the grand jury, but up to the present time the committee has been unable to have them tried. The building is quite near one of our fashionable churches and owned by a wealthy widow lady who receives five thousand dollars per annum rent for the same; has been occupied as a gambling house for years; is undoubtedly well known to the police, yet is allowed to exist, to the disgust of respectable citizens.

The indictments were pigeonholed and Abell pursued the even tenor of his way, keeping the house open as before. He had successively as partners Dave Johnson, who was later to operate houses of his own in New York and Saratoga, and Lucien O. Appleby, who kept his interest in Number 818 right up to the time of the closing up of the place in 1890. The house was known as the Central Club. A dozen years after gambling ended, workmen making the interior over came across a large brick vault in the cellar in which obviously the gambling paraphernalia was hidden during the raids that the house occasionally suffered during the thirty-one years it remained open.

No Moisture can get through *these* soles!

Stockings perfectly dry, feet perfectly comfortable, in spite of the weather man! A sudden shower or an all-day downpour - - it's all one to the feet that stand on

WATER PROOF DRIGUARD LEATHER SOLES

Not a drop of moisture can get through them. Yet they are porous. The air circulates freely about the feet, preventing excessive perspiration and keeping the hosiery dry.

DRIGUARD WATERPROOF LEATHER SOLES cost no more than any other good leather soles but add to the mileage of your shoes, improve their appearance, and increase their comfort besides safeguarding your health.

Leave your shoes with the DRIGUARD shoe repairman in your neighborhood today. You will be delighted with the transformation he will make in them. And you will share his satisfaction in the DRIGUARD Trade Mark on every sole. It is his mark of pride in craftsmanship and your guarantee of value.

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It's DIFFERENT—*flexible and rigid*—bends easily as you walk, in perfect co-ordination with the foot—locks rigidly under pressure, thereby carrying the strain that bears down and weakens the arch, relieving and comforting both normal and aching feet. Made in a variety of shapes and leathers.

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BEAUTIFYING
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Real Beauty is not indicated by features alone. Far more important is the charm which positive cleanliness and sweetness impart. In ASTRING-O-SOL, science has perfected a formula for the positive combating of charm's most insidious enemy—*unpleasant breath.* ¶ Likewise, a few dashes of ASTRING-O-SOL in a quarter-glass of water brings a zest, exhilaration and sense of cleanliness to the mouth and throat not experienced with ordinary mouth washes. ¶ Next time, just say to your druggist, "Give me the best, the most effective mouth and throat wash ever produced." If he is a druggist who has given serious thought to such products, you may be assured you will get ASTRING-O-SOL.

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For a free three day sample of ASTRING-O-SOL write name and address on this coupon and mail to Dept. 45, Frederick Stearns & Co., Detroit, Michigan

Name_____

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When, in 1881, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, president of the society, led policemen in fruitless raids on gambling houses in Nassau and Fulton streets, he informed the reporters the police captains were entirely responsible for the prevalence of gambling.

"The captains who want to get an income from gambling places," he said, "do not go themselves. If they do, it is to bluster and be very brave and to order the houses to be closed. But a woman goes into a place and says to the proprietor, 'I am a poor woman; won't you help me a little?' The proprietor says, 'Yes, take this,' and gives her what those present suppose to be a dollar bill. Instead of its being one dollar, it is fifty. Now can you make anything out of this? Certainly not, because he would say, 'I have done nothing except to assist a poor woman a little!' That woman meets a friend at a groggery and this friend says, 'Have you sold those goods?' The woman replies, 'Yes, and here is the money,' handing the proprietor forty dollars. The man goes to some official, maybe a sergeant, and says, 'By the way, here's that thirty dollars you loaned me.' The next day the captain finds twenty dollars in his drawer. He does not 'know' how it got there. But he puts it into his pocket. Then he is asked, 'Did you ever take a bribe?'

"Now what can you do? We have traced cases where we were morally sure that the man was guilty. We have three—five—eight affidavits to that effect; but they have been made by women of bad reputation. This evidence we cannot go into court with, and the man gets off. A high official told me that one captain made $70,000 a year by blackmailing and he cautioned me not to mention the fact."

In other words, the system was greater than any individual. Captains and inspectors and commissioners might come and go, reform administrations would have their day and cease to be, but graft rode on triumphantly. The crude system described by Doctor Crosby soon passed out. The patrolman on the beat or a plain-clothes man detailed by the captain collected from gambling places, disorderly houses, saloons—even legitimate business concerns, which found themselves continually in hot water so long as they failed to contribute and magically free to obstruct the sidewalk for hours so long as they paid. The graft was estimated in the early '90's at $7,000,000 a year.

XVIII

FOR a whole year Canfield waited about New York, living at the Union Square and hoping, hoping for the chance that never came to get into Abell's. He never forgot his disappointment, and ten years later, when he bought out the Nautilus Club at Newport from Abell, he spoke bitterly to the older gambler about it. Abell laughed reminiscently. Never a day had passed while the house was open, he said, without somebody wanting to get on the staff—some of them actually offering to pay for the privilege.

Making the rounds of the gambling houses, getting acquainted with the staffs of the best known of them, playing occasionally, Canfield widened his circle of acquaintances. He watched the plungers at Daly's and became acquainted with other well-known figures among the proprietors of houses—William (Dink) Davis and Tom (Shang) Draper. And he also met Charlie Reed and Albert Spencer, who were partners in Saratoga, as they had been earlier in New York.

Daly, a native of Troy, had arrived in New York during the Civil War prepared to cash in on the prestige of Morrissey and Heenan and other Troy men who were making names for themselves in the gambling world. At first he had a house on the east side of Broadway between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets; then he acquired an interest in Number 8 Barclay Street. In 1878 he gave up the Broadway place and acquired the house at Number 39 West Twenty-ninth Street, at the same time buying the house next door and combining the two into a spacious gambling place. He had established his Long Branch gambling house during the heyday of that resort while President Grant summered there, and the sports who played there gave their patronage to his new house in New York during the winter. He was well protected, although he paid nothing like the $100,000 a year that the popular imagination pictured. The game was comparatively small, and if a faro player played $50 to the cases and $100 to the doubles he was considered a plunger. The expenses of running his establishment, outside of the protection money, were about $60,000 a year. Daly continued in business down to the time all the houses were closed by Jerome in 1904. Two years later he died.

Dink Davis, who was running a house at Number 57 West Twenty-eighth Street, was pointed out as one of the marvels of gambling. Players heard of how Davis, coming down from Syracuse half a dozen years before, had stopped in at Number 8 Barclay Street, run a bank roll of $1900 to $85,000 in two days, bought a fourth interest in the place and continued to play against the house until one of his partners closed the box against him when he had won an additional $18,000. Davis was a well-known gambler in Chicago and Philadelphia prior to his successful New York coup. When Canfield, in 1899, moved his gambling establishment to East Forty-fourth Street, it was Davis who took over the old place, to run it on a diminished scale for three years.

Oh, well, the youngsters said when they heard the story of Davis' luck, faro boxes in those days were all on the square. Now you never could tell when you were going to run up against a brace device. The newspapers were carrying stories of crooked work on the part of proprietors of gambling houses, who were so greedy, the accounts said, that one and all doctored their boxes, so that the player was a sucker who simply had no chance at all. In the lower-class sporting papers manufacturers of shady devices advertised their wares. One of these, telling of his "latest improved vest hold-out" for poker players anxious to fill out a four flush or garner a fourth ace, finished his sales message thus:

> It is a fine invention and anyone that plays cards for a living needs it more than they do snide jewellery or flashy clothes, with holes in their pockets instead of dollars. There is but one way to gamble successfully, and that is to get tools to work with and have the best of every game you get into.

There were crooked faro boxes, doubtless, in some of the big gambling houses, and it was this fear on the part of players that they might be running up against a brace device which would make success certain for the bank whenever the stakes were high, that caused the game finally to die out. George W. Walling, who was retired as police superintendent of New York in 1885, after trying vainly for years to administer the department honestly in the face of settled opposition, gave it as his considered opinion that all the gambling houses in New York were crooked.

XIX

IN THE spring of 1887, reluctantly concluding that there would be no chance for him at Number 818, Canfield began to consider starting a gambling house of his own. He himself had hardly $1000, but Sprague had promised to lend him some; and Andrew Dam, who had come into something like $200,000 on the death of his father in 1885, would certainly advance something. He had already spoken to Dam tentatively about a loan, when a man named William Glover, owner of a pawnshop business, suggested that they two start a poker house. The thing didn't appeal to Canfield. He had come to New York in search of bigger game. But a year had slipped by without anything developing. He scraped up the necessary money and they opened a place on the east side of Broadway between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets. There

(Continued on Page 145)

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All this because of the remarkable new principle of Relay Surmounting Action. The Relay method of locomotion is a sweeping improvement in truck design. It combines Pullman smoothness with locomotive speed. It harnesses load and truck momentum for multiplied power when needed. For the first time in truck history, the dead load comes to life and *works!*

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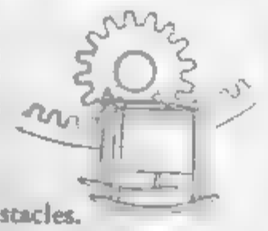
The weight of truck and load moves forward and upward in starting, thereby exerting an added turning impulse, just as the farmer "climbs a spoke" to start the wagon wheels out of mud. An old idea modernized with great success

The principle of the Relay SURMOUNTING ACTION is brilliantly simple. It cradles and cushions the load, exerting great leverage in starting, stopping, and surmounting obstacles.



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THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

IN the light of present day accomplishment it is difficult to believe that only a hundred years ago the steam engine was in its experimental stage and the first short stretch of railroad was being viewed with alarm. Automobiles, ocean liners, airplanes, radio—and the host of other achievements of today, were then nothing more than figments of the imagination. What is primarily responsible for this surge of world development within the span of a human life, after a thousand years of complacency?

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Of the important developments in the realm of steel manufacture none has commanded wider interest than COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, to which has been applied a wealth of experience, dating back to the earliest days of iron and steel in America.

COP-R-LOY is a refined copper alloyed steel. It is adapted to innumerable purposes—both structural and mechanical—where a tough, malleable, strong and durable metal is required at low cost. Twenty years' service under the name Ohio Metal has established its superior merit for use by all who are determined to build more permanently and manufacture more efficiently than ever before.

Just as surely as this is the Age of Steel, this is the era of COP-R-LOY. In its physical make-up is found a positive defense against the forces of decay—an indifference to wear and weather no matter what the condition of service or the characteristics of the location in which it is put to use. Thus a single metal serves the needs of millions of people in many ways and forms, with dependability and at low cost.

COP-R-LOY is available to manufacturers for forming into kitchen cabinets, tables, chairs, clothes driers, clothes chutes, furnaces and ranges, and a host of other housekeeping needs. Likewise, it is available for the construction of the home itself, for such products as lath, window and door casements, roofing, cornices, gutter and spouting.

Railroads, shipbuilders, plumbing, heating, and metal working industries, architects and building contractors and manufacturers of many important products have faith in its performance because of its increased expectancy that has been justified by service. COP-R-LOY, The Copper Alloyed Steel Pipe, now gives to the use of tubular products bearing the name Wheeling even greater significance than ever, because it is made from the same refined steel, alloyed with pure copper, that has served so well in countless other ways for a score of years.

MADE OF COP-R-LOY

For Manufacturing Industries—COP-R-LOY is prepared in sheets for manufacture into as many as five thousand articles, many of which are used in the home, apartment, hotel and office. From the culvert under the highway to the finest of steel furniture, COP-R-LOY provides the workable raw material required for excellent workmanship, reasonable cost and satisfactory service. In other forms, such as Plates, Rods, Wire, Black Plate, Tin and Terne Plate, it serves for countless purposes.

For Railroads—COP-R-LOY Plates, Sheets, Pipe, Car Roofing, Tie Plates and Spikes, specified by railroad metallurgists and engineers to reduce maintenance costs while improving construction of buildings, rolling stock and right of way.

OTHER WHEELING STEEL PRODUCTS READY FOR USE

In addition to COP-R-LOY Pipe the maker of COP-R-LOY supplies a large number of finished steel products to manufacturers and distributors. Cut Nails, for example, since 1852, Wire and Wire Nails, Staples, Barbed Wire, Riv-weld and Arc-weld Range Boilers, Steel Drums and tubular products for developers and refiners of petroleum in all the principal oil fields of America. The name Wheeling applied to any steel or steel product is the word of the maker that protects the buyer.

The story of this amazing metal told briefly and in non-technical manner, with an itemized list of its important uses which affect your own convenience and economy, will be mailed at your request.

WHEELING STEEL CORPORATION, WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

Subsidiary Companies

Wheeling Corrugating Company · The Consolidated Expanded Metal Company · Wheeling Can Company
La Belle Transportation Company · Pig Iron Mining Company · La Belle Coke Company
Ackermann Manufacturing Company · Consumers' Mining Company

"FROM MINE TO MARKET"

(Continued from Page 142)

were half a dozen tables in a small room. Canfield felt he was back in the old Pawtucket place. The limit was twenty-five and fifty cents and the play was pretty brisk from noon until midnight.

The inability of the police to stop the big gambling places was as marked in this spring of 1887 as it had been when Doctor Crosby vainly campaigned against them seven years before. William Murray, who had succeeded Police Superintendent Walling in June, 1885, was up against the same sort of game as Walling had complained of, and not quite so disposed to fight as Walling had been. If he intrusted raids to his subordinates, something usually happened to allow the gamblers to escape with their implements. When complaints were made in the newspapers that nothing was being done to stop gambling, the superintendent could only point to the fact that he himself had led raids on twenty-five houses in twenty-two months.

The new poker house of Canfield and Glover made money, slowly at first, but by spring of 1888 each of the partners was pocketing $150 a week. Still Canfield was not satisfied. This was picayune stuff. He might just as well be back in Pawtucket.

It was a cousin of Glover's, a man named David Duff, who was serving as a dealer for Charlie Reed in the house at Number 5 West Twenty-fourth Street, that gave him his opportunity. Duff had won favor with several of the wealthy patrons of the Reed house, and a few of them offered to lend him money to start a place of his own. He told Canfield of the offers and Canfield suggested that they go in together. Glover readily agreed to buy out his partner's interest in the poker club.

So, in May, 1888, Duff and Canfield opened the Madison Square Club at Number 22 West Twenty-sixth Street, a few steps from the St. James Hotel, at the corner of Broadway. Dam and Sprague lent Canfield money, Sprague mortgaging his house in Providence.

It was the conventional type of brownstone house of four stories with a high stoop. Their rent was $600 a month. The protection money, paid in cash, was at first a flat $200 a month, but as the house prospered and the number of high players increased, it doubled, and then a percentage of the earnings was taken. Back of the reception room on the first floor were two rooms in which were respectively a roulette wheel and the faro box. On the second floor were tables for poker. Canfield had his rooms on the third floor and Mr. and Mrs. Duff the fourth floor. Within a year of the time the house was opened the poker tables disappeared and the gambling layouts were moved up to the second floor.

The location of the house was ideal. Delmonico's was hardly 100 yards away, with the type of patron Duff and Canfield wanted to attract. A block down Broadway was the Hoffman House, then the Albemarle and the Fifth Avenue Hotel at Twenty-third Street. At Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street was the Brunswick, a favorite with society. The Gilsey House was only three blocks up Broadway. Theaters and restaurants in quantity were not far away.

Dam, Sprague and Duff had furnished plenty of money, and Canfield had spent it judiciously if in quantity. The furnishings of the new place showed a dignified restraint that seemed at first to make it a poor imitation of the sumptuous palaces that Broadway had come to know. The furniture was for the most part of the Early American type rather than the combination monstrosities of Victorian art tortured out of late Empire.

The sports came, tried their luck, ate the excellent fare—and came again. Canfield had more than matched Duff's contribution to the establishing of the place, and was able to make his old Rhode Island friends Bucklin, Sprague and Levens members of the staff. In addition, there were a cook, a manservant and two maids, all negroes. The house at first carried $25,000 in its safe as insurance against possible bad fortune, this anchor to windward being doubled two years later, when the faro limit also doubled, to become $50 and $100.

It wasn't always clear sailing. Once in a while the ward man who transacted the police captain's business would come around and order the place shut up. The reformers, it would turn out, had had detectives in various gambling places, and the police had heard through grapevine intelligence that some newspaper was going to come out with a story naming names and giving the numbers of the offending houses. Or an election would be in the offing and the opposition would make very effective use of information about gambling houses. Sometimes the shutdown would be for two or three nights or a week, but in the summer of 1889 the prohibition lasted for two months and affected every gambling house in the Tenderloin.

Prosperity almost beyond their dreams in the very first year had no effect on Canfield, but it changed Duff completely. He began to gamble in other establishments. When he lost, he settled the account with drafts on Duff and Canfield.

The checks for $1000 or $2000—even $5000—would be gathered up by Bucklin at the bank when he went for the monthly statement. Duff never trenched on Canfield's profits with these checks made out to other gamblers, but to Canfield they were a fly in the ointment of higher and yet higher profits the house was piling up. Duff's conduct advertised the place in an undesirable way, a circumstance that would in time make it necessary for the police to close it. Having tasted the fruits of uninterrupted play, Canfield was in no mood to close the house. So he tried to remonstrate with Duff, telling him how much there was at stake and reminding him that not only was he bringing their establishment into disrepute but was also throwing away his own profits.

In early September of 1890, Duff presented himself at the front door of Number 22. Bucklin placed his stocky frame in the way and quietly informed him that Canfield had left orders that he was not to be admitted. For several minutes Duff was unable to get the drift of what Bucklin was saying. When an attempt to brush past the manager into the house failed completely, it dawned upon him that he was being barred from his own house. He walked down the stairs, picked up a brick lying conveniently in the street and sent it through the window of the first floor.

The crash of the brick on the glass smashed Duff's connection with Number 22 West Twenty-sixth Street and with Canfield. The house closed up abruptly and Canfield brought pressure to bear upon Duff and bought him out. Nobody knows what he paid Duff, but it is probable that it was less than $50,000. Canfield could drive a hard bargain, and he knew that he had Duff in a hole. Duff's old-time friends among the patrons, disgusted at his actions and finding that Canfield was far and away more responsible and capable, were all for casting Duff overboard.

While the negotiations for buying out Duff were in progress the newspapers learned of the fight between the two partners. A reporter who called at the house was taken over it by Bucklin. He saw a number of men sitting in easy-chairs in the front parlor and smoking, but neither there nor in any other part of the house was there any evidence of gambling.

Bucklin was quoted as saying, "This is merely a gentlemen's club. Mr. Duff was a member, but had no other rights. I belong to it myself and so does Mr. Sprague. Mr. Canfield is the treasurer. We didn't like the way Mr. Duff was acting, so we asked him to resign and that's all there is to it."

Duff told newspapermen Canfield was trying to do him out of profits justly due him. Sergeant Lane of the Tenderloin Precinct told them the house had been closed for months and wouldn't open again.

But inside of a week it was running wide open, with Duff an outsider. Henceforth there were to be no brawls. In fact so circumspect were Canfield and his staff that when he quit Twenty-sixth Street in 1899, Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, whose home in Twenty-fifth Street was directly back of Canfield's, told him that he wished all his neighbors were as quiet.

With the ousting of Duff, Richard Canfield was definitely on his own in New York and on his way to his first million. He was thirty-five years old.

XX

IN THE fall of 1891 Col. Elliott F. Shepard's Mail and Express, most vigorous anti-Tammany organ in the city, began pounding away at the police department for protecting gambling dens, disorderly houses and illegal liquor saloons, and soon the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Parkhurst, of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, took up the cudgels and launched the attack which led directly to the famous Lexow investigation of 1894.

In the sermon which opened the fight, in February of 1892, the clergyman, after dealing with prostitution and violations of the excise law, went on:

> Gambling houses flourish in New York almost as thick as roses in Sharon. They are open to the initiated at any hour of day or night. They are eating into the character of some of what we are accustomed to think of as our best and most promising young men. They are a sly and constant menace to all that is choicest and more vigorous in a moral way in the generation that is now moving onto the field of action. If we try to close up a gambling house, we, in the guilelessness of our imagination, might have supposed that the arm of the city government that takes cognizance of such matters would find no service so congenial as that of combining with well-intentioned citizens in turning up the light on these nefarious dens and giving to the public certified lists of the names of their frequenters. But if you convict a man for keeping a gambling hell in this town you have to do it in spite of the authorities and not by their aid.

Hardly ten days before, the Mail and Express had for the sixth time in three weeks published a list of the most important faro banks, policy and lottery houses and law-breaking liquor saloons in Manhattan and had called upon Superintendent Murray of the police department to raid these places and put them out of business. The Mail and Express declared that on Manhattan Island there were 250 faro banks, 720 policy shops, and 6000 saloons which were violating the excise law. The newspaper directed its fire particularly at Albert J. Adams, the policy king, who in later years was to do time at Sing Sing. The Mail and Express stated that Adams, who twenty years before had been a railroad brakeman, was now worth $7,000,000 and maintained "a gambling house for every church spire in Manhattan." The paper enumerated thirty-three of the 150 places, nearly all devoted to policy, controlled by Adams and told the police department head, "You dare not touch him."

Unfortunately for Doctor Parkhurst's immediate peace of mind, publication by the newspaper of this list did not constitute evidence, nor did the hearsay on which he had preached the sermon help him when he was summoned before the grand jury which was in session at the moment. The jury handled the clergyman without gloves, declaring that his statements could "only serve to create a feeling of unwarranted distrust in the minds of the community with regard to the integrity of public officials and tend only to hinder the prompt administration of justice."

But though the current grand jury flouted his statements and the leaders of the city government declared them wild exaggerations, the newspapers of Tuesday morning carried the story that "every faro bank in Manhattan was closed last night." They did not reopen for several weeks, although the disorderly houses and the policy dens kept doing business as openly as ever. By that time a new grand jury had found the Parkhurst statements fully warranted, and its foreman set at $7,000,000 the amount of vice money turned over to the police yearly for the privilege of doing business.

Shoe Smartness with Complete Shoe Comfort

IN the new Educator Shoe shown above, as in all of the other models representing this famous line, men and boys will find the perfect balance of shoe smartness and complete shoe comfort.

The realization of this happy combination has developed through more than 25 years of scientific shoe building.

It is expressed in the following five points of Educator superiority:

1—Foot conforming arch
2—Snug fitting heel
3—Tailored instep
4—Scientific modeling
5—Flexibility.

You will find these five characteristics in all Educators including the models for women and girls as well as those for men and boys.

Drop in on the authorized Educator dealer in your city and prove for yourself that here at last is a shoe that is both good looking and comfortable.

An expert unique in his knowledge of both shoe style and foot anatomy has written a book which explodes once for all the fallacy that "comfort" shoes cannot be good looking. If you have had trouble with your feet, if you have been sacrificing good style to comfort, send for the booklet, "Laying the Ghost." Address

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Dept. S. E. P. 12—225 W. 34th St., N. Y. C.

EDUCATOR SHOES

Are Good but Not Expensive

Women's	$8 to $10
Growing Girls'	$6 to $6.50
Children's (sizes 8½ to 2)	$4 to $5.50
Infants'	$3 to $3.50
Men's	$8.50 to $10
Boys'	$5 to $6.50
Small Boys'	$4 to $5.00

Christmas wouldn't be Christmas
without the postman's visit

Send Christmas Cards to *all* your friends this year, and, as well, to those less fortunate than you, whose day will be the brighter for your cheery message! Many folks are selecting cards now—while varieties are plentiful and shops not overcrowded. Why not get yours, too?

In shops displaying this seal you will find cards made by members of the Greeting Card Association—exquisite cards distinguished by the work of foremost writers and artists.

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

Mi Choice

Bunte Brothers, 1301 Franklin Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
☐ I enclose $1.50 for a one pound or $3.00 for a two pound Mi Choice package
☐ I enclose 25c for the miniature Mi Choice sample package.
Name
Address City
Dealer's Name

25¢

Santa's finest gift is the famous Mi Choice Package. Smooth, chocolate coatings—surprise fillings, vindicate your judgment in choosing the gift of gifts. Your dealer has the famous Mi Choice Package in one, two, three and five pound sizes. If not, send the coupon and $1.50 for the one pound Mi Choice or 25c for a Miniature Sample Package.

Bunte Brothers
Makers of fine Chocolates since 1876
1301 Franklin Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Holding the police commissioners strictly to blame for the terrible vice conditions in the city, the Mail and Express declared that thieves paid over to the police as protection money 80 per cent of whatever loot they obtained—disorderly houses $100 a month and large gambling houses 50 per cent of their profits, while the less pretentious houses paid from $50 to $200 a month. Of the 750 policy shops, some few were raided occasionally, the account said, but never any controlled by Al Adams or sixteen other persons whose names were printed.

When three days before Doctor Parkhurst's sermon, the police board took cognizance of the charges of the Mail and Express to the extent of asking that newspaper to present to Superintendent Murray all the evidence against these places that its detectives had ferreted out, the Mail and Express scornfully refused to make what it believed to be a futile gesture.

The first list of faro banks published by the Mail and Express had appeared in the issue of January twentieth. The list was repeated on January twenty-second and two additional times in the next two weeks, with only slight changes, one of these being in the name of the company operating Number 22 West Twenty-sixth Street. In the January twentieth edition the owner was declared to be Duff & Co. Seven days later the proprietors were listed as Canfield & Co.

This is surprising in view of the fact that the ousting of Duff in the early fall of 1890 had been chronicled in the newspapers at some length.

Doctor Parkhurst's attack on the police had followed an investigation which he undertook upon being elected president of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. He had had no legal proof that the charges he made were true. Now he proceeded to collect some. With volunteer aids and detectives in the employ of the society, he made several tours of the Tenderloin and other precincts, and in March, in a second sermon, he declared that he now had plenty of evidence on which saloons, gambling houses and brothels all over Manhattan might be closed.

"We have interested ourselves also," he said, "in gambling houses, of which I mention two because of the youthful character of their patrons—one near Fortieth Street in which were counted forty young men and another three blocks above this church where were forty-eight—more young men in either of these places than are ever seen in our church."

Canfield's, less than 100 yards from the northwestern boundary of Madison Square and certainly not more than five minutes' walk from the pulpit in which the sermon was preached, was not mentioned by the clergyman. Canfield had closed down temporarily, but even had the house been in operation, private detectives would have had trouble gaining admittance to it.

The gaming room, which in the early days of Duff and Canfield was on the street floor, had now been moved up one flight and the lower floor was become a big reception room in which the art-loving, growing-more-prosperous Canfield was even now showing the restrained taste in decoration that was to win for him the admiration of those of his wealthy patrons who knew something themselves of how things ought to be.

XXI

IN THE summer of 1892 Canfield made his second trip to England, leaving Bucklin, Sprague and Levens to run the Twenty-sixth Street house. He was abroad for about six weeks, and when he returned he went to Saratoga to see the races and talk with Albert Spencer about taking an interest in the old Morrissey establishment which Spencer was running. During his trip he purchased of a London dealer half a dozen Chippendale chairs which were declared to have been in the possession of a single family continuously from the time when Thomas Chippendale, greatest of English cabinetmakers, turned them out in the eighteenth century. They were the finest example of that master craftsman's art, and Canfield paid $15,000 for the six, thinking that his set was complete. Years later he acquired two chairs at Christie's in London which were identical with these six, and on his complaint to the firm which had assured him his first six were a unique set, that firm engaged in a hunt lasting for years and running throughout England and Scotland, finally retrieving the four additional chairs which brought the set to a round dozen. It was Canfield's first and one of his greatest art acquisitions. The chairs were sold to Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, one of Canfield's fellow members of the exclusive Walpole Society, after Canfield's death.

From the time of William Canfield's death in 1889, Richard Canfield's wife had occupied the house in Moore Street in Providence alone, her husband making frequent trips from New York by rail. In 1893 her mother came to live with her. Mrs. Maria Martin liked her son-in-law and had no compunctions about the kind of business he was engaged in. For his part, Canfield admired his mother-in-law. When he bought the house at Number 5 West Forty-fourth Street in the fall of 1898, to fit it up as the most elaborate gaming place the Western world has known, the property was held in the name of Maria Martin—a

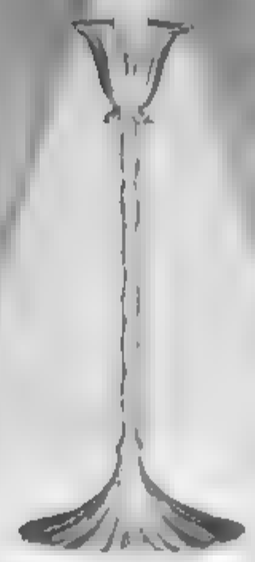
(Continued on Page 149)

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

The Madison Square Club, 22 West 26th Street, Canfield's Second Location, is at the Extreme Right

GLEAMING CHRISTMAS SILVER

No. 108 Candlestick, $10.00
Pewter



No. 1000 Candlestick, $19.00
Sterling Silver

No. 106 Candelabrum, $10.00
Pewter

No. 1365 Bowl $40.00
Sterling Silver

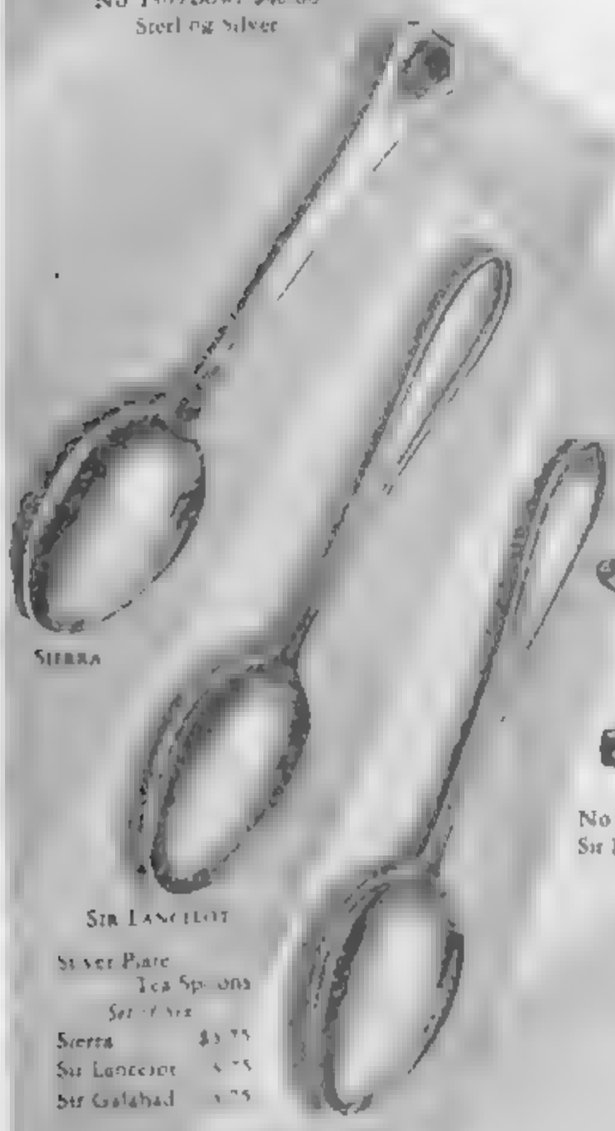
No. 254 Cigarette Box $12.00
Pewter

No. D1000 Coffee Set, 3 pc., $105.00
No. D1000 Water 45.00
Sterling Silver

No. 4070 Ice Tub . $1[illegible].00
Sir Lancelot Ice Tong, $[illegible]
Silver Plate

6 No. 30 Beverage Cups . $30.00
1 No. 1020 Water, 20-inch, 140.00
Sterling Silver

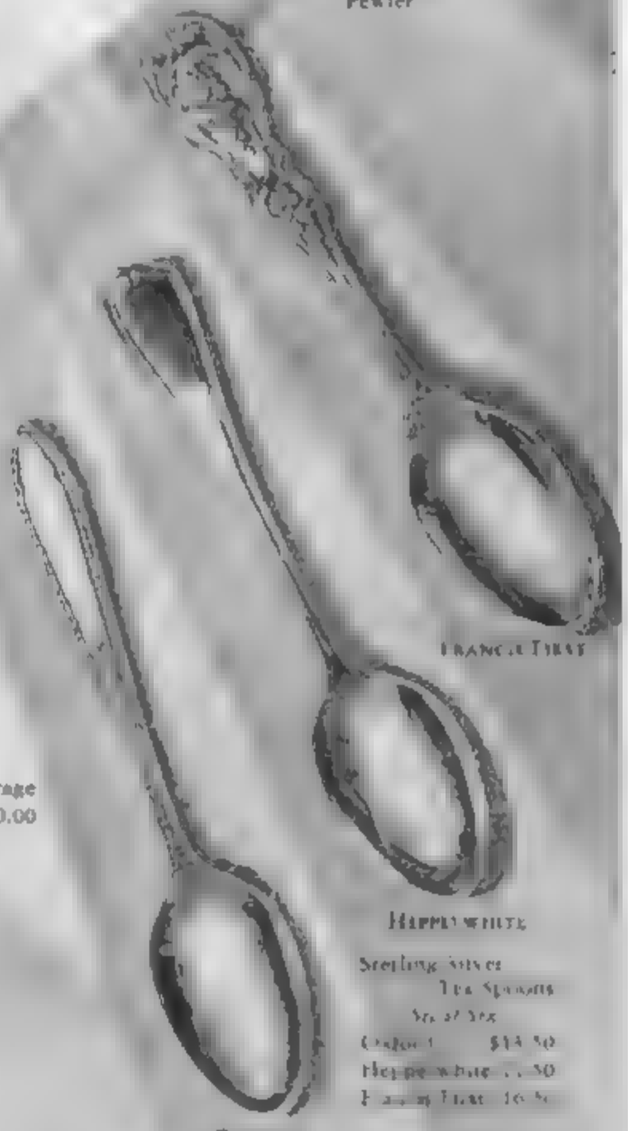
No. 4072 Beverage shaker . $30.00
Silver Plate



Sierra

Sir Lancelot
Silver Plate
Tea Spoons
Set of Six
Sierra $[illegible].75
Sir Lancelot [illegible].75
Sir Galahad [illegible].75

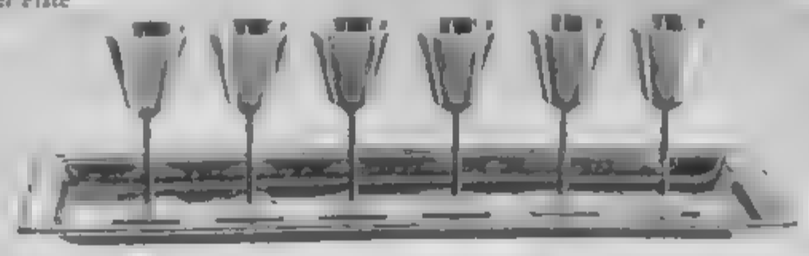
Sir Galahad



Francis First

Hepplewhite
Sterling Silver
Tea Spoons
Set of Six
Orleans $[illegible].50
Hepplewhite [illegible].50
Francis First [illegible].50

Orleans



Your gift must be beautiful—for she loves beauty. It must be something that can be *used*, rather than merely admired. It ought to be something that will last and give pleasure after many Christmasses have come and gone . . . Then the gift you seek is Sterling Silver, Silver Plate or Pewter by Reed & Barton.

The name Reed & Barton stands for more than a hundred years of careful workmanship; for art and skill developed through steadfast adherence to high ideals. Sterling Silver, Silver Plate or Pewter by Reed & Barton has lasting character, quality, and value. Ask your jeweler to show you the pieces illustrated here.

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REED & BARTON

TAUNTON MASSACHUSETTS

STERLING ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS SILVER PLATE

Send a Worm Drive to Pull 'em Out!

A vast pit—a tireless steam shovel—hugely laden dump trucks crawling up the steep incline—

a truck balks—can't make the grade—hard words—and the foreman roars, "Have one of the worm drives pull 'em out".

It's an actual and frequent occurrence on this job in a mid-western city. Needless to say, the truck drivers, foreman and owner swear by their 7-ton trucks equipped with Timken Worm Drive Axles.

Also needless to say, this contractor will have nothing but Timken Worm Drive—as soon as possible. He will tell you that no other type of drive compares with the Timken worm for efficiency, strength, accessibility, low operating cost.

More and more leading operators, guided by their own hard-boiled operating cost sheets, recognize Timken Worm Gearing as the ideal type of final drive.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

TIMKEN *Worm Drive* AXLES

(Continued from Page 146)

circumstance that was to puzzle Jerome and the rest of the town after the raid of December, 1902, and lead to their wild guess that it was "owned by a woman who is said to be traveling in the Orient. One of the negro servants at Number 5 East Forty-fourth Street is named Maria Martin."

XXII

THE Lexow senatorial committee's investigation of the police department of the city of New York ran through several months of 1894. From the first it was evident that corruption in the department was widespread, but it was not until the cumulative effect of the pounding of the committee's counsel, John W. Goff, frightened sergeants and captains into making damaging personal admissions of irregularities that the rich vein of gold the committee was after was finally discovered. In the 5766 octavo pages of testimony preserved for posterity is an amazing story of corruption and degradation which involved every rank from commissioner down to patrolman.

Commissioners protected and patronized disorderly houses and settled quarrels between the different women who fought over their custom.

Captains of precincts, collecting substantial amounts from saloons which wished to keep open on Sundays, from bawdy houses, policy shops and gambling places, turned over a percentage of the takings to the inspectors, who had the power to bring up men from headquarters and raid places the captain was protecting. Peddlers and streetwalkers gave up money daily or weekly to the patrolman on the beat, who had to take care of the higher officers. The "initiation fee" for disorderly houses was fixed at $500, with $100 to $200 a month tribute and a Christmas present of from $25 to $100. If the money was not paid promptly, the rate jumped 100 per cent. If there was resistance, a raid in which police clubs were used freely was engineered. In the end the dives gave up what was demanded or went out of business.

Police Superintendent Byrnes, of deadline fame, admitted his fortune amounted to $230,000, but explained that Jay Gould, dead now two years, had given him valuable tips on the stock market over a period of years. Inspector Williams, of Tenderloin memory, insisted his personal fortune did not exceed $60,000, although his real-estate holdings in Manhattan and in Cos Cob, Connecticut, and a yacht he owned were all together worth five times that. The inspector solemnly protested that he had made his money out of house lots in Japan.

No better picture of the police force of New York in these pre-Lexow days has been given than that of Judge Goff in a foreword to Doctor Parkhurst's book, My Forty Years in New York. Looking back twenty-nine years, he said:

> Appointment on the force as patrolman could only be obtained by purchase, and thereafter every step of preferment had to be paid for. Efficiency in the performance of duty was of but slight consideration. The rank of captain was highly prized, eagerly sought for, and commanded a purchase price in proportion to the illicit revenue to be derived. A police captain was a veritable czar in his precinct. He exercised arbitrary power over every person and business that could be brought within police regulation or interference.
>
> Nor was this surveillance confined to those occupations that existed by infringement of municipal ordinance or violation of law. It extended to the trader and merchant in legitimate trade and commerce. Police protection of premises or property that should have been given as matter of right and duty was obtained only by purchase. All occupations or lines of conduct that were followed in defiance of law and morals were subjected to tribute. From the liquor saloon to the gambling house, from the policy shop to the pool room, from the fashionable house of ill fame that had to pay monthly according to the neighborhood and number of its inmates, to the unfortunate streetwalker that had to pay nightly for the privilege of walking the patrolman's beat—every source of blackmail and extortion was utilized and formulated into a system so that the trail of graft was traceable through nearly every channel of municipal life and activity.

It was brought out that to become a roundsman in the department a man usually had to pay $300. A sergeantcy cost $1600 and a captaincy sometimes as much as $14,000.

On June 22, 1894, John Delahunty, lawyer for Richard A. Canfield, explained to the committee why his client had ignored two subpœnas which it had had served on him. Canfield, the lawyer said, was engaged in prosecution of a court case, and Delahunty admitted having told him not to answer the committee's summons while this case was before the court. The lawyer refused to be trapped into an admission that his client was a gambler—it was a clubhouse that he ran, and so far as Delahunty knew, no gambling was done on the premises. The committee instructed its counsel to issue another subpœna for Canfield, and when the gambler again failed to appear he was arrested. He was indicted by the grand jury, held in $1000 bail—and never brought to trial.

It was in this year that Canfield bought out Albert Spencer at Saratoga. He paid Spencer in all $250,000 for the property, and though business throughout the country was still poor following the panic of 1893, he got back most of the money he had invested in that first season at the resort. But in the following year he began to despair of making anything further, for a reform administration in the village of Saratoga Springs closed up the gambling houses.

New York City itself did something of the sort in the fall of 1894. William L. Strong, Republican, was elected mayor over his Tammany opponent, Ex-Mayor Hugh J. Grant, and when he took office in January, 1895, the president of his police board was Theodore Roosevelt. The city charter provided that the board consist of two Republicans and two Democrats, appointed by the mayor. One of the Democrats who served with Roosevelt was Frederick Dent Grant, son of Ulysses S. Grant. In the closing days of 1894, while he was testifying before the Lexow committee about the wealth he had amassed during his years in the department, Superintendent Byrnes had presented his resignation to the mayor-elect. Byrnes stayed on until late in May, 1895, when Peter Conlin succeeded him under the title of chief of police. Conlin had the confidence of Roosevelt and other members of the board, but after the future President had resigned, the force was dominated by a single commissioner; and though administration of the department was not a shrieking scandal as it had been before 1895, the battle against vice was not carried on so efficiently as it might have been.

Roosevelt characteristically made strenuous efforts to restore the efficiency and morale of the subordinate officers of the force. He had Inspector Williams retired on a pension—the only course that prevented a fight in the courts—and by transfers within the department broke up much of the grafting.

But not wholly. The Republican politicians proved to be as anxious to batten on corruption as had their Tammany predecessors, and as fast as the gambling houses and houses of ill fame were closed up they opened at new addresses. It was a well-nigh hopeless task, but gave Roosevelt the most valuable service of his pre-presidential years. In his two years as police commissioner he learned so much about the rapacity and double dealing of professional politicians that when he became governor and later President he was able to circumvent their schemes. He resigned his New York job in the spring of 1897 to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and his place was taken by Frank Moss, who had been with Jerome an assistant to John W. Goff in the Lexow investigation.

By this time Canfield had acquired the Nautilus Club in Newport—the gambling house conducted by Gus Abell for the society folk. Canfield's experience with the reform administration in Saratoga in 1895 and the precariousness of the New York situation under Roosevelt made him anxious to get a place where he would be welcome as the proprietor of a gambling place. He found this ideal condition at Newport, the city police making no attempt to close his place, because of its exclusive clientele.

The municipal election of 1897 in New York was one of the most important and dramatic in the entire history of the city. The reform administration was finishing its two-year term and the winner in the election would be the first mayor of what was to be greater New York, the legislature having provided for the incorporation as a municipal unit of Manhattan Island, Brooklyn, the annexed district now known as Bronx County, that portion of Long Island adjoining Brooklyn that became the borough of Queens, and Staten Island.

The reform Republicans and the Democrats opposed to Tammany united under the standard of the Citizens Union and picked as their mayoral candidate Seth Low, the president of Columbia college, who had years before been Democratic mayor of Brooklyn. Croker chose as Tammany's nominee Robert A. Van Wyck, an obscure judge who had kept aloof from the storms of party strife—a stratagem that Croker's successor, Charles F. Murphy, was to remember and fall back upon twenty years later, when he brought Tammany back into power, with John F. Hylan at the head of the city government.

The Labor Party, largely recruited from the ranks of the Single Taxers, nominated the brilliant Henry George, whose Progress and Poverty had made his name and single-tax theory known throughout the civilized world. The regular Republican organization, dominated by Thomas C. Platt, the easy boss of the G. O. P. in the state, confirmed the cynical in their opinion that the Republican machine would rather see Tammany in control of the city than an independent administration by putting a straight Republican ticket in the field. For his mayoral nominee Platt chose Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy, who had been chief counsel for Henry Ward Beecher in the Tilton trial and Secretary of the Navy in the Harrison Administration. He hadn't the slightest chance of winning, but could be counted on to take from Low probably as many votes as George would take from the Tammany nominee, and thus make the regular Democratic organization a victor.

The ruse was seen through. The disclaimers of the Tracy campaigners were too thin. One of those who couldn't be fooled was Canfield, who saw no reason why he shouldn't make some money betting on the result. He couldn't get anything on Van Wyck without offering tremendous odds, but as between the chances of Low and Tracy there was a decided difference of opinion.

So, one day in late October, he called out to Henry Stedeker, president of the Jockey Club, and told Mr. Stedeker he'd like to put up $10,000 at even money that Low would beat Tracy.

When Mr. Stedeker found a taker, Canfield said, "A thousand of that is yours, Henry, win or lose."

Of course Van Wyck was elected. Low beat Tracy by nearly 50,000 votes, but because Henry George had died almost on the eve of the election the Jockey Club was called upon by the losers to decide whether bets should be paid. The directors of the Jockey Club decided all bets were off, whereupon Canfield, in high dudgeon, wrote, resigning from the club. When the directors wanted to know if they should send him the $500 membership fee he had paid, he told them to throw it away if they wanted to—he didn't want it.

XXIII

LESS than five months after Van Wyck took office he had Chief of Police John McCullagh removed. McCullagh had been vigorously fighting graft in the department and making the city unsafe for gamblers and keepers of disorderly houses and crooks generally in his nine months at the head of

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the force. The Republican police commissioners refused to vote for McCullagh's removal. On May 21, 1898, the mayor removed them and appointed a cigar manufacturer named Jacob Hess, who called himself a Republican, to one of the commissionerships. Hess, within an hour of his appointment, voted with President York and Commissioner Sexton, Democrats, to retire McCullagh on a pension of $3000 a year. York had been praising McCullagh's administration of the department up to within a few days of the removal.

In McCullagh's place the commissioners placed William S. Devery. The reformers saw in Devery's promotion the first step in making the town wide open. Doctor Parkhurst put the case directly and bluntly:

"I know him [Devery] as a man knows a serpent by studying the trail where a serpent has crawled past. Devery's precinct was a moral cesspool. Under the name of captain, he was sneakingly disporting himself as the guardian angel of vice and depravity. . . . The Lexow investigation had its direct origin in the damnably vicious condition of the precinct that was captained by the man who has just been made the responsible head of the biggest police force in America."

The Republican organization in the city promptly read Hess out of the party for his action in voting to retire McCullagh, but its rage made the reformers laugh ironically, for they remembered that Platt had sanctioned the candidacy of Tracy a few months before and had thus made Tammany a present of the mayoralty. When the Mazet investigating committee of the New York Assembly had Hess before it a year later he admitted that Van Wyck, in making him a member of the board, had wrung a promise from him to vote as he was told. Hess excused his taking the job on those terms on the ground that his cigar business was in a precarious state and he needed the $5000-a-year salary to tide him over.

"What was there," asked Attorney Moss, "to compel you as an American citizen to put a collar around your neck when you went into that office?"

Hess' lawyer interposed an objection, but before Chairman Mazet could make a ruling, Hess cried: "I wear no man's collar!"

Devery, a mammoth, pot-bellied figure whose language, as faithfully reported in the newspapers while he was in the police department and later when he unsuccessfully sought to become a satrap of Tammany Hall, was more entertaining than any comic strip, at once brought back the pre-Lexow days—only more so. The town was wide open. The Tammany district attorney gave short shrift to Parkhurst and Comstock complaints.

The closest associate of the police chief was Frank Farrell, a former Sixth Avenue saloonkeeper, who, with the help of the chief, established a string of pool rooms for horse-race betting and took leadership in this type of sure-thing gambling away from James A. Mahoney, owner of 130-odd pool rooms which were directed from headquarters in Forty-second Street between Lexington and Third avenues.

Another of Devery's darlings was Al Adams, the policy king of New York. Policy, an adaptation of lottery that allowed poor people, housewives and even children to hazard as little as a penny, was the invention of a New Englander, Zachariah Simmons. From the time it came into being in the 70's until the early 90's the game is said to have been straight. After that the bets were recorded, the information taken to policy headquarters, and after examination had proved which combination would be least damaging to the bank, that combination was announced as the winner. People pawned jewelry and clothes to bet on their favorite gig or saddle. Adams in a few years rolled up a fortune of several million dollars before the law broke up his game and put him in prison. Baseball pools of today in some instances are modeled on policy, and the bank-clearing figures in New York were used as the basis for determining the winner in one modern adaptation of policy.

In a year and a half from the time of his being made chief, Devery made 6700 transfers in the police department—approximately a transfer for each member. By that time everybody in the force who could interfere in Manhattan was on duty in the farthest reaches of the Bronx or amid the rustic beauty of Staten Island.

In 1898, though, much more important things were happening to Canfield than the appointment of Devery as chief. The Spanish-American War was still front-page stuff when he bought the house at Number 5 East Forty-fourth Street and turned it into the *ne plus ultra* of gambling establishments in America. Delmonico's, backed by Havemeyer, had moved up to the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue in 1897, and the Twenty-sixth Street place which it had occupied for more than a score of years was now closing, to be reopened as the Café Martin and make a name for itself in the dozen years that would elapse before its surrender to the uptown march of commercial houses.

Shanley's had been established at Longacre Square, at Broadway above Forty-second Street for three years now, and Rector's and other lobster palaces had gone north of Forty-second Street to establish what became Times Square as the authentic center of the night life of the town. It was apparent that Madison Square would soon be out of the swirl. So Canfield bought the house at Number 5 East Forty-fourth Street—in the name of his mother-in-law. He paid $75,000 for it, he told friends in later years.

Everybody connected with the Twenty-sixth Street place hailed with enthusiasm

(Continued on Page 153)

Chamberlain's Famous Hotel at Old Point Comfort, Later Burned

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Flowers . . . Palms . . . *healing* Sunshine

FROM the balmy springlike "winter" sunshine of Southern California come better health, renewed energy . . . happier living conditions. Children, too, thrive wonderfully here—*out of doors all winter* beneath the energizing subtropic sun!

Everywhere—palm-lined valley boulevards, groves of golden oranges, east snow-peaks!

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Gay hotels, or quieter places, fine theaters, cafés—everything a metropolis can offer in alluring entertainment. For Los Angeles will delight you with its cosmopolitan attractions and spirit. And, from Los Angeles, wide boulevards lead to Old Spanish Missions and to every other interest point. Los Angeles county is among the richest in natural resources, with agricultural products approximating $95,000,000 in value, and oil fields rated at a billion dollars

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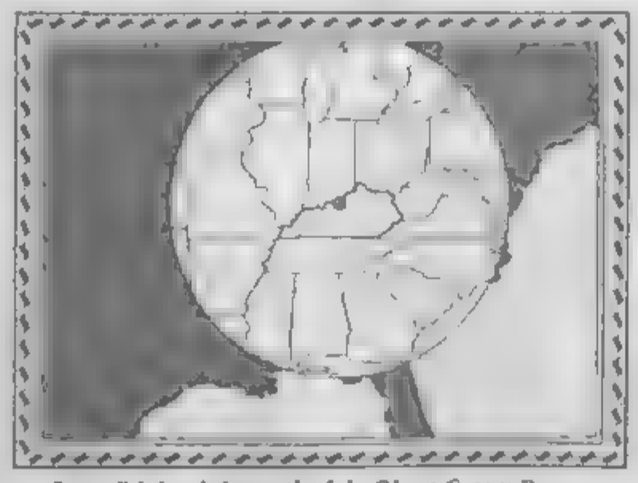

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LOUISVILLE

CENTER OF AMERICAN MARKETS

(Continued from Page 150)

the idea of moving uptown except Jimmy Levens.

"Canfield's got the lobster bug," Levens told Bucklin, certain that the boss was making a costly mistake. He tried to make Canfield see the error of moving north and talked in such a queer way that Canfield had a physician examine him. The doctor told Canfield that the idea of staying in Twenty-sixth Street was an obsession with Levens.

"Send him away from here for a time and give him a chance to rest up—away from everything around New York," the doctor advised Canfield.

Canfield sent Levens to Europe for several weeks. The work of transforming the interior of the Forty-fourth Street place from an ordinary brownstone-front house to a magnificent gambling establishment was well under way when Levens returned.

The work of transforming Number 5 East Forty-fourth Street into a beautiful art-gallery gambling house was in charge of Clarence Luce, the Canfield architect, who a few years later was to supervise the work of beautifying the Saratoga clubhouse. He called in interior decorators, and after a year's work and at a cost of nearly $400,000, the four-story-and-basement place, only twenty-seven feet wide, became a palace in magnificence. From the street none of this magnificence was apparent, except that the massive house door itself must have cost hundreds of dollars.

He had only a lease on the Twenty-sixth Street house, but the good-will of the establishment was such that it seemed to offer an opportunity to some gambler whose ambition was less vaulting than that of Canfield. After considerable negotiation the place was taken over in the fall of 1899 by Dink Davis and run by him for three years. The clientele rapidly deteriorated, and when it closed in 1902 it was a resort for clerks and laborers.

XXIV

CANFIELD spent the summer of 1899 in Europe, buying curios in England and on the Continent, meeting James A. McNeill Whistler, and even trying his luck at roulette at Monte Carlo. His wife had given birth to a son on January fourth of that year, and the boy had been named Howland Dartmouth, for the family of his paternal grandmother and the town adjoining New Bedford which was settled by her family.

This was the year of the investigation of New York city police departments by the Mazet committee of the assembly. With Frank Moss, now an ex-commissioner of police, as its counsel, the committee established the fact that gambling places flourished as openly as they had in 1894, that police protection to disorderly houses was as flagrant as five years earlier—in short, that the business of commercialized vice was as profitable as ever. Richard Croker, summoned to give evidence, answered or refused to answer the questions put to him as the spirit moved; and Devery, with bland indifference to the facts the committee's inquiry had elicited, disregarded the mote in his own eye and professed to see no beam in the department's.

The disclosures were sensational, but the city election was two years away, and had there been no further revelations of police rottenness in 1900 and 1901, Low would probably not have been elected mayor and Jerome would have remained a judge of Special Sessions instead of the flaming prosecutor that protected vice found him in his work as district attorney.

One concrete result of the committee's sessions was the retirement to private life of its chairman, Robert Mazet. Frank Farrell, king of the pool-room syndicate, stung by the committee's disclosures, hired a large number of men from Mazet's district in Manhattan and paid them wages for several weeks while they held sinecures in his pool rooms. The day after election, with Mazet removed from the political arena, they were dropped.

Returning to America early in the fall, Canfield saw the finishing touches put on the Forty-fourth Street house and moved in. The new place was quickly popular with the members of society who gambled and with those outside society capable of losing a lot of money. Within a month Canfield made the mistake of allowing credit to a man who refused to pay when he sobered off, and who succeeded in winning the suit Canfield brought against him.

The Saratoga Club, as it was called, "next to Del's," never had a large clientele, but its profits in the little more than two years it was in operation laid a firm foundation for the fortune Canfield was to win and almost lose in the stock market.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"LADIES AND TICKET BUYERS—"

(Continued from Page 11)

There is a student of American psychology, if you like. He saw that in every theater where there was not a sell-out hit—and sell-outs are rare—there were certain seats—say on the sides and back—that didn't sell at all. Therefore, they were a dead loss. So he went to the managers with this idea: Why not sell those seats at a reduced price to him and he would let the public know that they could get them at less than box-office prices by coming to him, and he would charge enough to make a small profit? The theaters then would not lose caste by cheapening their seats, and would fill the empty spaces. The public would be pleased with getting a bargain, and the managers, being no fools, saw that half a loaf was better than no bread any time. So they agreed to various arrangements: Sometimes Mr. Leblang only got those seats the first part of the week, when houses were liable to be slim, sometimes he only got the balcony and gallery, and sometimes he got the whole house.

Everybody's Right

The idea caught on; he built up a mailing list and soon the back part of Gray's Drug Store, where these cut-rate tickets could be bought, began to take on the aspect of a fire sale in a department-store basement every night about eight o'clock. The drug store thought it was fine for a while, but they discovered at last that not one of the seething mob bought a single drug, let alone all the other things drug stores carry these days, nor could regular customers get near a counter. Whereupon it is said they informed Mr. Leblang, in no uncertain terms, that he was in restraint of trade or some such thing and that he could take his dishes out of there any time now, the sooner the better. To which Leblang is rumored to have replied by buying the whole blamed building with the profits of his nuisance, and told the drug store they could go find themselves another corner if they didn't like their new landlord. However, he soon found that the back of the store would not hold the scrambling mobs of bargain hunters, so he opened up the basement, made entrances from the Subway, installed a blackboard such as you see in uptown stockbrokers' offices, hired a corps of young men to chalk up the shows as the seats came in or were exhausted, and generally act like brokers on the floor of the Exchange, yelling out, "Two for The Cyclone—$1.85 each!" or whatever, changing the prices as the time got nearer the curtain hour, or according to the demand; and settled back to become a dominating figure in the theatrical world.

You see, then, that whichever side of the question of price you take you can be absolutely right or absolutely wrong. Cut-rates or premiums, it makes an equally good argument either way. The Leblangers will tell you about The Squall, which didn't catch on at all at first, went into cut-rates and became so popular it grew out of them to a sell-out at box-office prices for a year. The bargain hunters had got the crowds to going, the grapevine began to work, and once that starts, that is all there is to it. On the other hand, the bulls of the theatrical market will point to all the extra-high-priced shows and show you every seat filled, no matter what they cost. So you see everybody's right.

All these things, which happen before an audience gets to its seats, have their effect on the kind of audience they become. Sometimes they, or the dominating groups among them, are sore for having to pay so much hard cash for an evening's entertainment, and they become commensurately difficult to entertain. Sometimes those who have tons of money to spend and want all those around them to know that they go to all the best shows and know good stuff when they see it, become so arrogant in their criticism, not to say noisy, that it permeates the whole audience and the actor finds he has got to work twice as hard to get any response at all.

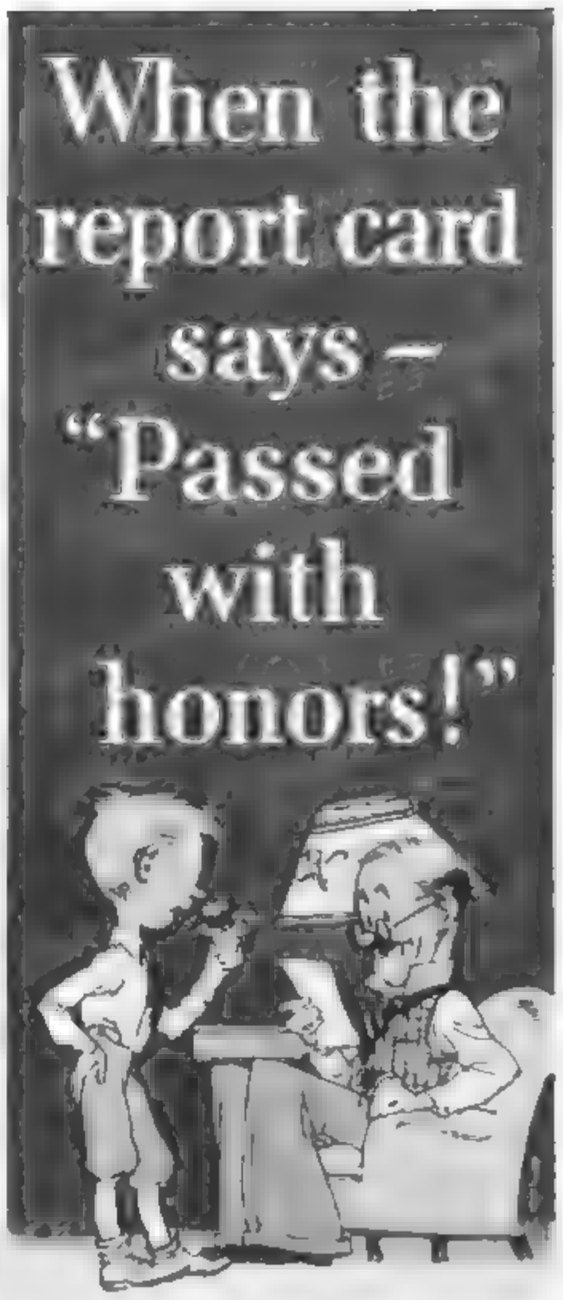
I remember one such bunch, however, who didn't get very far in their dirty work. It was at the second night of Show Boat, a play which has since delighted thousands, so it must be fairly good. Five richly dressed people came in toward the end of the first act and fell over me without so much as an apology, took two looks at the performance, of which they hadn't a notion of the plot or meaning, and began to knock it. They talked about how rotten it was, from the moment they were seated; they snorted at the music, they squirmed in agony at its "amateurishness," and declared, so that none of us could possibly mistake it, that they never saw such a show; why, it couldn't compare with What-Not or Something-or-Other.

I haven't an idea that they knew or cared whether the show they were witnessing was better or worse than the others; all they really wanted was for us to know how familiar they were with the current hits. At first we were terribly annoyed with their loud remarks, but it didn't take long to gather what was behind it all, and at last we not only redoubled our enthusiasm for the play to spite them but began a kidding campaign that literally drove them from the scene of battle. They said the play was so awful they couldn't sit through it, but we all took it as a compliment to our efforts that they rose to go about the middle of the second act.

Give Them a Hand

It just happened that those unpleasant people were in a group who differed with them and knew what they liked; but it might happen that such a group would find themselves among those who weren't so sure of their own taste and more undecided as to what they should do, and who would be influenced by those who seemed so obviously to be in the know. If this group is large enough, you can readily see how a whole audience can be affected; which is why I say that audiences differ according to the amount of yeast or dough in them.

Then, too, you must know lots of those dear souls who let you imagine how sensitive they are to great art by saying to you, "Oh, when I really like a thing I never applaud." If you do, I wish you'd do a little missionary work for actors among them. Just you tell them that this is a world of give-and-take—that is, there is a legend to that effect—anyway, will you ask them to please keep that in mind when the actor gives of his ability? There is a something between an actor and his audience



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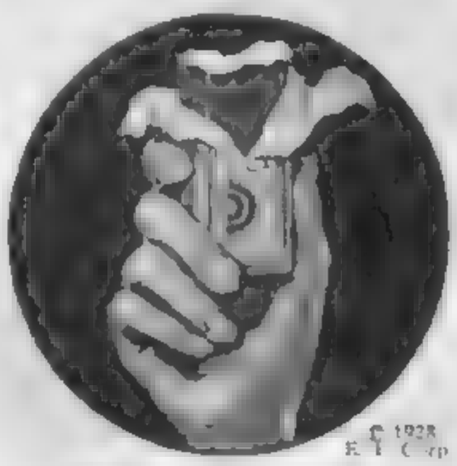

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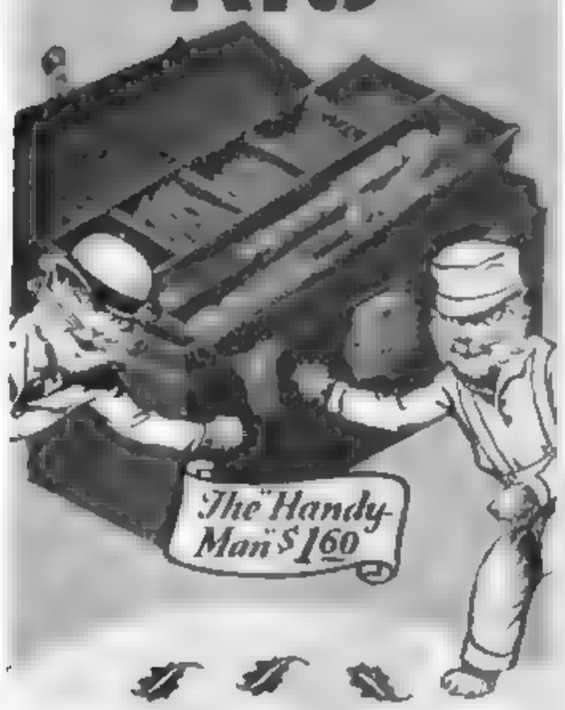

Handy-Man says "Here it is!"

THE music stopped and the lights went out! A room full of company and a feature program—an ideal time for a fuse to blow. In a jiffy Dad found a new fuse tucked away in Handy-Man. Another moment and the program was resumed. Handy-Man stores safely and conveniently a multitude of household things.

How can you use a Handy-Man?

As a Safety box . . . Tool kit . . . Radio kit . . . General storage box . . . Tackle box . . . Gun shell box . . . Silverware kit . . . Lunch box . . . Manual training box . . . Vacuum bottle holder . . . etc.

Handy-Man is built by the same organization that for seventeen years has held leadership in the manufacture of all-steel kits for tradesmen and fishermen.

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There are many other styles and sizes of Kennedy Kits built to the standard of Kennedy quality in every detail of construction.

Though Kennedy prices are always low, you cannot buy better boxes anywhere. Sold by leading hardware, sporting goods and department stores. Prices slightly higher in the Pacific Coast territory.

An All-Steel Kit for every need. Two of the fifty styles and sizes are shown below.

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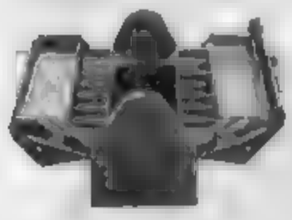


MECHANIC'S KIT
with four linked trays
Two sizes. Price $8.00 and $8.50. Trays lift out as the lid is opened. Two trays for small parts, two trays for small tools

STYLE 520
Price $17.50
Drawers pull clear, giving full view of the contents. Felt lined, waterproof. Front locks with lid and slides under drawers.

Trade Mark Kennedy Kits Made of Metal

which is not quite paid for by the price of a ticket, and though I'll admit that there are rare times when absolute silence is the greatest tribute to the author and the player interpreting his lines, there are other times when, if the pleasure felt in the audience is expressed, it makes the actor grateful and happy in his heart. And if that pleasure is unexpressed, how is he to know you like him?

Tell these sensitive souls that they appreciate being told when they are good or do something well, that actors are only people after all, that the spatting of hands together is the recognized symbol of approbation from audiences, that the actor will not be able to hear them as they go out saying they liked the play or him; and most of all, tell them that if the actor feels he has done well and gets no reaction to his efforts, that very lack of return acts as a check to what he might be able to give. It's like what Frank Tinney used to say when a wisecrack of his failed to arouse any amusement. "Well, I put it over—and it lay there." And an evening of having one's boomerangs fail to come back leaves one—well, out of boomerangs.

Mrs. Fiske said, some place in a book of interviews, that it is fatal for any actor to depend too much on what successive audiences tell him—that is, if he leans too much on their judgment for interpretation, he will be as a cork on a wave. He must have a thorough and definite idea of what he plans to do, not let the people in front tell him everything. You see what it is she means; the comedian, for instance, must know what the play is about and not allow the fact that the audience thinks he is a scream to ruin the play by mugging where he shouldn't, nor should the other characters overplay a melodramatic scene simply because those in front like blood and thunder. For the melodrama might fall flat the next night and the shouting actors will find themselves all out of proportion in the play. By the same token the comic will have nothing in the way of characterization to fall back on if they don't think him funny.

The Three A's of the Theater

They say if an actor stays too long in stock he is ruined for Broadway; which means he has got into bad habits by overplaying before audiences who are used to only the obvious, since the obvious is all the actor working ten performances a week while rehearsing another play can have time to devise for his interpretation. That the obvious always gets over is axiomatic, but it gives a false idea of values, so that too long dealing with it destroys the actor's sense of fine values, makes him say "I should worry. They think it's good," and makes him unable to deal with a demand for the subtle.

You begin to see, through all this, how terribly important you are. You make or break us. Indeed, without you we do not exist. For plays can be given without theaters, without scenery, without stage hands, without music or carpenters or electricians or managers or press agents or box offices, but they cannot be given without the three A's—authors, actors and audiences.

There is a mysterious sort of wireless-telephone connection through the exchange called telepathy, perhaps, which goes into operation immediately a smash appears in town, and the box-office men will tell you "they are laughing when they buy their seats," so quickly does the rumor of what a show is like travel. It's a sort of thing in the air, you might say, which works both ways. Afterward it becomes word-of-mouth advertising. You can readily understand, then, how important the title of a play is as a first attraction toward getting the public's interest; it must be like a slogan—easy to remember, not too long and not hard to pronounce. The name of the star, if any, likewise must be either as simple as possible or so bizarre there's no forgetting it. Hence the reason for stage names and the popularity of numerologists who search the realms of numbers to find what combinations of letters to string together for a name to spell success. For instance, "Gladys Smith," though simple and easily read by the least literary in the domain, wouldn't set up the right numerical vibration, but oh, "Mary Pickford" will jingle merrily in the ears of the treasurers! "Lucille Le Sueur" is too strange to pronounce, but "Joan Crawford" sounds like a name you wish you had. "Nazimova," however, is so exotic as to be unforgettable.

Vibrations? I have seen shopgirls take down the name of Mrs. Russell Colt on their purchase slips without a quiver, only to be pop-eyed when they discovered it was Ethel Barrymore. What's in a name, indeed? Everything. As those two drunks might have said who found themselves at The Merchant of Venice last spring, thinking it was Abie's Irish Rose. They had told the ticket broker they wanted to see that play about the Jew and the Christian girl. That's what they did see, isn't it?

Every Day Has Its Audience

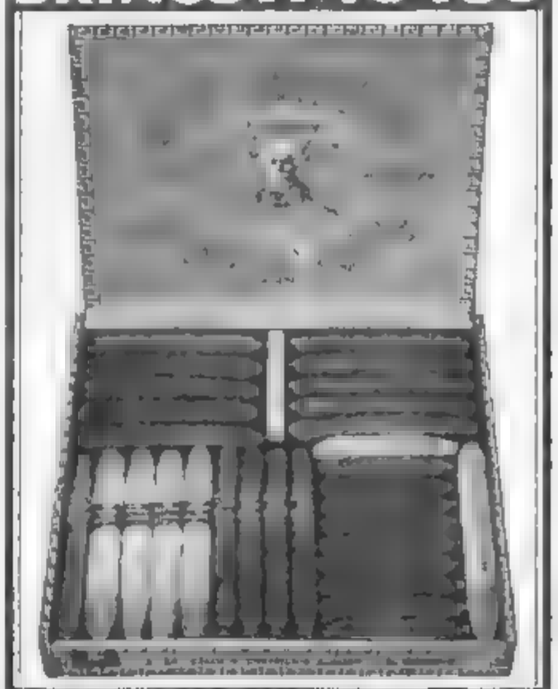
When all these outside influences on the behavior of audiences are catalogued, there is one item which should have a full page to itself: The influence of the days of the week. I touched on that before, but it really needs more than a touch, for nothing is more fascinating than to watch the public change its personality regularly according to schedule, with, of course, departures from the regular run occasionally to make it more difficult. We all know what Blue Mondays are—so well that they are taken almost for granted. Well, they are a weekly occurrence in the theater, just as in the stock market and in school. Why? Perhaps it is getting over Sunday; nobody bubbles much at the end of a vacation. Perhaps it is, too, because Monday is society night. Take a look at the opera on a Monday subscription night and you will get what I mean—too dressed up to care. Besides, being able to stay up late on a Monday means leisure, not having to get to the office on time or be fired, and leisure means time to see all the shows, and that means being blasé about most of them, and that means lack of enthusiasm. And the moral of that is, as the Duchess says in Alice in Wonderland, "Blue Monday."

My father asked me once what the days of the week looked like to me. I found I had a mental picture of them stringing along down a hill; the first part of the week a little grayish in tone, but the days brighter as they reached the end of the week, which seemed to be in a sort of pleasant valley ending in Sunday, whence they somehow got up to start down another hill. And that is the way they arrange themselves in my mind to this day, even with regard to the theater. Monday is certainly on a little hill, but once having got there, it is easy to slide down the rest of the week. So Tuesday in the make-believe world is a bit easier—easier for the actor to play because he gets more response, and easier for the audience. The week has got under way. If the show is not a complete sell-out, it will be noticed that Tuesday is usually better as to box-office receipts than Monday, unless, of course, you have a first-rate flop, when all signs except bad ones fail.

Down the hill toward the pleasant valley ending in Sunday we come next to Wednesday, and here something new appears: The giant becomes distinctly feminine, and if the play is suitable, she may bring with her a junior giant. When that happens to any great extent, all bets are off, for what an audience of children will do is absolutely unpredictable. I have seen Fred Stone forget the plot of the piece entirely and turn himself inside out to amuse the children at a matinée. They tell me that, during the matinée of Snow-White, years ago, when Marguerite Clark played the fairy tale at the Little Theater, little girls would get up and walk down the aisle to lean over the footlights so as not to miss any of the story. When she would eat the

Continued on Page 157

A POSTAGE STAMP BRINGS IT TO YOU



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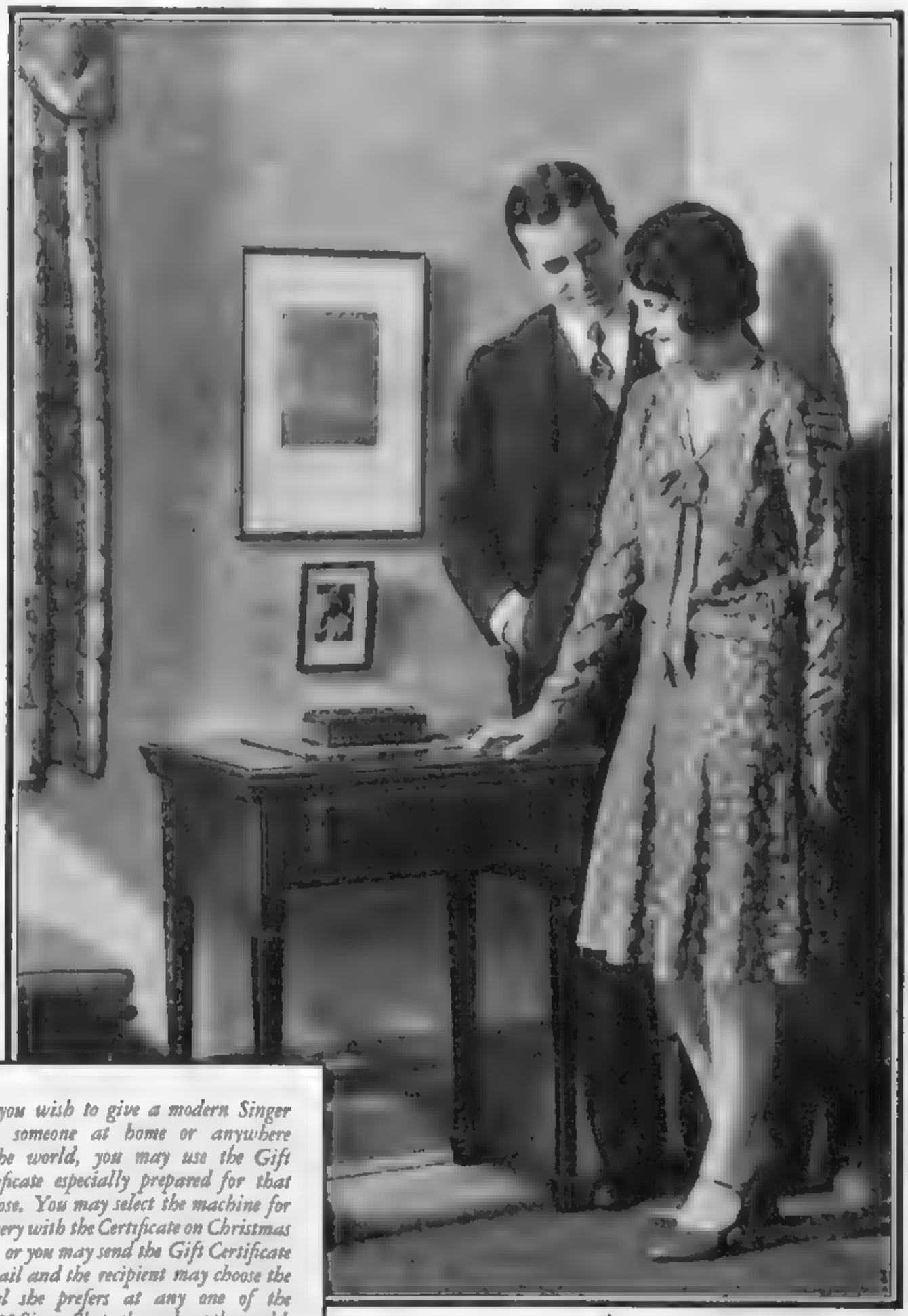
Make this a Christmas she will never forget



GIVE her a modern Singer Electric. Then not only will Christmas bring a happy surprise, but the remembrance of it will last for years to come. For with a modern Singer in the home, sewing becomes a thrilling new adventure. A new frock is made in one happy afternoon at half or a third its cost in the shops. Curtains and draperies are so easy to do that dressing the house becomes a delightful occasion as each new season arrives. The children can have an abundance of clothes for school and play. And when Christmas comes again the Singer itself will be an endless source of gifts for others.

Most families have a sewing machine. Probably there is one in your home now that has been doing its faithful duty for many years. But hasn't it grown a little noisier, a little harder to treadle, until interest in sewing has faded from somebody's life? That is why the *modern* Singer is bringing new happiness to so many thousands of wives and mothers—why daughters are discovering through its use the delight that sewing can be.

For the modern Singer Electric is utterly different from any sewing machine you have ever seen. There is no thought of effort—hidden electric power does all the work. Quiet, swift, vibrationless beyond belief, it makes sewing the joy every woman has wished it might be. The Library Table Model, shown in the illustration, is a piece of fine furniture for any room. Or the compact portable model can be carried anywhere and set away when sewing time is done. And for the home not yet electrified there are modern Singer non-electrics which you can equip with Singer motor and Singerlight at surprisingly little cost when your home is wired.

Authorized Singer representatives are calling on men and women throughout the United States and Canada to afford them the opportunity of selecting models from portfolio reproductions. If no representative has reached you, phone the nearest Singer Shop and you will receive a prompt response. Or call at any Singer Shop and see the new Singer Electrics yourself. Look in your telephone directory for the nearest shop address.

IF you wish to give a modern Singer to someone at home or anywhere in the world, you may use the Gift Certificate especially prepared for that purpose. You may select the machine for delivery with the Certificate on Christmas Eve, or you may send the Gift Certificate by mail and the recipient may choose the model she prefers at any one of the 10,000 Singer Shops throughout the world.

The New SINGER ELECTRIC *Sewing Machines*

Sold only by The Singer Sewing Machine Company. Shops and salesmen in every community. Easy payments. Liberal allowance for your present machine.

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The BETTER the WRINGER the WHITER the WASH

Wringing is an Important Part of the Washing Process . . . The Wringer Completes the Cleansing as Well as Starts the Drying

And the better washing machines—from the standpoint of the clothes-cleansing service they give—are those which have recognized wringer equipment.

For a modern wringer does more than *dry* the clothes. It aids materially in their *cleansing*—and so gives a whiter wash.

Clothes run through a wringer before drying are whiter and cleaner than if dried without the services of the wringer.

This is because *pressure*, used in the washing of clothes since primitive days, must at some point enter into the cleansing process, if soil and soap in the fibres are to be thoroughly removed.

A Lovell Wringer, with its semi-soft rubber rolls and even spring-tension, supplies this needed pressure in its most effective, yet most gentle form. Thus the wringer evenly and harmlessly forces from the fabric the more tenacious dirt and soap particles that cling to the interstices of the fibres of the fabric even after the most thorough slushing in the washer.

Lovell wringer equipment, found on leading makes of the most modern washing machines, is made with the experience gained in fifty years of wringer manufacture.

This equipment has been developed to a high degree of efficiency—in keeping with the notable all-around effectiveness of the best washing machines of today. It does its work thoroughly, without harming delicate fabrics or breaking buttons.

Lovell rolls on your wringer assure you of full wringer service, the utmost durability, and a *whiter wash.*

Be sure that your new Washing Machine has Lovell Wringer Equipment

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LOVELL WRINGERS AND WRINGER ROLLS

HAND OPERATED • POWER OPERATED

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(Continued from Page 154)

poisoned apple they would cry out in consternation and beg her not to, just as the little tad in front of me at the Empire Theater shouted to Maude Adams the last time she played Peter Pan, as she looked for Tinker Bell, who was seemingly lost: "Inna drower, Peter! Inna drower!" And at the matinées of the magician at the Booth Theater last Christmas, what group of grown-ups could have achieved the magnificent abandon with which the whole audience responded to the invitation for volunteers to go up on the stage? One little girl that day discovered her small neighbor had stolen her piece of candy, which the magician's helper had distributed down the aisle, and instead of pretending she didn't care, like a grown-up, she simply socked the little neighbor in the eye. Oh, to be a child again!

Speaking of childlike simplicity or naïveté, I once had the appalling experience of playing before an adult audience which had those qualities highly developed. It was in Brooklyn, and the employes' welfare association of a huge factory had bought out the house, as those organizations sometimes do. We knew they had done so, and certainly from past experience of such affairs we had no idea that this particular crowd was any different from the usual run. We soon found out. I don't know where they got the notion that actors—live ones—were like the figures on the screen, but they had it; at least they gave every indication that they thought we couldn't hear, for they ran up and down the aisles throwing candy, spying friends here and there, and yelling, "Yoo-hoo! Sadie! Who yuh with?" until it was simply hopeless to try to play, and the only thing left was to get through as fast as possible.

I was telling of this experience sometime later and had it matched by Ralph Morgan, who said his bunch went one better; they began to throw pennies on the stage. Now to throw pennies at actors is the old-time variety equivalent of calling for the hook, but this crowd was not displeased; they just thought it would be fun. Mr. Morgan finally had to step out of his part, go down to the footlights and ask those in the audience please to refrain from throwing things; they might hit and injure some of the ladies of the cast. They took it good-naturedly and quit without any further demonstration.

A Few Tears Appreciated

American audiences don't go in for that sort of thing much, nor do they boo. A little healthy hissing wouldn't be a bad idea to revive, but perhaps the convention of good manners is better after all. When Americans don't like a play they simply stay away or leave before it is over. When European audiences don't like a play they say so then and there, with gestures. They hiss, they boo and they throw things. George Jean Nathan says he thinks that sort of demonstration is a healthy sign; it shows that the spectators are part of the show, which is as it should be, and that the exclusion of those spectators, as has been the custom on this side of the water for the past few years, is stultifying. Happily, recent plays have included the audiences much more than formerly; actors come down the aisle, a man from the second row shoots the leading man on the stage—that's an idea which, I feel, has not fully been developed—the audience is made the jury of a play, as in The Trial of Mary Dugan, and all sorts of innovations which I don't suppose are innovations at all.

But to get back to the days of the week. I have heard stars say they would like to play a week of Wednesday matinées, for they consist mostly of women, and women, though they may not possess horny hands with which to make loud applause, are very quick and volatile in their reactions to plays; they are good weepers too.

Wednesday nights are also usually increasingly better. But on Thursday, although it is nearer the pleasant valley, there is almost always a drop in attendance and in responsiveness. In my own mental picture of that day things are tinged slightly with a kind of grayness, and I find no reason to alter the picture as far as the theater is concerned. The why of it may be that Thursday is maids' day out all over the country, and those who go to a play on that night are either reminded of the servant problem, or a cold dinner, or restaurant food, or that they've left the dishes to be done when they get home, and bring with them into the theater a kind of depression. And the reason for the drop in attendance is that there are those who can't go and leave the children alone with no one in the house, or are too tired after cooking to bother about seeing a show. I speak as if it were the feminine giant which is the determining factor as to whether or not to go to a play. And as a matter of fact, she is, just as she is the one who buys the books or goes to lectures. Publishers, managers and lecture bureaus know that if they catch the women they have caught success.

A Regular Show

Of course, New York theaters draw heavily from transients, who aren't worried much about such homely details, so there isn't a terrific amount of falling off in attendance; nevertheless, a drop in the receipts is always to be expected on a Thursday. Again I say, unless the play is a smash; then all signs fail, just as they do in a complete failure. It is all very mysterious.

But when we come to Friday the gala spirit begins to show, and I must say Friday-night houses are the most pleasant to play to. The week is almost over, the week-end has begun, Saturday is a half holiday and all sorts of plans are in the air. You might think one would prefer the Saturday matinée crowd, or the Saturday night, but I assure you, for some reason or other the Friday nights are the nicest. The Saturday houses may be the largest in size, but they are not always the best, for then you get more of the working people, who are free from the bonds of the office and ready for a good time. These in predominance are likely to cause laughter when there should be silence, and giggles when there should be tears. Time and again I have had to come up against that phenomenon only to realize that I was not being guyed by such reactions, but that it meant they were moved in some way, no matter what their expression of that emotion might be. To people of certain mental caliber the laugh is the first channel through which to express emotion; when the emotion becomes too strong for the laugh to carry it off, tears come. That is why the gallery giggles during love scenes or exclaims at a kiss, as I heard them last week, "Oh, boy!" This was, of course, intended to make the spectators laugh and in the general relief to allow the one who did the exclaiming some sort of let-up of embarrassment too.

During the war the Saturday houses were composed of an entirely new set of people—from what had been the rule before, that is. We would look out into the house and see in the front rows, not the evening clothes we had been accustomed to, but rows of strange-looking, fat women with shawls, such as you can see in the Subway, wearing no hats, and their children—folks who had never been inside a real theater before, who had been educated on the movies and now had money enough to go to a regular show. I say "regular show" with misgiving, for if they were anything like the grocery boy to whom my mother gave some seats to a play once, they must have thought the whole thing mighty queer. I remember, she was anxious to hear the boy's report of the play and so made it a point to be in the kitchen when he called for his order next day.

"What did you think of the play?" she asked.

"Oh, it was all right, I guess. Only it wasn't like a regular show; they had speaking in it," he answered.

During that time, as in all wartimes, the theater prospered tremendously; anything went; they used to say even a dog show would make money. But the Saturday performances were played with enormous lack of enthusiasm from the front of the house, principally because, I imagine, those newcomers to theaterdom were a little afraid of laughing in the wrong places and exposing their lack of familiarity with what might be *au fait*. It was the same thing which made a man next to my father at The Tavern one night call the usher to say that he was being annoyed by this person who was laughing at a serious play—for my father had discovered about an act ahead of the man that this was a magnificent spoof—and when the whole audience finally tumbled to Mr. Cohan's joke and found out that the phrase, "What's all the shooting for?" was supposed to be funny, the man got up in fury and changed his seat.

Don't think such as these comprised every audience during the war, for none of us who played to the rows and rows of boys in from camp, on their way across, or back from France, as those in the Navy so often were, can ever forget the joy of their quickness in response or the zest with which they received our poor efforts. They used to tell me at the canteens that the requests for seats for their last night before going overseas were always Al Jolson first and Maytime next, and since I was playing in Maytime I felt more than honored.

About this time there was one of those gala performances at the opera—a matinée of Aïda given for the benefit of some war charity, which I attended along with several thousand others—but I figure I got more of my money's worth that afternoon than anybody, for next to me was one of those newcomers to the theater. Before the great gold curtains of the Metropolitan parted for the first act she began to read aloud to her mother the argument of the opera from the libretto she had bought outside, but she didn't get far enough to be of much help to herself or her mother when the house darkened and the music began.

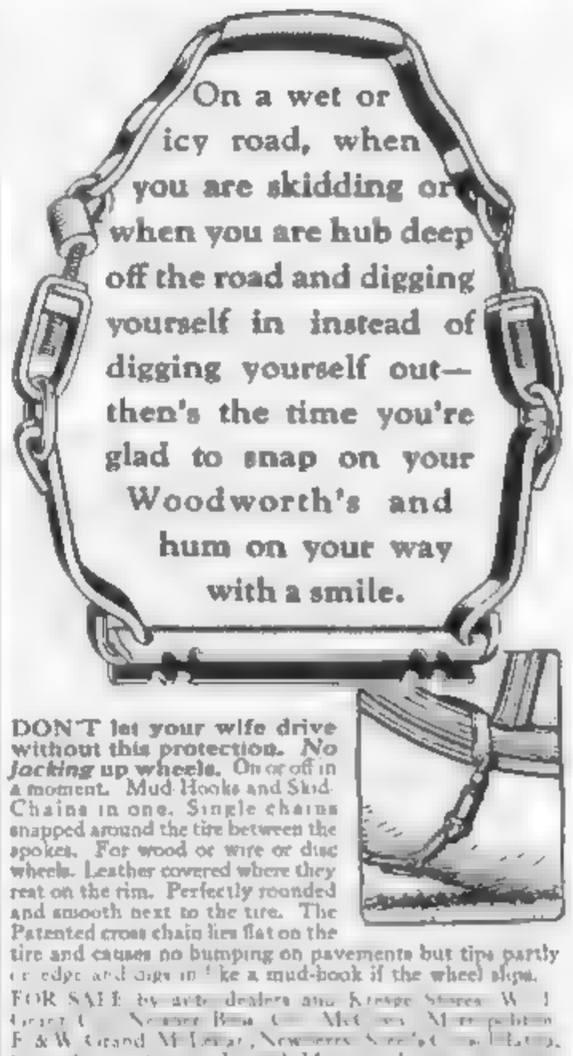
Ayder Gets Her Man

About a third of the way through the first scene she leaned over to me and whispered, "Would you please be so kind as to tell me which is Ayder?" I did so, and she was silent until the lights went up again, when she quickly began to read aloud to catch up from where she left off. From her lips I learned that Ayder was the captive daughter of a king called Ammonio—Amonasro—and was kept as a slave to the Egyptian princess; that they were both crazy about the tenor called Randoms—Rhadames—and that Ayder was the one he liked, but the princess was awful jealous.

The Nile scene was about to go on, and she explained to her mother that it said in the book, "Extryordinary of the Temple of Iz-iz." Rhadames proved traitor to his trust, Amneris and the High Priest caught him, Aïda and her father made their escape, and Rhadames was condemned to be buried alive in a tomb where he finds Aïda has crept to die with him, and as the final strains of their tragic end, "O terra addio!" spun themselves out in ecstasy and the lovers died, suffocated by the fetid air in the tomb, my friend to my right closed her libretto, saying brightly, "Well, anyway, Ayder gets him," and went back to Bridgeport, whence, she told me, she had come for the show.

There is an exception to the rule of Saturdays during the summer; most everybody goes out of town for the week-end then and Saturday takes the place of Monday during the regular run as far as receipts are concerned, and Monday takes the place of Saturday.

There is one kind of audience, however, which we have always with us, no matter what day of the week, no matter what the humidity, no matter what the degree of intelligence—the coughing audience. Winter or summer, spring or fall, the American



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public is eternally afflicted with lung trouble. They do say it is the climate; if so, those M. D.'s who take up the nose-and-throat specialty are smart; I notice they all get rich. At any rate, there is seldom a night when the gamut from a hacking cough to the last stages of consumption is not run at our theaters. Cigarettes or nerves from our high-strung existence may be the cause, as well as the climate and soft-coal smoke. Whatever your pet explanation is, the fact remains that the theater is the cougher's happy hunting ground. People who ought to be home in bed with trained nurses and doctors come to the play—to get their minds off how *they feel* perhaps—and whoop heavily throughout the performance, to everyone's misery. People with catarrh clear their throats every few seconds and bark. People with cigarette coughs hack and start the whole house to going. One cough will do it, you know. Try it one night at the theater, and see if your one cough doesn't explode a whole chain of them, like firecrackers.

I don't mean that there aren't times when one must cough or die, but, conversely, no matter how bronchial an audience may be, if the situation in the play becomes extremely tense the coughing stops dead; and when the relief from that situation is reached it begins again. So, you see, it is not always so necessary to cough to keep from choking to death. It is because of that silence during a gripping scene that Alexander Woollcott, when he was dramatic critic, said, "The cough is dramatic criticism." And so it is. If the scene on the stage is not interesting or is not well played, the audience will be peppered with little cough explosions. But if the scene is arresting and done beautifully, the actors will be rewarded with a rare stillness.

A High Note Brought Low

The cough is an awful loud noise, in case you hadn't thought of it that way. It can drown out anything else occurring simultaneously. Haven't you noticed that you often miss the lines of the play when someone has coughed during the speech? And with what dexterity and uncanny insight the coughers find just the word to cough on! It is always the point of the remark, the nub of the sentence, the one word which is the key to it all, or the gag. Sometimes I think it is a gift—this coughing at the wrong place. Last night I felt as if I was threading my way among the rocks and shallows of active influenza, and my whole being turned into one single resolve: To stop that coughing if I never did another thing. I did it, but I don't think it helped my performance much.

Actors can sense a cough coming; time and again I have seen and heard them dodge what would cause the best laugh in the piece to be lost upon the germ-laden air, wait till the cougher had got through before proceeding with the play.

People are thoughtless about that, you know; and though they would think it extremely rude to yell during a play, yet without a moment's hesitation they make a noise which is equally loud. I once heard a man back of me at a Galli-Curci concert who chose the moment of a high pianissimo tone which was floating out over us all to emit one of those wheezing, choking, lengthy coughs, which he could have saved for a second or so if he had really tried. He not only broke the spell but the prima donna jumped as if she had been lashed. Of course the pianissimo tone was ruined.

They tell a story about John Barrymore when he was playing Redemption in New York some years ago, before a particularly croupy audience; when it came to the scene where he, as a derelict, was being questioned by the prefect of police and was asked if he couldn't say anything for himself, he waved his hand out toward the audience and cried, "Say anything! How can I with that bunch of trained seals out there?"

They also say that William Gillette, that veteran of the stage, repeats any line which may have been blurred by coughing, until there is no doubt that everyone in the theater has heard and understood him.

Queer Birds

Since, then, this unnecessary evil is with us, why wouldn't it be a grand idea to give cough drops with every seat, whether bought at the cut-rates, the agencies or the box office? Or have the ushers hand them out with the programs? I'll bet the percentage of coughs would drop to one-half of one per cent in no time. There's a good charity for some millionaire to think of for his will, and would do as much to further art as a bequest to a museum, besides making the public "cough-conscious"!

I see by the papers that Richard Bennett, who has opened in New York with a dramatization of Jim Tully's Jarnegan, has begun his famous curtain speeches between the acts, and that the one he gave on the première was to the effect that he would like to establish a school for audiences.

As a matter of fact, the public doesn't need to be told how to behave; its behavior is its own affair. It may be interested to know, as a psychiatrist might tell it, why it behaves as it does, but it is stupid to scold it. The relation between the human beings in the front of the footlights and those in back of them is mysterious and delicate. Let us try to understand it, try to see ourselves as others see us. And yet, I suppose, for all that, to the end of our days we shall eye each other across that flaming barrier and say, with a shake of the head: "Queer birds, actors." "Queer birds, audiences."

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Bob—Hello, Dad! Gee, I'm tired. Look at those packages. Just finished my Christmas shopping.

Mr. Roberts—Glad to see you, Son. Christmas shopping, eh? Well, I have bought all the presents except Mother's. Hardest job of the year is to find a Christmas present for her.

Bob—I'll bet it is. Let's sit down and think it over. Maybe I can help. How about something that will please and surprise her?

Mr. Roberts—Sure, but what? I've been trying to think for a month and can't get anywhere. All the fellows up at the Club are in the same fix. Trouble is, we can't think of what to get our wives.

Bob—It ought to be something that will bring her happiness every day. Wait—just a minute. I've got it, Dad!

Mr. Roberts—Jewelry?

Bob—No, not jewelry. Something more practical. Gosh, it's just the thing—a wonderful new invention called the Air-Way Sanitary System. Grace has one and thinks it's wonderful. That's just what you ought to get Mother.

Mr. Roberts—The Air-Way Sanitary System? What is it?

Bob—It's the greatest machine I've ever seen. Even I get a kick out of doing housework with it. It's a new kind of a cleaning device that has entirely done away with the job of emptying the dirty contents of a cleaner bag. You know what a terrible task that is. That Sanitary Cellulose Filter Fibre Dust Container, as they call it, has certainly eliminated one job that I detested.

Mr. Roberts—You mean you don't have to dump out and shake a cleaner bag? Where does the dirt go?

Bob—Just wait until you see this machine, then you'll appreciate it. Light—easy to operate—takes the guess out of housecleaning. No cumbersome attachments. It polishes the floors, too.

Mr. Roberts—Polishes floors?

Bob—Yes, sir. It cleans everything in the house that doesn't have to be washed with soap and water and there is a wonderful new feature that enables you to control infestations by moths. Dad, I tell you, it's a great invention. Grace told all her friends about it and most of them now have Air-Ways. It's the ideal Christmas gift for Mother.

Mr. Roberts—But, Bob, we bought a cleaner a couple of years ago.

Bob—We had one, too. Grace gave it to the laundress. This new Air-Way Sanitary System, with its exclusive patented features, has relegated into discard old-fashioned methods of home cleaning. It really contributes something to sanitation in the home. Cleaning is done in a sanitary manner. And don't forget, you won't have to empty the dirty contents of a bag.

Mr. Roberts—Sounds good. I'm anxious to see one myself. Must be rather expensive with all those exclusive features.

Bob—Expensive? No, indeed. I was amazed when Grace told me how much she paid for ours.

Mr. Roberts—All right, let's go out and get it. You've solved my Christmas shopping problem.

Bob—Yes, and you'll solve all of Mother's housecleaning problems when you buy her an Air-Way. But you can't buy it in a store. Splendid policy that company has of letting you see it work before you buy.

Mr. Roberts—Well, call them up. Let's have a man come over here to the office and demonstrate.

Bob—Hand me that phone book. The company is always listed under "Air-Way" of whatever city it happens to be.

Mr. Roberts—Bob, wait until I tell the fellows over at the Club. They'll all want to buy them for their wives. They'll all be calling the Air-Way branch for Christmas presents.

Air-Way is represented in most of the metropolitan centers by branch offices, and listed in the telephone book as "Air-Way branch of (your city)." Telephone for this interesting demonstration. If you do not find Air-Way listed, write directly to the factory.

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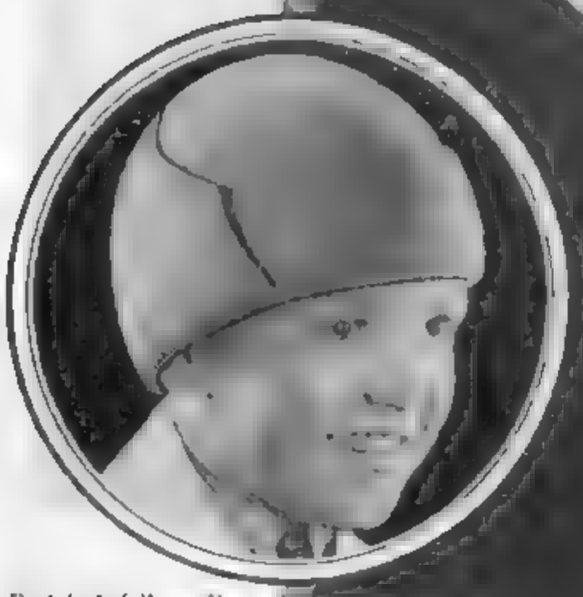

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NEW GATEWAYS TO TRADE

(Continued from Page 7)

Liverpool and Bremen. The annual rate of expenditure on all of these routes is estimated at $12,500,000. In addition to the routes listed above, the Post Office Department either has or expects applications for contracts on other lines running out of New York to Rotterdam, Port Said, Plymouth, Cherbourg, the Dominican Republic, Pernambuco, Guayaquil, Buenos Aires, the Canal Zone, Puerto Barrios and Puerto Colombia; from Tacoma to Manila and Dairen, via Chinese ports; from Baltimore to Rotterdam and Antwerp; from San Francisco to Corinto, Dairen and Saigon, and from Los Angeles to ports on the west coast of South America. Contracts on these lines will probably cost about $12,000,000 more. They would, however, make possible the discontinuance of present payment on the weight basis amounting to perhaps $4,500,000 or $5,000,000.

Raising the Standard

With few exceptions the routes thus listed now carry an appreciable volume of mail. But there are additional cargo lines, which may also apply for contracts, and which, collectively, can constitute an important element of our American merchant marine. These include lines running from our North Atlantic Coast to French, Brazilian, Indian and Oriental ports; from Gulf and South Atlantic ports to similar destinations, as well as to Australia, the Mediterranean, the United Kingdom, Brazil and the River Plate, Portugal, Spain, North Africa, Germany, Holland and elsewhere. If all such cargo lines were awarded contracts on the basis of the lowest classification the cost would amount to $4,000,000 or $5,000,000 more. Appropriations made thus far provide the amount necessary for the first-mentioned group, for which contracts have been awarded or advertisements issued. Funds for the other groups must be provided by later Congresses.

It is reasonable to assume that the generous payment authorized for swift, modern vessels in the foreign-mail service will encourage ocean-transportation lines to acquire ships qualifying for the highest rates in the scale. This ambition will in turn undoubtedly promote construction of new vessels for American lines, particularly since the Post Office Department will award no contract that does not carry with it the obligation to provide ships of the latest and most approved types and to build new ships, where required, in American yards. The act itself requires that any vessel employed in ocean-mail service shall be a steel ship, steam or motor driven, and either constructed according to plans and specifications approved by the Secretary of the Navy or otherwise useful to the country in time of national emergency. It specifies further that all officers on such ships shall be American citizens, as shall one-half of the crew during the first four years of operation and two-thirds of the crew thereafter.

The construction-loan provisions of the new act are framed to meet the demand thus created for modern, American-built cargo-line ships. Like the mail-pay features, they are far more generous than those in earlier legislation. In the act of 1920, as amended, vessels being built for the foreign trade could be financed in part by loans from the Shipping Board up to 66⅔ per cent of their cost. The interest rate was fixed at 4½ per cent, repayments extending over a period of fifteen years. For this purpose a fund of $125,000,000 was provided. The present act increases the fund to $250,000,000, which may be lent to American citizens who have contracted for the building, reconditioning or improvement of ships, up to 75 per cent of the cost of such work, and the loans extend over a period of twenty years. Interest on loans for vessels which are operated exclusively in the coastwise trade or which remain inactive may amount to 5¼ per cent or more. For ships used in the foreign trade the rate will be the same as the Government pays for the money it borrows—probably about 3 or 3¼ per cent. Not all students of ocean transport are convinced that this aid will overcome the handicap imposed on the American marine industry by wage and other differentials between the United States and the nations of Europe. That it will, however, foster to a marked degree construction of vessels qualified to meet the requirements for generous foreign-mail contracts seems certain.

Such encouragement is vital at this time to the proper development of our American merchant marine. As many persons realize, we have now an almost worthless legacy in the form of hundreds of emergency-built ships, unfit for present-day competitive commercial service, while other nations have augmented their merchant marines with new, swift, capacious ocean carriers. As a result, more than two-thirds of the 5760 ships employed in the transportation of our exports and imports during 1927 were foreign owned, and more than 20 per cent of them have been built since 1921. Only 4 per cent of our own ocean carriers were constructed during that period. A recent study of shipbuilding activities of leading maritime nations during the years between 1922 and 1927 revealed that in modern vessels of 2000 gross tons and over, suitable for transoceanic service, this country was outbuilt by Great Britain by almost 50 to 1; by Germany by more than 10 to 1; by France and Italy by approximately 5 to 1, and by Japan by more than 4 to 1. Russia, with less than one-twentieth of our foreign commerce, lagged behind the United States in shipbuilding only by the equivalent of one 10,000-ton vessel. Our weakness in the improved types demanded by modern competition is forcibly illustrated in the following table of present-day commercial-ship tonnage:

COUNTRY	12 KNOTS AND OVER. NO. SHIPS	14 KNOTS AND OVER. NO. SHIPS	16 KNOTS AND OVER. NO. SHIPS	18 KNOTS AND OVER. NO. SHIPS	20 KNOTS AND OVER. NO. SHIPS
Great Britain	1280	436	145	38	12
France . . .	277	105	55	19	11
United States	235	101	37	6	2
Japan	206	56	10	2	2
Italy	186	55	27	9	9
Germany. . .	153	29	9	2	1

From the table it will be seen that the entire postwar trend has been toward efficient cargo-liner service, regularly maintained from port to port, in contrast to tramp service, in which a ship's run varies constantly as dictated by shifting demands for tonnage. Before the war 75 per cent of the world's shipping was engaged in such itinerant carrying. Today only 25 per cent of all ships may be classified as tramps. Unfortunately, however, the great volume of our war-built shipping, because of lack of speed and capacity, is qualified only for such service. The regular cargo lines demand the swift and improved ships, in which class Europe continues to outbuild us.

The Lion's Share

In some ways the war itself aided Europe's maritime nations in the development of their shipping to meet modern requirements. The Allied nations abroad lost many of their older vessels as a result of submarine sinkings. When they rebuilt, with government assistance, they concentrated on tonnage qualified to give the regular, frequent, definite and dependable service which shippers demand.

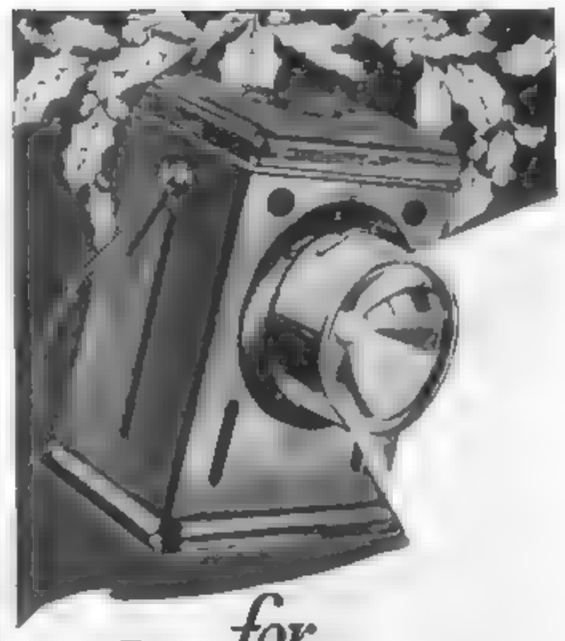
The United States, in rushing out a great volume of tonnage to compensate for losses, showed a commendable spirit by sacrificing postwar needs in favor of rapid production. Had our nation been less unselfish in its desire to contribute to victory, it might have looked forward to conditions after the war and constructed fewer but more practical vessels. Today the very nations that appealed to us in wartime for an immediate bridge of ships are our most vigorous competitors in the tremendous business of ocean transportation and are carrying the lion's share of our own foreign trade.

Critics have said that the consignment of our ocean-carrying trade to foreign instead of American vessels is the fault of the American shipper. Yet the American business man cannot be expected indefinitely to sacrifice his own interests by shipping on slow American vessels when swifter foreign carriers are waiting in port, prepared not only to reach the market earlier with his product but to save him appreciable sums in the overhead and interest charges which penalize transportation delays. The quick turnover of both material and capital that distinguishes modern industry—for a business no longer stocks up as it did in the past—makes swift transportation essential.

Contributions From the Nation

The stimulation of American ocean transport and American shipbuilding which must follow the Post Office Department's determination to award contracts only to improved types of cargo-line vessels will undoubtedly remedy this situation. It will mean the investment of American capital in ships. Heretofore private industry has been wary of the marine industry, not because Americans are inept at ship building or because they are incapable as operators, but because high construction and operation costs increase the burden and decrease the yield of invested capital. The significance of its reentry into the field cannot be overestimated. Maritime construction benefits not only the shipyard but virtually the entire industrial fabric of the nation. In a report to the Seventieth Congress the National Council of American Shipbuilders revealed that only 39 per cent of the entire cost of building a passenger-mail-cargo vessel such as the Leviathan or George Washington is expended within the shipyard, while 50.8 per cent is spent on the products of other industries. The remainder represents taxes, insurance, depreciation and freight. Every state shares in the shipbuilder's demand for labor and materials. Lumber is needed from the South Atlantic States, from Arkansas, California, Idaho, Oregon, Texas, Vermont and Washington. Iron ore and products must be supplied from Alabama, Michigan, Minnesota, Ohio, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, Vermont and Wisconsin. Steel or its products are sent from Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia. Copper is demanded from the mines of Arizona, Colorado, Michigan, Montana, New Mexico and Utah; lead from Colorado, Idaho and Missouri; silver from Arizona, Colorado, Utah and Nevada; zinc from Kansas and Missouri. The industrial states of New England and the Middle Atlantic Seaboard furnish hardware, fittings, tools, machinery and other equipment. Turpentine and fuel oils are shipped from Florida, Georgia, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, South Dakota and Texas, and coal from West Virginia. This by no means exhausts the list of either states or products, but it indicates the widespread sources of supply involved in all shipbuilding. Naturally labor benefits by such expanded activity. Engineers estimate that about 78 per cent of the total cost of building a $15,000,000 ship represents wages paid to labor, including almost every recognized trade.

It is both interesting and illuminating to consider how profoundly the product of the American shipyard can influence our economic welfare. On foreign trade depend the



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prosperity and the livelihood of a great portion of the population, and foreign trade depends on shipping. The farm, the factory and the mine, our three great sources of wealth, all export a generous share of their products. If we rely on foreign-flag ships to transport these exports we not only place ourselves at the mercy of competitors who may withdraw their carriers at any time but we reveal to them valuable information concerning our own sources and markets. Competitors, it should be remembered, are always more interested in nurturing their own foreign trade than they are in expanding ours.

The United States has suffered several costly experiences as a result of its dependence on foreign-flag carriers. The $3,000,000,000 program of wartime shipbuilding was one penalty. A second crisis arose in the fall of 1924, when, with a surplus of approximately 2,000,000 bushels of wheat available for export, the farmers were unable to find ships to carry it. Only by the hasty reconditioning of a large number of vessels at its disposal, at a cost of $1,000,000, was the Shipping Board able to remedy the situation and to save American agriculture from incurring a great loss. Again, in 1926, a similar impasse threatened, when a coal strike in England necessitated the diversion of a great number of British ships from the transportation of wheat to coal carrying instead.

At that time Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, with William M. Jardine, Secretary of Agriculture, went personally before the Shipping Board and insisted on the necessity of making arrangements to transport the huge surplus. The situation, he pointed out, was seriously affecting prices. As a result of this visit the board took immediate action, assigning twenty-seven ships to the grain-carrying trade and directing that thirty-two more be put in condition for similar service. The action saved wheat growers throughout the nation from a most disastrous experience. In any evaluation of farm aid the practical relief thus extended to agriculture in a threatening crisis by Mr. Hoover, Secretary Jardine and the Shipping Board must merit the highest consideration.

A Tonic for Trade

Even under normal conditions the farmer's prosperity is inextricably bound up with foreign commerce. When it is realized that one out of every fifteen bushels of wheat and one out of every two bales of cotton raised in this country are marketed abroad, the value to agriculture of a swift, dependable merchant marine becomes apparent. In all, Department of Commerce reports show, this nation exports 16 per cent of the total value of its agricultural yield and a large volume of other natural as well as manufactured products. Its imports are similarly important, supplying the needs of the farm, the factory and the home. Summarized, our water-borne commerce involves the annual transportation of more than 113,000,000 long tons of freight valued at approximately $8,000,000,000. The annual charges on the shipments amount to more than $750,000,000. American ships carry only one-third of that tonnage and collect less than one-third of the freight payments. If, instead of 30 per cent, they carried 60 per cent of the traffic the increase in revenues to American shipping would amount to $250,000,000 annually. These figures are approximate, but they illustrate the benefits in dollars as well as in trade that the United States may enjoy with an adequate merchant marine, such as the Post Office Department hopes to foster under the ship-pay provisions of the new act.

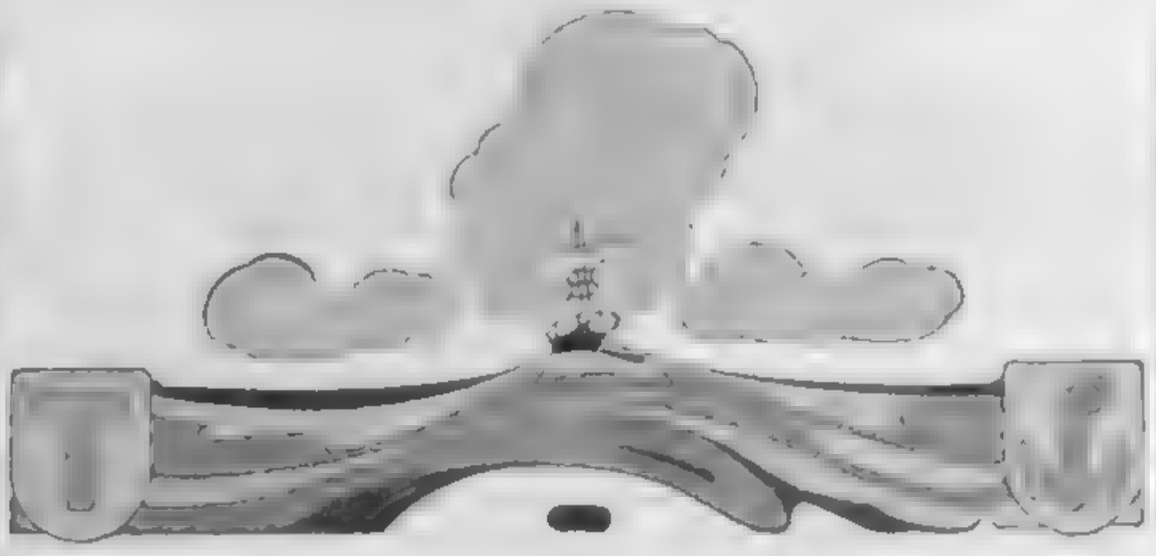
That American commerce, and with it industry, will expand with the establishment of new American ship lines has been illustrated in recent years in our trade with three continents. In 1914, when only five United States flag vessels were in service between this country and South America, the total value of the trade was $347,217,000. In 1920 and succeeding years the United States Shipping Board inaugurated seven lines, and later others were established by private enterprise. As a result, by 1928 eighty-nine United States flag vessels, including twenty-five Shipping Board boats, were in the South American trade and its value had risen to $1,000,000,000.

Reasons Behind the Need

During the period between 1910 and 1914 only one American line operated to Asia out of our Pacific Coast ports. The value of the commerce was then $380,000,000 a year. After the war seven lines were established in this service by the Shipping Board, and by 1927 the volume of trade had risen to more than $1,800,000,000, an increase of about 380 per cent. Today 140 American flag vessels are employed in commerce with the Orient. Before the war no American lines ran from this continent to Africa, and our trade there was slightly more than $47,000,000 a year. Since the Shipping Board has inaugurated lines to African ports this commerce has grown to a value of $200,500,000, an increase over the prewar average of 325 per cent. With the new lines and faster ships which the Merchant Marine Act was framed to develop, the commerce with those continents and with Europe may be expected to show a still more impressive growth. Undoubtedly the West and the South, once vigorous opponents of an assisted merchant marine, realize the possibilities thus offered by governmental encouragement.

The Merchant Marine Act of 1928 passed the House of Representatives without a roll call. It passed the Senate 53 to 31, with 80.5 per cent of the Democratic vote cast in its favor.

Five great considerations dictate the national need of an adequate merchant marine. It is required for the proper growth of foreign commerce and the economic expansion which follows; for protection against costly interruptions in oversea trade; for a share in the profits and the control of ocean traffic for the support and development of the shipbuilding industry, and for the national defense. The United States has been slow, in recent years, to meet those requirements. Now, in the adoption of the new shipping act with its provisions for generous mail pay and construction loans, it has taken a necessary step toward the establishment of an important privately owned and operated merchant marine. The wise allocation of foreign-mail contracts may yet bring to the maritime industry a rejuvenation comparable to the development of a $100,000,000 aircraft industry which followed the Post Office Department's $17,000,000 investment.



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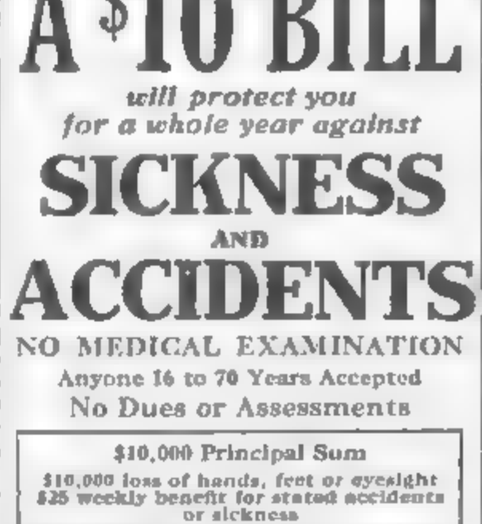

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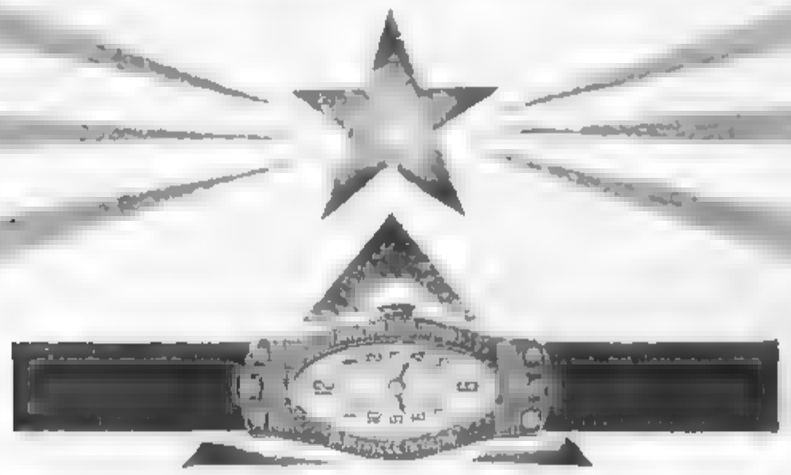

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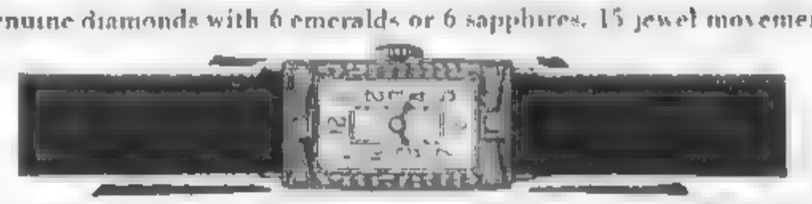

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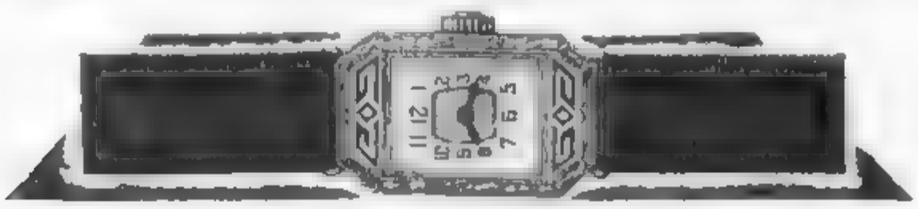

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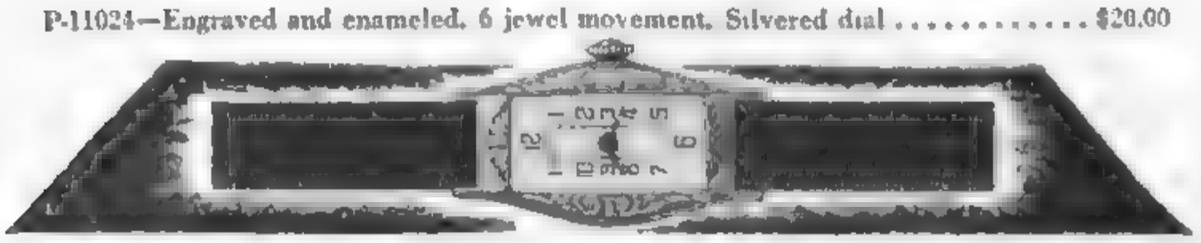

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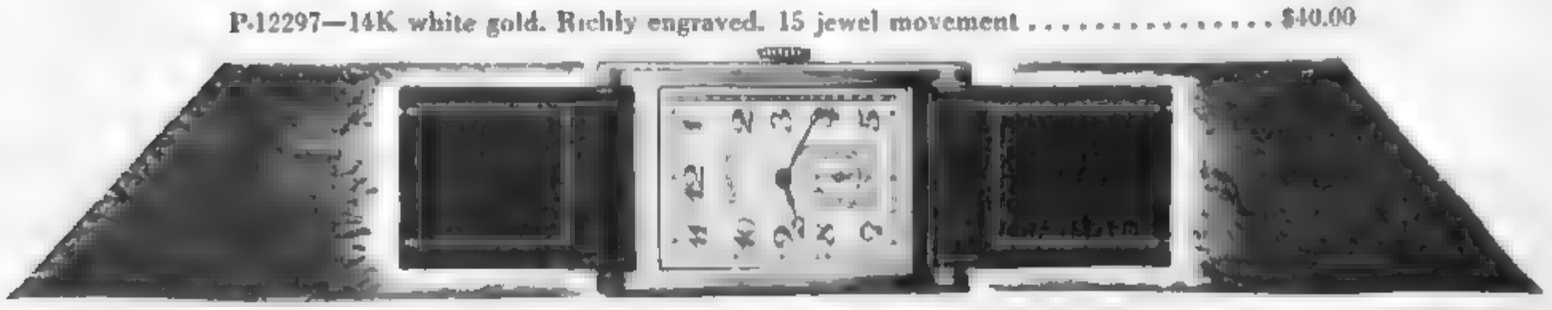

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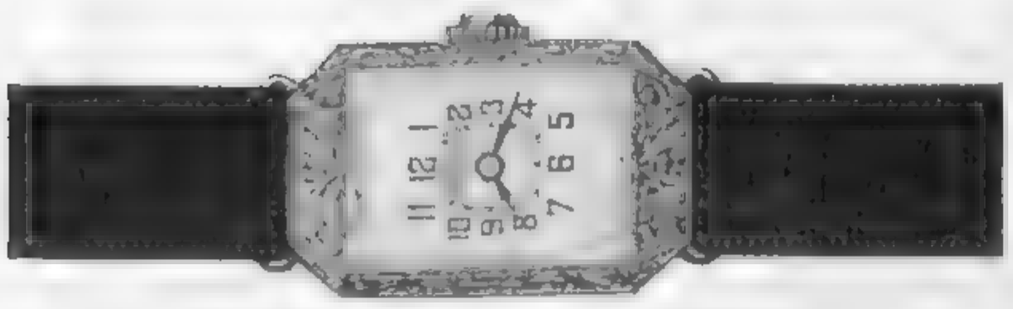

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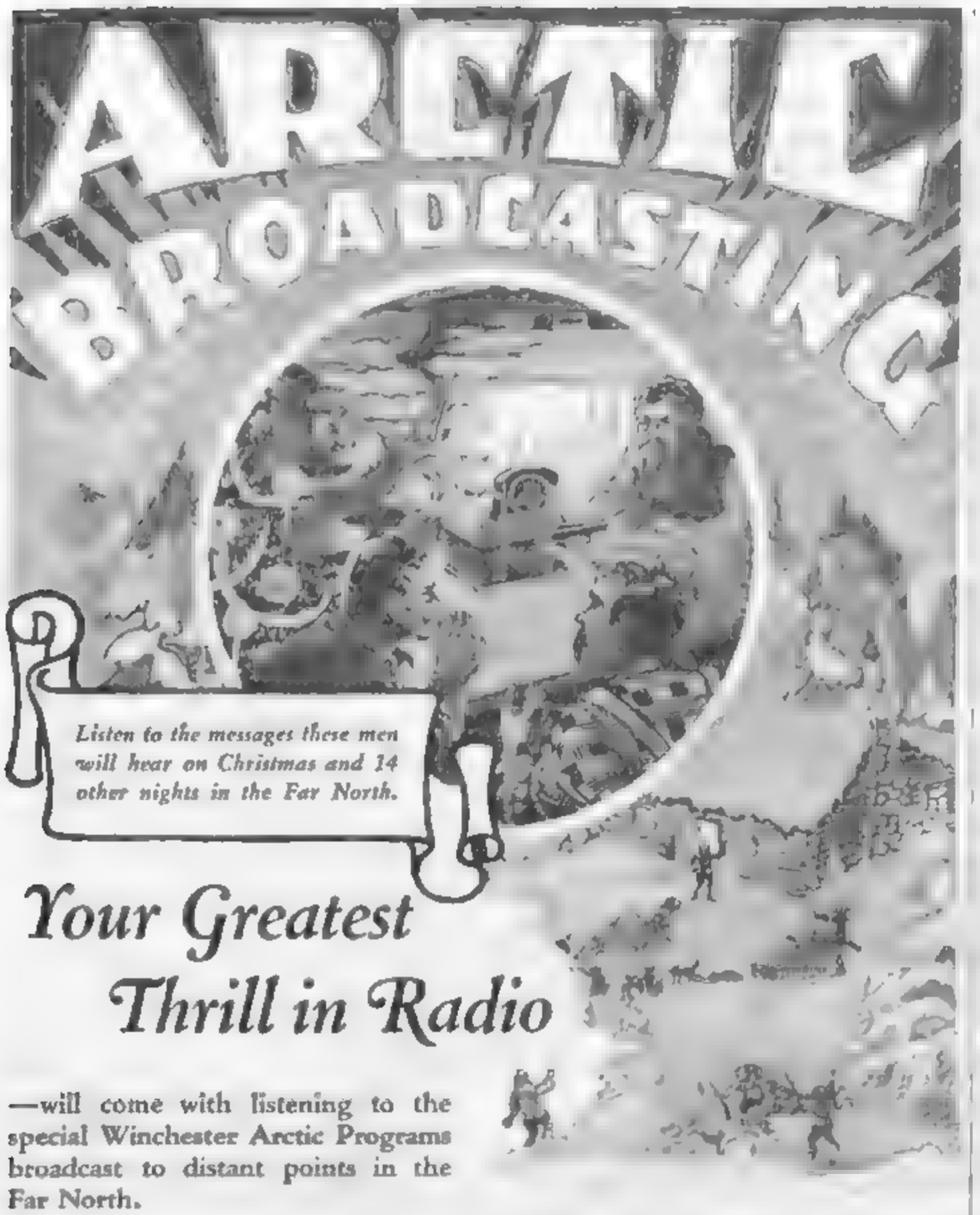

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KFKX-KYW Chicago WBZ Springfield WBZA Boston KDKA, Pittsburgh	1000 990 980	299.8 302.8 305.8	Dec. 8, 1928 Dec. 15, 1928 Dec. 25, 1928
KFKX-KYW, Chicago	1000	299.8	Jan. 1, 1929
WBZ Springfield WBZA Boston KDKA, Pittsburgh	990 980	302.8 305.8	Jan. 8, 1929 Jan. 12, 1929
KFKX-KYW Chicago WBZ, Springfield WBZA Boston KDKA Pittsburgh	1000 990 980	299.8 302.8 305.8	Jan. 19, 1929 Jan. 26, 1929 Feb. 2, 1929
KFKX-KYW Chicago WBZ Springfield WBZA Boston KDKA, Pittsburgh	1000 990 980	299.8 302.8 305.8	Feb. 9, 1929 Feb. 16, 1929 Feb. 23, 1929

All programs start at 11:00 P. M. Eastern Standard Time

through

WINCHESTER

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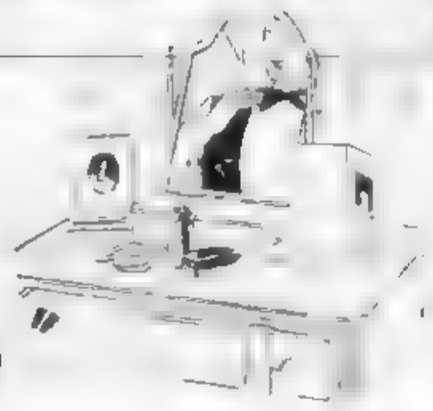

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 28.

hardly seems plausible. If such were the case, some traces surely would remain."

—*David B. Park.*

Tellsome

DOWN in Maine, where I've been dwelling,
When a man persists in telling
Woodsmen, hunting or canoeing,
How to do what they are doing,
They will drawl about the teller,
"He's an awful tellsome feller!"
"Tellsome," word of gentle chortles,
Fits so many worthy mortals;
"Tellsome" labels them so neatly,
"Tellsome" covers them completely.
When such persons overwhelm me
As they positively tell me
How to pick or be a winner,
What I ought to eat for dinner,
How to cure my pet afflictions,
What should be my firm convictions,
Just what books I ought to care for,
Whom I ought to know, and wherefore,
Where the fish are surely biting,
How and when to do my writing,
Why I should not be so daring,
What the well-dressed man is wearing,
When to purchase stocks or sell some,
I shall tell them, "Don't be tellsome!"

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Eliza Crosses the Ice

I'M SAFE until I pass that tree. . . . It's beginning to snow; I should have started sooner, but I needed some rest. How dark it is. . . . But I can see the other side . . . and the danger that lies between. It is quiet now. . . . Shall I run? No, there are lights in the distance. . . . They'll be here in a moment, seeking my life! I must be brave—but I'm afraid—afraid. If I can just reach the other side. It's all black and slippery ahead, and here they come—the hellhounds with their fiery eyes! It saps my courage to stand here and dread it. I must think of the blessed reward on the other side—shelter, warmth, food. I need food, but to be murdered and left in the dark, with no one to care—I shall go mad if I think about it. I must make the effort. . . .

There, it's done! I'm safe! Once more I've crossed traffic alive, and in five minutes I shall reach the cafeteria and have my dinner! —*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

Up to Date

SON: Have you any advice to give me now as I am starting out in my married life?

FATHER: Yes, try to live within your installments.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly

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Pennzoil kept their motor safe.

The oil that furnished safe lubrication at 60° below zero in the shadow of the North Pole will furnish safe lubrication for *your* automobile motor at any temperature you will ever encounter.

Pennzoil's smooth oiliness means free moving parts and easy starting at frigid temperatures. And, as winter driving often causes actually higher motor heat than in mid-summer, its wonderful endurance provides safest lubrication under all conditions.

Claims based only on cold tests are misleading. Don't sacrifice lubricating quality. Winter or summer, there is no finer oil made for your motor.

There are many brands of oil closely copying the name and style of the Pennzoil trademark. Don't be misled by similar sounding names or the claim that some other oil is "just the same." Insist on having P-E-N-N-Z-O-I-L and make sure that you get it. Why accept a lesser quality?

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY
Executive Offices: Oil City, Pennsylvania · Los Angeles, California
Refinery: Oil City, Pennsylvania

100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil of Supreme Quality — Pennzoil Company — Guaranteed

Permit No. 2—Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Assn.

SUPREME PENNSYLVANIA QUALITY

PENNZOIL

SAFE LUBRICATION

Careful Identification insures complete return

HERE'S our 'raw material' as it comes from the home," Alice's genial guide explained, pointing to a great stack of bundles. "You see, Mrs. Gartley, in modern laundries the first consideration is a system of positive identification. These special listing machines, you see, keep an accurate record of each bundle's contents. The articles are repeatedly checked against these lists, and carefully identified for future reference." This accurate listing, careful checking and positive identification, in present-day progressive laundries, insures the return of your *complete* bundle. Call the laundry today.

A Service for Every Family Budget

WHETHER you supervise the laundress at home, or send clothes out to questionable quarters, you will find that modern laundries offer freedom from work and worry in a variety of services to meet every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and a plan which returns clothes damp for ironing are a few individualized services available at laundries today.

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

© 1928, L. N. A.

Let the LAUNDRY *do it!*

Go with Alice into Launderland

Take delightful journey booklet may be had from any modern laundry displaying on its trucks this picture of Alice in Launderland. A telephone call will bring your copy.

It isn't an accident

Their rosy cheeks . . . the sturdiness of their little bodies, their blooming health—the proud mother's smile and the doctor's satisfaction—all are the definite results of a safe prescription—Pet Milk in the babies' bottles.

The results are certain . . . Pet Milk is absolutely safe—free from anything that can harm health. It is surely rich in all the food substances of whole milk—nature's most nearly perfect food. It is as easily digested as mother's milk. That combination cannot fail to bring normal growth and health and happiness.

The reasons are simple and plain . . . Sterilization in the sealed container guarantees its safety. Concentration and homogenization assure the constant, uniform richness of every drop. These processes cause the ready digestibility. The curds that form are soft and flocculent. Pet Milk doesn't cause the discomfort or digestive disturbances that so often come from ordinary milk.

Let us send you our free booklets . . . They will tell you more about why Pet Milk is a guarantee of health and sturdy growth for baby. They will tell you, too, how for every cream and milk use it will give you better food at less cost with greater convenience.

PET MILK COMPANY
1421 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

THE ORIGINAL EVAPORATED MILK

You'll Surprise Yourself

With this Greatly *Simplified* "BAKED ALASKA"

Cake Mixing Time: This Simplified Recipe 4 minutes

Of 427 Women Trying This Recipe 424 Perfect Results, First Attempt

A New Advance in the Art of Baking; "Kitchen-tested" Flour

EVERYWHERE women are adopting this far simpler way in baking. If you will try it, you'll enjoy it. And do then, as thousands of women have—never go back to less certain ways.

The Baked Alaska pictured here is one example among many. On a cooking test, 427 women tried it. And 424 had perfect results.

Only three were disappointed. And they placed the blame on their own mistakes in mixing and oven temperature.

By the development of a new type of flour—Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour—home baking has been simplified astonishingly. Guesswork and uncertainty have been largely overcome.

What "Kitchen-tested" Means

"Kitchen-tested" means a flour that scientifically overcomes the cause of over 50% of baking disappointments—lack of uniformity in the flour used—one sack of the same brand often varying widely from another sack of the same brand in your oven.

To meet that situation, every batch of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour is tested in a home kitchen, at the mill, in an oven just like yours before it goes to you. Tested for uniformity of result with home recipes by Betty Crocker and other noted experts.

If that batch varies, it never goes to you. Last year over 5,000,000 pounds were turned back for that reason. And thousands of women spared baking disappointments.

Copyr. General Mills, Inc., 1928

Unvarying Results

Thus this new-type flour acts the SAME WAY with your recipes EVERY TIME. Most flour varies greatly. With Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour, you know before you start what results to expect.

It is tested for all kinds of baking—from plain bread to Angel Food cakes and French Pastries. To use it is a revelation in easier, simpler baking. Just ask your grocer for Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour. The words "Kitchen-tested" are on every sack.

For Southern Housewives

Gold Medal Flour (plain and self-rising) is milled in the South at our Louisville mill from soft winter wheat. It is all "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes.

Special Offer

"Kitchen-tested" Recipes—Recipes used in testing Gold Medal Flour are becoming recognized standards. These "Kitchen-tested" recipes are printed on cards and filed in neat wooden boxes. Handy for you in your kitchen and last forever.

We shall be glad to send you, anywhere in the U. S. A., one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only $1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box.

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we will send you selected samples, including Baked Alaska, FREE. Check and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.

Listen for Betty Crocker and her "Kitchen-tested" Recipes over your favorite radio station.

SEND COUPON NOW
A New Delight Awaits You

MISS BETTY CROCKER,
Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.
Dept. 352, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00 for your box of "Kitchen-tested" recipes.

☐ FREE—please send me selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" recipes—including Baked Alaska.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY